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THE Crystal Palace is in many respects a remarkable undertaking, but more especially in one. All civilized nations have recognised the amusement of the people to be a social and political necessity, or have suffered morally for the neglect. The mighty nations of the Pagan world showed their wisdom in the principle, and their depravity in its application; and even the history of Christian States, in the amusements suffered, if not enjoined, offers but a mournful commentary on the inherent corruption of man; for the mind proves its tendency more unmistakeably in the character of its recreations than of its studies.

It has been reserved for the promoters of the Crystal Palace, first, boldly to build upon that improvement in society for which Christians have hitherto been resigned more to wish than to hope, and, on this extended scale at least, first directly to attribute to a people the power of being amused without the slightest leaven of vice, cruelty, or false excitement. Viewed in this light, who can doubt that our Queen did wisely in lending her ennobling presence to the opening of an undertaking which embodies the highest compliment yet offered to a people; while, traced to its true origin, who can forget that the compliment itself—the faith, hope, and charity of which it is compounded—first issued from the right hand of the throne; that the odium the original experiment incurred, and the risk it was supposed to incur, were first borne unflinchingly by the highest personages in the realm, and that it was their generous reliance on the true civilization of the people which first tested and proved that ground on which the Committee of the Crystal Palace have taken their admirable stand?

There are few of our readers with reasonable opportunities and propinquity who have not realised the spell of this remarkable edifice and of its as remarkable contents; and of such few will ever forget the bewildered flutter of the imagination with which they have entered, or the scarcely more subdued exultation of philanthropy with which they have quitted, this new and inexhaustible world of delight. The first visit is made up of the past as well as the present and the future; for, pleasure at recovering the old friend from whom we parted on that 14th day of October, 1851, never, as we thought, to meet again, forms great part of our enjoyment. And if, where the points of attraction in the old palace and in the new are identical, we pronounce them here to be more, and, where they are different, here, for the most part, to be still better, it is with no feeling of depreciation towards that which is gone before, but rather of gratitude that we should have been allowed to greet so much of it again.

The distance, of which we shall speak more hereafter, is the one great, first objection. The transit to Sydenham requires more money, more time, and a greater effort. Yet, when we see the grand edifice, as we approach, resting like a cloud on the horizon, or, touched by rays of morning or evening sun, glowing in lines of burning light—when we reach the forest eminence and perceive that blue line of horizon breasting our eye—when we have looked down on the mighty and misty panorama of London—have gazed above and beyond us at that foreshortened mass of airy structure, seen, as its precursor never could be seen, uninterrupted

terrupted and free against the sky, and have marked the scales of its transparent armour melting into a far more liquid atmosphere,—we feel well disposed to forgive the distance which separates the new Crystal Palace from our homes. The barrier of the entrance also once past, which requires a temporary return to the bustle and flurry of this earth, and that a pleasant reminiscence too, we are wasted into a region still more dreamlike than anything which even fond memory had retained of the past. More than ever are we astonished at the space which lies dim and mysterious before us—more than ever do we wonder at the quantity, not of fire, but of air, which this modern Prometheus has stolen from on high—and still more in character with the unearthly vision are the objects that meet the eye. No sign, at least at first, of the working-day-world here—no angular machinery, uncouth raw material, or gaudy manufactured wares—no things of use only, but not of beauty—but just that mixture of nature and art which gives fresh beauty to each.

And nature first catches the eye—happy as she ever is under the protection of man—all her sweets from all the four quarters gathered together here. Masses of dark American verdure, surmounted with tropical forms, beneath which nestle in fabulous profusion every plant that has been won over to adopt our English soil. Mysterious feathery reeds from Eastern rivers emerging from marble-bound waters, and flat formless leaves resting on their surface. Lines of luxuriant creepers turning formality into grace, and wandering like fancy from space to space on the slightest earthly support, while avenues of orange trees scent the air, and brilliant flowers sparkle from every nook and corner; and, last and loveliest, hundreds of fairy baskets, brimming over with gay colours, and tender redundant streamers of vegetation, each a flower-bed in itself, hang suspended by invisible cobwebs from the ceiling of light.

And now the realms of art open on the view—groves of sculpture, and crowded forms of beauty—some familiar to the sight, but more that are strange. No longer, like nature's gifts, unexacting to the mind, but requiring thought and memory, knowledge and learning; and whetting the appetite for new knowledge and new learning, even while they threaten to overpower the powers of acquisition with the quantity there is to acquire—till on the first visit we look on in bewilderment and almost in despair, for, if all be not a dream, life will never have leisure enough to profit by the opportunities offered. All the yet discovered history of the world, as written on relics of art, is here stored for our amusement or study. The new old world of Nineveh, recovered from the dust to which it had for thousands of years

returned—the image of a stern and perfectly developed pagan civilization now utterly passed away—showing refinements in knowledge which the world has forgotton, and barbarities in life which, to its shame, it has not—the remote progenitor of many a custom still in usage, and most of all, related to us in that art which alone has preserved it to us. Egypt! that ancient of lands, impelled by an overruling destiny to work out her instincts for art in the sublimity of size, and thus rearing up stern and imperishable monuments to point the contrast between her former and latter condition. Greece! with her forms of ineffable beauty, the perfection of which alike transcends imitation and comprehension, and which have served since their restoration to the world as a revelation to all true disciples of art. Rome! with her gallery of intense portrait individuality—the hard-working stoics who built her up, and the effeminate voluptuaries who pulled her down. Pompeii! the very dwelling-place of those who lived through the most momentous period of this world's history, and yet knew it not; and then the long line of Christian monuments of art, their stony stiffness, their vital strength, the timid gropings after truth and nature, the earnest beautiful bud, whether of ideality or reality—the glorious efflorescence of both!

But notwithstanding all the system and study evident in these consecutive periods, the facility offered for viewing a part, if not the whole, the mind does not recover from its pleasant tumult, nor fasten upon any one individual thing. On the first day spent in the Crystal Palace man never is, but always to be blest. Hour after hour finds us in wandering mazes lost—the sport of impressions gone as soon as formed, all rapid, vivid, but fleeting—glancing at what we are to see, tasting what we are to feed upon—all hope fixed upon some future which is to sort the present tangle of the brain. Were we alone in this new land there might be some chance of at once commencing a course of study, of at once referring to those little books which now strangely encumber our hands. But here, more than ever before, we feel that we are not alone, nor that our imaginary class of society is here alone—here, still more than before, we feel how good it is to be brought in contact with multitudes of our fellow creatures, otherwise too seldom met by us except in some form that appeals to pity or censure—multitudes of the humble and the unknown wandering like ourselves through a maze of innocent pleasures, and loving to have them so. Here, more still than in the old Hyde-Park friend, does the heart expand to find itself in a world where there is no longer one law for the rich and another for the poor; where for once there is space enough, and seats enough,

enough, and air enough (such air!) for all ; and from which not only wind and weather are excluded, but every bad passion which intelligent amusement, and harmless enjoyment, and a sense of happiness, and a sense of gratitude can banish from the heart. Here, too, there are not only no misgivings as to the safety of such a commingling of all classes—for the experiment has been tried before, and the people not found wanting—but the very danger that might have accrued from sheer accumulation of numbers, when the immense body of people, as we have seen in Hyde Park, was like an animal too large for its cage ; even this danger is obviated. For here, as a vast safety-valve before them, lies outspread a garden, free to the humblest feet, such as even the most spendthrift royalty of bygone despotisms never imagined ; with every bounty of nature and appliance of art to tempt a multitude to disperse, and with the finest permanent band of music ever organised in England to gather them together.

Here, too, there is a crowning comfort denied before—the consciousness that there is no day looming like a ruthless creditor in the distance, when the lease will be up, when the ground must be cleared, when, like the baseless fabric of a dream, the glorious vision must dissolve and leave no wreck behind ; but, on the contrary, that, all unsubstantial as is the chief material of the pageant, it is destined to endure for a term we need not limit—to receive improvements, encounter changes, and look down, as time rolls on, on wonders as great, and, it is to be hoped, as good as itself. While, therefore, we still summon those whom we love to come and share pleasures which are doubled with them ; while we still coax the old and infirm to venture on fatigues we would otherwise prohibit—lest another year should come and find them no more here,—yet we securely trust that the infants now in the cradle will find their way to the Sydenham Palace after we are gone, and their great-grandchildren after them.

And now the first visit has come to an end, and, physically, less exhausted than might be supposed, for the glorious air has refreshed our strength as fast as we have spent it, we turn from the Crystal Palace with hearts full of the grateful conviction that it is destined not only to be a gallery of art and a museum of science—the turning point of a new architecture and the nursery-ground of new resources—but, with God's blessing, the temple of those healthy secular influences which help to work out His will in the civilization of a people.

Such is no fabulous estimate of first impressions in the Crystal Palace ; and, although further acquaintance may give a verdict less sweepingly enthusiastic, it will scarcely be less favourable. Meanwhile, though opinions may differ as to those present or

future

future wants of the community on which the success of such an undertaking depends, yet few will question that there have been mistakes in the past which contribute to favour its beginning. The well-meaning teachers of the lower orders, and of youth of all classes, for the last quarter of a century, have erred in their estimate of the average human mind. Mechanics' Institutes, lectures, swarms of new publications, and Wylde's Great Globe, have failed in their mission ; and a pedantic period has disposed the world to give a warmer welcome to any scheme acknowledging our more poetic tendencies. We comprehend what is meant by instruction, and what is meant by amusement—each taken apart—as well as any people, and none have more perseveringly endeavoured to amalgamate the two ; but it has been long our reproach that in the cultivation of a third beautiful element, in which alone their union can be successfully effected, we, of all nations, have been most in arrear. Now, the Crystal Palace is devoted, on a colossal scale, both to that instruction and amusement which, separate or united, various institutions already profess ; but, if asked to define its distinctive aim and purpose, we should pronounce it to be the encouragement of that fairest ornament and purest luxury of a land—fine taste. However obvious and unavoidable, therefore, its shortcomings in this respect may be, the intention is in itself a benefit. Not that we are disposed to bow to the imputation just alluded to, of the undue delay of the cultivation of taste among us. One who was no less a poet than a painter has said,—

‘ Too long our isle, though rich in stores of mind,
Proud to be free, scarce deigned to be refined.’

Far, however, from regretting the delay, we imagine its solution to be of a nature for which we may rather be congratulated than reproached. There is as much of necessary precedence and sequence in the scale of a national civilization as in that of Nature's laws of development, though, from various causes connected with human imperfection, the scale may be disordered. Thus one nation, and we need not specify which, may be so hastily and insecurely compounded in its social structure as to be what the French have happily termed '*'pourri avant d'être mur'*' ; while another may bear fruit the most beautiful and spontaneous, which must nevertheless be considered as premature. Little may be expected of the people who have tasted the refinements of the arts before they have worked themselves through the successive and stern schools of real civilization. The decencies, the comforts, and the substantialities of life must precede the ornaments—they will never follow. When we muse with

puzzled

puzzled hearts over the mysterious deadness of all sense and power for art in that land where its triumphs have been the brightest, we may well question whether the people who have so utterly forgotten what they knew, and so foully neglected what they possessed, could ever really have arrived at that stage of civilization and intelligence on which alone real taste can safely be based. Leaving the historian to prove whether the boasted enthusiasm of the Italian lower orders for certain great works of art be not traceable as much to indolence, superstition, and love of show, as to any form of genuine taste, we are prepared to deny even to the upper classes that ardent and soul-refining admiration which the mere scattered fragments of the great painters of Italy now-a-days inspire, no less than the principles of criticism by which they should be studied. Nor are we prepared to deny without due grounds. Not only the text but the commentators also of those times have descended to us. It is in the writings of the very Cinque-Cento period itself—penned as they were by the light of the greatest works of the world—not the comparative wrecks we now adore, but pure and fresh from the master's hand before their eyes—that we find no evidence either of that enthusiasm or knowledge which prompts the humblest amateur of the present day. Personal communication with and love for the artist did not even lead to genuine love for his art. Castiglione, the companion of Raphael; Lodovico Dolce, the friend of Titian; as well as Bocchi, the eulogist of Donatello; Doni, Borghini,—and others that might swell the list,—are all barren and unsatisfactory alike; mere affected rhapsodists, bent on pompous and far-fetched allusions calculated to glorify their own learning rather than the subject in hand—men who weary us with the coldness of their pedantry and the misapplied emptiness of their praise. We defy any one to extract from these writers, as regards art, one principle of criticism, one spark of emotion, or one grain of sense. Indeed, not only do the rules of sound knowledge and enlightened connoisseurship seem to have been unknown to the educated classes of Italy, but even those commonest laws for viewing the commonest things, which we should now think it superfluous to teach. In an edition of Ariosto* printed at Venice in 1566, the public were thus carefully informed in the preface, ‘for the sake of those who know not the rules of painting,’ that the woodcuts at the head of the cantos ‘are executed with great attention to perspective, and that the figures of the men and horses at the foot of the picture are made larger, and that those towards the top’ (or the horizon)

* Orlando Furioso, printed in Venice, 1566, by Valgrisi, edited by Girolamo Ruscelli.

‘are

'are diminished in size. So that the figures which lie flat on the page are to be imagined as standing upright, and the reader, holding the book in his hand, is to understand that those which are lowest on the page are nearest to him.'

With our preconceived ideas of the enlightened taste of that period on matters of art, it is hard to believe that these instructions were addressed to the readers of Ariosto, eleven years before the death of Titian, and two after that of Michael Angelo!

That in the ranks of those writers on art who have led us to form these heretically-sounding opinions we should have excepted Leon Battista Alberti, Leonardo da Vinci, and Vasari, the reader will readily understand; for it stands to reason that, as professors of the arts themselves, they possessed both a love and a knowledge which was no standard for that of the non-professional world around them. It is, however, precisely the non-professional writers who must be our standard for the general existence and diffusion of taste at that time. While, therefore, we value this class of literature as containing historical records of the painter and his works, we should as little dream of applying to it for sound knowledge of art as we should to the writers on chemistry or astronomy of the same age.

The conclusion, therefore, that the period of the highest productiveness of art, and of its most plentiful patronage, necessarily implies that of its purest appreciation, is, we venture to suggest, fallacious. Great artists, like other great men, are born when it pleases God, always at a time when, for some reason, they are wanted, and when their materials most abound, but, as certainly, long before they are entirely comprehended. But true taste has her appointed season, and this may be said never to come round until every other extraneous motive for the encouragement of art has been cleared away. Indeed, if we look at the subject closely, we may doubt whether there ever was or can be any identity of time between pure taste and profuse creation. Nothing but the real feeling can make an artist, but anything but the real feeling may patronise the arts. Taste alone in the demand could never have raised the great Italian schools—more urgent motives were necessary for their support, and more urgent motives there were in abundance in the wants of a people to whom they were letters, instruction, warning, edification, and liberty. Such wants as these had to be fed without stint and without delay; but taste herself is a want which can wait, and even, if necessary, can be let alone. She is to the mind what ornament is to external objects, the essential characteristic of which is, that, however beautiful, it should be superfluous. Gratefully, therefore, as we recognise that intelligent taste

taste for the arts now widely diffused and rapidly increasing among the educated classes of the community, it is rather as the pledge that all its essential precursors in the scale of civilization are already secured to us that we hail its advent. When there is nothing that the arts are wanted to gloss over and conceal, to turn men's minds to or from, then is the time when they are most honourable to a land, and most honoured in themselves. Let us, therefore, no longer accept the reproach, nor join in the lament of an undue delay in the cultivation of taste in this land, but rather rejoice that England has bided her time, and that, by the blessing of our religious and civil institutions, she has not been driven to seek its aid at the cost of sterner but better things. Whether we be ever intended for a great creative people in the way of art is a question which does not belong here ; but, meanwhile, the great old masters are fulfilling their boundless mission to a people they knew not of ; and it is not too much to say that Raphael and Titian are ours by the right of a far higher worship and more intelligent knowledge than they ever found in their fellow-countrymen.

In dependence on this growing predilection, therefore, it is to the arts in great measure that the Crystal Palace Company have trusted to engage the attention of the public ; and, inasmuch as any mistakes in the food can be far easier rectified than any deficiencies in the appetite, it may less be regretted that they have rather under than over-rated the public taste they acknowledge. With all the enlightened purpose to provide a place of entertainment alike desirable for high and low, for which we cannot give them too much credit, a fundamental error seems to have crept into their counsels as to the means by which this was to be effected. The visitor is struck, therefore, by the incongruity with which they have treated the department of art, which is offered 'on the one hand as a beauteous gift for the homage and study of the enlightened, and on the other as a gingerbread toy for the wonderment, not even the delight, of the vulgar. Under the high-sounding, but now ever ridiculous, name of Polychromy they have introduced an element which may be familiar to the sailor in his figure-head, to the mechanic in his tea-garden, and to the child of five years old in the picture-book he has polychromed for himself, but which is simply a puzzle to the ignorant and a torture to the enlightened. We shall be told perhaps that no such view to the accommodation of all tastes presided over the application of the paint-pot ; but this would invalidate their only excuse ; for if the investing Egypt and Nineveh in the gaudiest hues of Manchester cottons, if the colouring Anglo-Saxon effigies with a coarseness of illusion

Madame

Madame Tussaud would disdain, and if the transformation of the glorious Panathenaic Procession into a bad Pilgrimage to Canterbury—derogatory alike to Stothard and Phidias—were not intended to please the ignorant, for whom could it have been designed?

Before venturing, however, further to condemn the mistakes of those who have laboured zealously, if not successfully, for our entertainment, we are bound to state something of those principles by which we criticise their labours. The first condition of every art is distinctness in the modes of expression proper to it. Every artist may be considered as having a tale to tell, and the grand essential is that he tell it clearly. In sculpture, where the means of expression are restricted to form and substance, distinctness is commanded by gradation of masses, position of shadows, and variety of surface. In painting—which possesses not only far greater power over light, and shadow, and form, but a full scale of colour beside,—by a strict relation of supremacy and subordination in the employment of those means. If, further, a new form of art be created by the combination of the two, it is again only the purpose of distinctness that can warrant it. A single statue is obviously distinct enough by its mere opposition to the nature of all things around it; nevertheless, to render it the more apparent, we studiously place it before a wall of a different tone, or even before a crimson silk curtain; but a flat relief which, opposed only to itself, is simply white upon white, may for distinctness sake require its ground to be slightly tinted: portions, too, whether in the round or in the relief, may need the accentuation of a line of colour to define a boundary, or explain a form; but the moment that distinctness which is the primary object of all art ceases to be the object even for the most partial union of the two arts, there can be no excuse for the union at all. On what principle, therefore, is the Polychromatist of the Parthenon frieze prepared to defend that application of colour, which has not only obliterated the means of distinctness proper to sculpture, but has supplied none of those proper to itself? Considered as a specimen of plastic art we utterly miss those informing, however delicate, lights and shadows, that intelligible allotment of size, and that expressive variety of surface proper to all sculpture,—and most of all to this unrivalled fragment which issued in restored beauty from Mr. Monti's hands,—while, regarded as a painting on the flat surface to which it is reduced, the eye is offended by a combination of crude and heavy colours, all so equal in their distinctness to the sight, that no one part can be said to be distinct at all. It is true that the horses are painted alternately of different colours, and that the colour of the ground is

is equally dissimilar, but if, as we have admitted, a white mass require a coloured ground to be distinguishable, a coloured mass, by the same rule, will require a white ground. When, therefore, as in this perverse hybrid, you have put a mass of heavy colour upon a ground of heavy colour, you have but returned to the same general indistinctness as when you started with white upon white. Even in such portions of this profaned frieze which, by dint of superior lightness or depth of colour may have been intended to be most obvious to the eye, no real meaning is conveyed. What analogy, we would ask, to hair is seen in those gilt bosses which repudiate equally the lines of sculpture and the colours of painting? Or what is understood by those dense black patches, which have not even the merit of being discernible—for they are undistinguishable against the heavy blue ground at a distance,—by which the artist has sought to convey here the crest of a helmet, and there the hoof of a horse? Surely if painting have the power of suppressing what is superfluous, she would hardly begin with the head and feet.

As to the ancient authority which is quoted for this incongruous jumble, wherever it is wrested against the higher teaching of the feeling and the eye, it ceases to be authority at all. There is no question that the Greeks did apply colour to sculpture, but only for that object of distinctness which was the source of all their beauty. When a row of figures, as in the pediments of their temples, ran the risk of being undistinguishable against the white ground, the tympanum was tinted with that slight degree of colour sufficient to relieve them; but there the artist stopped, for his purpose was accomplished. In an Epigram attributed to Virgil, the statue of Love is described with the tinted wings and quiver peculiar to the representations of that God—and here again the motive of distinctness may be assigned as defining these excrescences to be mere accessories, and not integral parts of the figure. As to the colouring of the figure itself as practised by the Greeks, there are truly in the notices handed down to us things hard to be understood; but of this we may be sure, that, even if they did amalgamate the two arts, they had but one aim. Praxiteles' work might be made over to Nicias to tinge, but both had the same feeling of beauty in the execution, and the same object of distinctness in the end; both knew, also, that where there was ideal beauty in the forms, there should be ideal beauty in the colour, or none at all.

And now, having defined the first object in art to consist in distinctness, which implies the setting forth of one part more than another, the question next occurs as to what it is that should be made thus distinct; nor have we far to go for a forcible lesson

on this chapter. Surely, if conspicuousness to the eye were the end proposed, those two Egyptian giants were prominent enough in all conscience, without the help of polychromy. These were about the last objects in the Crystal Palace which ran any risk of being overlooked by the public. Before their colossal proportions the polychromatist might have safely rested from his labours. All that should have been done for them was to have let them alone in their enormity, and allowed their true characteristics—the sublimity of their size and the negative grandeur of their expression,—to speak for themselves ; or, at most, to have added those scorched granite hues which have been painted on the original by the heat of thousands of suns. But no ; such a capacious field for the exercise of polychromy was not to be neglected : if it be right to paint the lily and gild refined gold, the larger the scale on which the operation is conducted the better. Red, blue, and yellow were, therefore, ordered by the hogshead ; first, second, and third coatings of raw house-paint were poured in (for Memnons of plaster are thirsty souls), till at length the beau ideal of the new art was attained, and Gog and Magog sit there, shorn of half their size by the staring propinquity of their colours, and with no expression left in their features but that of a grin of delight at the gay clothes in which they are attired.

But in one respect, at all events, the polychromatist will urge, we have worked according to the laws you have just laid down. Do us justice in our Norman arches, and observe the unity of principle which now prevails. Far from sacrificing one iota of the expression proper to them, we have so far brought it out by our paint-brushes, that barbarity of colour has been superadded to barbarity of form, and, thanks to polychromy, what was simply grotesque is now unmitigatedly hideous. Alas, too true ! but this is the unkindest cut of all. Even the humblest country visitor will wince here : the Norman arch in his village church is associated with the play of his youth and the rest of his age, and many an hour has he studied those delicate interlacings which are now cut up into flaunting, modern ribbons, and pondered over those strange figures, vague and mysterious to him as the age to which they belong, which are now transformed into common but ill-favoured seamen, with red-striped Guernsey shirts and blue trowsers. Of all the vagaries of the polychromatist this, it must be confessed, is the most puzzling. There is no doubt that by putting light colour into the hollows of architectural ornaments, and dark colour on to the projections ; that by intersecting relieved mouldings running one way, by patterns of colour running another, you may invert the intention and counteract the effect of the design as completely as if the object were

were viewed through a pseudoscope ; there is no doubt that by such a process the very swallow might be bothered where to build its nest, and the sun where to cast its shadow ; but *cui bono ?* is all one can say : it was hardly worth while building a Norman arch for that.

Would that our strictures on this head could cease here ! but there is an offender at the north end of the building who rears too unblushing a front to be overlooked. If Byzantium be barbarous, and Egypt savage, old Nineveh is absolutely ferocious—there is something in this untameable gaudiness which suggests the idea of a wild beast. We feel this to be the very ‘Assyrian who came up like a wolf to the fold.’ One shudders to think of the generations that groaned beneath the yoke of these sanguinary reds, implacable blacks, and cruel blues—each to the appalled imagination the type of some blood-thirsty monster who tortured his victims as they do us. Where also is the authority for them ? Mr. Layard’s little book, written for the Crystal Palace, professedly explains, but literally condemns, all this vulgar fury of the brush. He describes the colouring of Nineveh to consist in ‘precious woods,’ ‘ivory’ and ‘gilding,’ ‘cedar, metal plates, sun-dried bricks, highly glazed or enamelled tiles.’ He mentions ‘immense numbers of coloured bricks found in the ruins,’ ‘terra cotta cones, with bases of different colours, embedded in clay, the bases being left outwards so as to form a kind of mosaic,’ ‘dentils covered with blue enamel,’ &c. What analogy, we would ask, have the colours of such materials with the crude lines and masses which affect to reproduce them ? When did the brightest colouring of wood, metal, marble, terra cotta, glazed earth ever sanction the faintest approach to all this distracting discord so pompously set forth as their restoration ? Again, we are told in Mr. Layard’s narrative of the effect of grandeur and solemnity produced by the great human-headed and winged monsters which guarded the entrances, between which the armies of Sennacherib went out to war and returned with their captives or spoil ! We read also that such was the awe which the first-discovered colossal head inspired amongst the natives, ‘who believed it to be the head of one of their prophets or of an evil spirit, that it led to a temporary suspension of the excavations.’ But where, we would ask, is the connection between the ideas thus conjured up and the bedizened nondescripts which support this wonderful restoration of Nineveh ? Strange and ridiculous as these monsters are, it is stranger still that the gentlemen who painted them up should for one instant imagine that any one in his senses would believe in them. Colonel Rawlinson might just as well improvise an advertisement

tisement for Jullien's concerts and try to pass it off on us as a translation of the hieroglyphics.* -

As to the slabs in the interior, Dr. Waagen, in his description of the original monuments, dwells particularly on the correct laws of relief observable in them. But there is only one class of visitors who will discover the slabs in the Nineveh Court to be really relieved at all, and that is the blind. Their sense of touch may ascertain the inequality of the surface; but those driven to trust to their eyes only in the examination of works of art will take these famous restorations for nothing more than a flat wall painted, and that not precisely in a style calculated to atone for the sacrifice of the relief; for the same anti-Eastern gaudiness prevails here which characterises their gigantic neighbours. The remark of a neat little country maiden, 'These men look as if they 'd got on clean white pinasfores,' is about the highest praise that can be bestowed on them.

The more one contemplates this great eyesore of the Crystal Palace—and unfortunately there is, no avoiding it—the more must we wonder that any artists could be found to execute it. Want of time may be justly pleaded, and readily admitted, for many a deficiency, but no time at all is required to feel that your teeth are set on edge, and that your instrument is out of tune. Instead of too little time these gentlemen had infinitely too much, and, since taste could not stop them, it is pity want of leisure did not. It is not a question of colour or no colour, but only of how it should be applied; and though the experiment is, to a certain degree, new here, it has been settled over and over again elsewhere. The commonest village in Italy will decide the eye as to the principles of harmony; or, to come nearer home, it needs but twelve hours' journey to Paris to show us the successful union of architecture and colour in the new church of St. Vincent de Paul—entirely the work of M. Hittorf—or in the old chapel of Mary of Medicis in the Luxembourg. One thing should have been obvious at the beginning, and strictly kept in view all along, that in their, at best, very venturesome attempt to combine the forms of antique sculpture and mediæval architecture with colour, they had to deal not with the ivory, marble, or fine stone of the originals, all highly favourable to refinement of tone, but with a material the most coarse and intractable, viz., common plaster. The aim, therefore, had they really had the slightest deference for the authority they quote, should have been to apply only those

* It is solely of the colouring that we speak. Of the general merits of the restoration, which at least does great credit to the ingenuity of the able and accomplished gentleman who devised it, we may possibly have something to say hereafter in connection with the entire subject of Nineveh.

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encaustic or tempora colours which antique usage sanctioned, and those, considering the untowardness of the material, with a discreet and sparing hand. Whereas the real history of all this offence is, that common plaster of Paris has been soaked with common house-paint, and forms, sacred to our imaginations, defiled with raw unbroken reds and yellows, and particularly with a blue, which, so far from being warranted by ancient authority, was only invented a few years since, and has, from its crudity, already palled on the public.

We turn willingly to another subject, though it cannot be entirely disengaged from that we have been considering. The courts of the Crystal Palace are real novelties, and considering the shortness of time allowed for their preparation, and the succession of experiments indispensable in the formation of structures untried before, the result is entitled to the highest eulogium. No contrivance for the separation of the different departments of interest, for the concentration of the attention, and for its relief, could have been happier. These courts may be considered as scenic effects, made up, more or less with the aid of the artist's fancy, from various models, but, with the exception of Pompeii and the Alhambra, not professing to be the imitation of any particular building. Nor will either of these two stand a scrutiny as to more than partial correctness; Pompeii being as much too large as the Alhambra is too small: each also ought to change places with the other, for the Alhambra has no business between Greece and Egypt, nor Pompeii between the mediæval screen and the Sheffield enclosure with the fascinating row of looking-glasses. Both, however, with their soft, subdued light, cool seats, and beautiful materials, are charming places of retirement from the rays of a Crystal Palace midsummer sun, and will be more so when the fountains play; and if neither be faithfully represented, no harm is done to those who can see the originals, and less to those who cannot. Literal correctness is indeed out of the question, and nothing is gained by the pretence of it. The public are none the better for those dark closets in Pompeii, which they take for strangely inconvenient butler's pantries, and wonder, as we heard a facetious livery-coat observe, 'how the servants could see to wash up;' while some one will some day be much the worse for that invisible step which all stumble at, up or down. If we were in the counsels of the Company, we should level the floor, throw open the black holes, and devote the space to a collection of those smaller works of art appropriate in a Pompeian room.

The walls of the Pompeian court offer no external attraction, but those of the Alhambra are a happy example of the real object to be attained in applying colour to architectural decorations.

tions. It matters not whether the original intention was to imitate the effect of carpets or tapestries depending from roofs or balconies ; at all events, the intention of the arabesque patterns and reliefs themselves is seen with the greater distinctness for their hollows being intensified with colour; while as to the colour, however raw and gaudy in itself, it is so subdued by the small and separate fragments in which it is applied, and by the shadow of the reliefs cast upon it, as to present only those harmonious, broken tones agreeable to the eye. And here it must be remembered that this is the only instance in the Crystal Palace where there is some identity in material between copy and original. The lacework ornamentation of the walls of the Alhambra is only of stucco, and, doubtless, the original application of colour to it was mainly dictated by the knowledge that no beauty of surface was sacrificed by the process.

The Greek and Roman courts are commodious and refined resorts, holding and setting forth their contents with space and dignity. The painted decorations also of the inner walls are light and tasteful, but we cannot help demurring at the colouring of the mass of outer wall facing the nave. The inharmonious effect of this portion we are inclined to account for on the principle that, to ensure a pleasant appeal to the eye, the light colours, on which it instinctively first rests, should be warm, and the dark ones cool. Sir Joshua Reynolds so far upheld this principle both in theory and practice as to provoke Gainsborough to prove, in his famous 'Blue Boy,' that the rule might have a most successful exception. But the principle, if not stringent as regards the mixed and modelled execution of a picture, would seem to apply when mere flat local colours are in question. At all events a mass of dark brown or claret against a light grey or blue, as in the wall of the Grecian and other courts, is felt to be unsatisfactory to the eye, on the ground of its being first carried to the cold and dull tints.

As a specimen at which no stone of objection can be thrown, we are glad to draw attention to the façade of the Renaissance Court, than which nothing can more perfectly exemplify the compatibility of architecture and colour, and which is one of the most beautiful objects in the Crystal Palace ; the cause of success here, as compared with the failures around, being, we apprehend, the preponderance of white, against which the tenderest colouring tells with a brilliancy otherwise unattainable. This is the secret of another form of olden art, as compared with the wretched modern imitations of it, viz. of old painted glass, in which a profusion of white will be invariably found to prevail. No intense scale of colour is needed where the artist starts with a ground of that which represents light itself: any colour is a

contrast to that which is no colour at all. This was the secret with Turner: light was his prevailing element, and every colour told, jewel-like, against it. On this principle also some of the most exquisite effects in natural objects are produced. How sharply delicate, for instance, are the veins in the pure white marble with which they contrast, yet what mere shadows, when considered separately! Here, on this façade, so light a colour as gold is the chief and sufficient relief, the contrast against the white being infinitely more vivid than the opposition of the intensest reds and blues of equal value.

Any representation of the Renaissance style conjures up sweet visions of forms, the amalgamation of which has been the work of centuries. The luxuriance of this growth of true architectural grace was ripened beneath the native sun of modern Italy; but its roots lay deep in the antique sarcophagus of a bygone period;—its strength was derived from the one—its vitality from the other—its ineffable beauty and elegance from the union of both. All Italy has a spell to the imagination and the eye, but we feel those scenes to be most Italian where this style prevails. As applied to this Court, however, the Renaissance style is excusably illustrated by a façade from that country whence the word, though not the thing, originally dates. The Hotel Bourgtheroulde at Rouen, one of the glorious works of the Italian architects under Francis I., has supplied all but the frieze of this elegant structure, and in the able renewal of the beautiful details which had succumbed to time and weather, we are, for once, presented with a real restoration. The little vestibule, or loggia, through which the visitor passes into the Court, was invented, we believe, for the occasion. It is designed in the style of the façade, and is light and graceful; but the coloured decorations of the ceiling—the little genii and the medallion portraits—are not calculated to raise our opinion either of the inventive or executive powers of the present day.

The Italian Court, though less peculiarly Italian to our feeling than the preceding, is not quite so successful in effect of colour. We learn that a liberty has been taken here, and that this façade, copied from the Farnese Palace, which is of the colour of the Travertine stone of which it is built, in other words of *stone* colour, ‘has been fictitiously coloured in imitation of different marbles, so as to give the public the opportunity of judging of the effects so frequently produced in Italian architecture, both externally and internally, by the use of particoloured materials.’ Though not unpleasing as a whole, we see the result of that arbitrariness in principle of action which has disfigured so many objects. The imitation of the *rosso antico*, which

forms the greater portion of the façade, is not agreeable; and the pale tones opposed to it are insufficient to give value to the quantity of warmth. Where, however, there has been a positive object to copy, as in the painted walls of the interior, which represent Raphael's arabesques in the Vatican, the effect is most agreeable, and the workmanship, as, indeed, with almost all these undertakings, very clean and careful. We miss, however, the pleasingly-subdued and unshiny effect which characterises the fresco or tempera material of the original,—a quality which, we believe, there is no difficulty in attaining, even with oil colour. Indeed it is admirably attained in a neighbouring work—the fac-simile of the ceiling of the 'Camera della Segnatura,' behind the Italian Court—which is one of the unique boons to the public to which particular attention is due: as a perfect rendering of the original, and also of the harmonious effect of fresco, it leaves nothing to be desired.

In taking a rapid survey of the interior of the Italian Court, we are at a loss to account for the introduction of English mottoes over the doors. Considering that these doors profess to be a direct imitation from the Vatican, both in form and decoration, it surely would have been more appropriate to have retained the original inscriptions. In a building where the Pope and Father Gavazzi are placed together in the friendliest juxtaposition, the public had nothing on the score of 'Popish tendency' to apprehend from a few Latin abbreviations regarding 'Sexto Pio—Pont. Max.' or some other pontiff. As it is, the English sentiments which have taken their place, 'Love thy neighbour,' 'Be just, and fear not,' 'Knowledge is power,' and 'Manners maketh the man,' however desirable to instil into the people, chime in as little with any notion of Raphael's day as with the painted decorations which surround them. We expect as much accuracy in the professed copy of a painted surface as in a cast from one relieved; and need only glance at the original incised inscriptions on the casts from the Doric doors, back to back with these in the Italian Court, to see how these accurate details complete the unity of the general effect.

Of the other Courts, as such, on this eastern side of the Palace, we can attempt no description. Our, at best, most irregular survey of this great building is limited necessarily to its salient points and general effects. In some of these enclosures the contents constitute the very structure; and it is on this account that the Byzantine and Romanesque, or what we call the Norman Court, is one of the most interesting, because the most genuine. The cloistered arcade, with the Shobden and Kilpeck doors, and the

doors

doors of the Prior's Entrance at Ely, the shafts of which, with their sculptured drolleries, are like the initial letters of many a contemporary missal, reflect the highest credit on those who planned and executed, and also on those who did *not* paint these by no means inconsiderable structures. But the object most worthy of attention, in point of beauty, in this enclosure is the open screen, dividing the Court from the gallery behind, consisting of a compartment of the cloister of St. John Lateran; the delicate twisted shafts of which, with bands of mosaic work, not counterfeited, but repeated in their original integrity, stands among all the grand but ruder objects around, like the turning-point between strength and grace,—that turning-point which occurred so much earlier in the south than in the north, as to save this screen from being an architectural anachronism in the company surrounding it, though it looks such. The beautiful mosaics will, perhaps, recall to the untravelled visitor one of the only specimens of mosaic work in this country—that on the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey—and may be considered as the standard of what that was, the more so as both the mosaics in St. John Lateran and those in the Abbey were executed by the same school, and probably by the same family.

The Mediæval Court has the double disadvantage of having commanded fewer genuine materials for its formation, and those of a generally unattractive character. It is more of a *Pasticcio* than any other; and though in so far the merits and trouble of the superintending artist may have been greater, yet they have not sufficed to render over-florid architecture and inferior sculpture more palatable to the taste. We pass from this to the Elizabethan Court, which as a sample of what is most to be avoided in principle and detail, is wisely confined to a small space. Discarding the expiring weakness of the Gothic, which showed its senility in an incrustation of ornament it had not strength to throw off, and borrowing from the Renaissance only its liberty, this transition style stands here as a specimen of a vitality which animated, it is true, what was new in art, but only what should ever be new in art. A wall, covered to all appearance with Dutch tiles, is surmounted with a jagged frieze of half-moons and javelin-heads, intended, it would seem, to answer the modern purpose of broken bottles, while the arched arcade which divides the court reminds us, both in form and colouring, of a careful structure of mottled soaps. Multifarious are the reasons which may be assigned for the long depression of architecture and the formative arts in England, from which the country is but now emerging; but it is certain that Queen Elizabeth, who lies here in virgin majesty beneath the soaps, was so far

the natural predecessor of the Puritans inasmuch as she erected bad architecture while they pulled down good. The word 'Elizabethan' is often applied in ignorance to the beautiful Tudor structures which preceded her ; but a true example, like this, of her own characteristics—that union of two incompatible styles which is rightly designated as the 'Romanized Gothic'—will hardly find favour with a cultivated eye, except for archaeological and historical reasons. It is worthy of note, that though Parliament, in summoning a competition among the architects for the erection of our new Houses of Parliament, left them at liberty to choose between the Gothic and 'Elizabethan styles, yet, in the plans exhibited, the Elizabethan was without exception discarded, not only from its little assimilation with the adjacent buildings, but, as an eminent architect expressed himself, 'from its being at variance with every principle.'

It is time to give some description of the separate and more interesting contents of these courts, and of the galleries behind them—very superficially, it is true, for anything like systematic detail would exceed all limit of an article. They are chiefly comprised under a class of objects more conspicuous in number and variety than any other in the Crystal Palace. For among the multifarious objects to which this immense space is applied, that of presenting a complete museum of Sculpture stands foremost in completion and promise. Sculpture is the only art which enjoys the prerogative of being fairly represented in the absence of its originals: Preserved through time by the durability of its materials, it can be repeated in the cheapest and yet most dependable form ; and the gathering together of every example of the art yet known in the world was merely a question of accommodation which the union of glass and iron has now supplied. The eye may, therefore, now travel along the whole course that sculpture has yet run, reading in its records the salient features of each nation which has developed it, and beginning with the exclusive instincts of the nation which created it. When we take a general view of the specimens of antique sculpture in the Crystal Palace, numerous as they are, and comprising two-thirds perhaps of that which is yet known to the world, it is with a mournful sense of the perishableness of all things that we remember that, of the fertile harvests of art which once covered the Greek Isles, this is almost all that remains. From that vast quarry every motive of gain, rapacity, superstition, vanity, parade, and, lastly, taste, have helped themselves—and all, but the last, unsparingly—during a space extending over more than two thousand years. Piety has stolen, barbarity has plundered, conquerors have levied, brutality has destroyed ; cities have been decked

decked with spoils that have vanished as utterly as themselves; Rome and Byzantium have carried off with rude hands what they have been stripped of with ruder hands again. Sackings, and fire, and dark ignorance have swallowed up what pride had preserved, and greediness overlooked, and even time, the great destroyer, though here the least, had respected. Antique statues have been smashed in pieces to mend roads, or ground into dust to make mortar. Ivy and creeping plants have for ages overgrown the Pentelic quarries, while temples have been stripped of their wrought materials to build up the mushroom houses of modern times. Every one's hand has been against them, till what reverence has rescued are but the infinitesimal fragments of what are for ever gone. Yet such is the imperishable virtue in these scattered relics—such the inextinguishable heat in these ashes of the olden fires, that the spirit which has animated all subsequent plastic art has gone forth from them alone, and whatever can be called sculpture at all is descended from what the world has retained of the ancient Greek. We may sit, therefore, in this court, thronged as it is with forms of beauty and sublimity, and muse over that chosen people in whose hands the most perfect practice of art seems to have been but an easy handicraft, and in whose hearts its deepest philosophy but a natural instinct. Mysterious that revelation of plastic poetry to a race whose gods and goddesses in their fable and verse were simply bad men and women, and yet in their marble pure, immortal, and divine. In this material, at all events, the so-imperfect ideal god became the perfect natural man—every human energy and beauty exhibited—every human weakness and deformity concealed—no doubt apparent in the grand image that he was not Lord of the Creation, no sign that he was not lord of himself—a being who justified the homage he received.

It may be doubted whether any nation can be great sculptors who are not, in the sense of hero-worship, idolaters. Christianity is one great interdict to the glorification of man: humility, weakness, suffering, and self-denial, would make but poor types for the exercise of plastic powers. In two ways the exchange would tell to the disadvantage of art; for, while the finest subjects of the Greek—the grand undraped pride of the eye—are forbidden to the Christian on religious grounds, the unworthy subjects of the nominal Christian were equally repudiated by the Greek on artistic grounds. Not that we are unmindful of the noble and touching works which Christianity has especially inspired in a Flaxman, or which a pure classical taste is now inspiring in various sculptors that might be named; but this much may be said, that, but for the unrestricted field given, originally,
to

to the perfect artist but unregenerate man, the full powers of sculptural representation could never have been developed, nor its proper limits defined. Nor is there anything in this apparently necessary connection between the highest art and idolatry to be interpreted, by those who love to reconcile the ways of God to man, save as the good which He is ever bringing out of evil—the gracious gift to those who otherwise walked in darkness,—and a standing lesson in the history of the world that, however the arts may be devoted to the service of religion, it is only idolatry, as we have hinted before, that can absolutely *need* them.

It is difficult to follow any systematic plan of enjoyment in the fascinating enclosure of this Greek Court. The eye roves from beauty to beauty—now wrapt in some mystery of deliberate grandeur, now caught by some marvel of momentary action. There is the grand Venus of Milo, whose dignity no mutilations can attain, and who, in her conquering attitude, shows an absoluteness which renders her supremacy not only irresistible, but respectable. No other Venus to equal her here, though they stand around her in close rivalry of loveliness and command, as if awaiting another judgment of Paris. Here is the fighting Gladiator—every muscle strained—the whole man flung from his centre in an action the laws of gravity forbid him to sustain—all the energy in the very moment, and in no more; and there the Discobolus of Myron—every limb delicately poised, with a relaxation of muscle more difficult to counterfeit than the tightest tension—all the energy in the moment that is to come. Further on, the Diana of Arles, with the energy, past, present and future; instinct with life, fleetness, and swiftness, to the very curled hem of her drapery, like a bird to the tip of its plumage. And there the Mercury, seated with indescribable ease and grace, yet ready to rise and skim along the air; for one needs scarcely remark those clasps under his feet which attach the talaria to his heels to perceive that the soles of those feet were never meant to touch the ground.

Among the larger works for which the English public is indebted, as a whole, to the Crystal Palace, is the Family of Niobe—thirteen figures together, larger than life. A Greek could alone execute this work, but a Christian invests it with feelings to which a pagan in the same degree was not sensible. He selected it as a fitting subject by which to commemorate one of the triumphs of Apollo; we view it in the light of a domestic tragedy, and that one of the deepest pathos. The intense isolation and self-sufficingness which characterises antique sculpture, which separates one subject from another, and all from one great portion of our sympathies, is wanting here. It is something new in

in Greek art, and to us inexpressibly attractive, to see weakness and helplessness portrayed—beings looking beyond themselves in despair, and forgetting self in the impulse to save another. The uncertainty regarding the real limits of the group which has restricted it to these thirteen figures—Niobe with six daughters and five sons, and the pedagogue—has accidentally, perhaps, increased the sense of an exclusively domestic scene. Nor would the outstretched body of the dead Niobid, nor the beautiful kneeling and much debated figure called the Ilioneus, interfere with the feeling; but the introduction of the two wrestlers—supposed to be sons of Niobe caught in the moment of pugilistic sport—and of the figure mounting a horse, would materially disperse our sympathy. In this view Mr. Cockerell's ingenious conclusion that the group occupied the pediment of a temple, as in the arrangement before us, and which leaves no room for the doubtful figures, but concentrates the interest to the mere terror-stricken family, appears at first sight the most complete and natural to a modern eye. Too much so, we venture to suggest, to be true. We incline to the view taken by an ingenious writer,* that the story, as it is, wants a meaning. We see not—what a Greek sculptor would never have omitted—the cause for the terror. The group of the Laocoön might as justly have been represented without the serpents as that of the Niobe without a corresponding motive. Granting that something is falling on them from above—it may be hail, fire, or ashes from a volcano; but nothing shows the direct arrows of offended gods. Granting even that the arrows were originally there, who has hurled them? The Greek artists never rendered their divinities invisible; the whole object and secret of the art was their impersonation. Apollo and Diana must, therefore, be admitted—placed somewhere on an eminence above the group, and accounting for the upward appeal of many of its members. This in a pediment would be obviously impossible. The execution of the figures also, and the delicate and comparatively unmade-out draperies, are not calculated for effect at a great height. We are disposed to acquiesce in the same writer's conjecture that the group comprised originally a far larger number of figures, and was placed in the hallowed precincts of the Temple,† on ground adapted to its representation; forming, not a straight line relieved by any background, but an open scattered party, as we see on a smaller

* *Kunstblatt*, 1830, p. 251 *et seq.*

† It is well known that the Greeks placed statues in the sacred precincts of their temples. When the Gauls attempted to attack the Temple of Delphi they were frightened by the multitude of figures before it, whom they took for gods. scale,

scale, numerically speaking, in the group close by, called the Toro Farnese.

This last-named splendid work is another unique boon to the public, only one cast having been taken from it before. Though not placed in the Greek Court, it belongs to the same category, as, whatever the restorations, sufficient remains to assign it to the finest period of art. Doubts have been raised by modern critics regarding even the subject of this work, which, as Pliny describes it, seem superfluous. But this uncertainty in no way interferes with the effect produced. The Mazeppa-like fate of the guilty Dirce is only prospective, the real interest is the subjugation of a wild and furious animal by human strength and energy. In this respect the intellectual vigour of Greek art could afford to part with one of the most formidable elements in the contest—the size of the bull,—which is here, for artistic reasons, greatly diminished, without diminishing in any way the sense of its resistance.

Another antique work of similar dimensions, and equally novel to the English public, is the group of the Colossal Dioscuri from the Monte Cavallo, which are conspicuous in the great transept. These Colossi enjoy the unfortunate distinction of having always been above ground, and so far the more exposed to the turns of fortune. Great have been their mutilations and restorations in the ordinary revolutions of time, men, and things; but their chief defacement is attributable to the actual journeys they have performed. Removed at various periods from one part of Rome to another—from the portal of the temple built after the battle of the Lake Regillus, ‘unto the Twin Great Brethren who fought so well for Rome,’ to the Quirinal Hill before the baths of Constantine, by Constantine the Great; and then to their present place before the Quirinal Palace, by Sextus V.; the relative positions of men and horses have not only been shifted and altered to suit modern tastes and architectural purposes, but, it is believed, men and horses have been exchanged altogether; so that Pollux now leads Castor’s steed, and *vice versa*. This would account for the awkward position of the animals towards their leaders, which will be obvious to many an eye learned in this, though in no other part of the subject. It becomes, therefore, a question whether the Company would not do well, considering the comparative ease with which their Colossi can be moved, to try the experiment of exchanging the horses, and also such other alterations as might restore the real beauty and intention of the originals.

Returning to the Greek Court, and passing on from the Niobe, the

the visitor runs an almost painful gauntlet between a row of objects, among which it is almost as difficult to advance as to halt. He pauses before the statue of Antinous, so much more divine than his attendant Genius; pores over small bas-reliefs of dancing figures—each a fountain of living art in itself—lingers entranced before that heavenly apparition in a halo of transparent drapery, who is descending, or condescending, to the sleeping Endymion; glances along a wall hung with morsels and fragments to which history can give no name, and for which art needs none; tracing in each that school from which modern Italy drew her inspiration, and which in its refined decorum—the only morality of art—was purposely fitted to guide the purity, the fervour, and the ignorance of Christian art; nay, in some cases identifying the very forms which have served as models: here, a figure all fluttering with heavenly speed, which, transposed by a Christian hand, became an announcing angel; and there, graceful maidens with musical instruments, who need but wings to convert them into adoring Seraphim.

It is here, with the eye saturated with beauty, that something like justice can be done to our matchless Elgin marbles. No matter how the taste may have risen with what it feeds on, Phidias still stands on a pinnacle above it. There lie those Fates—or whatever these figures may represent—like the petrifactions of a higher order of beings, headless, armless, footless, yet with that plenitude of grandeur in their rich ample laps which alike defies annihilation and analysis. Happy the artist, and modest and wise, who can study these unrivalled remains; mark their strength and glory, their truth and delicacy—follow the magical rendering of the form, trace the exquisite flow of the drapery, and so far forget all thoughts of self as to return home with inspiration in his heart and not despair.*

Pausing for a moment among the antique Greek portrait-busts—beings midway apparently between gods and men—living symbols of Poet and Hero, rather than dead realities; Homer, majestic and abstracted, with those downcast, sightless orbs through which all generations since have seen; Alexander the Great, grand and fiery, with upward gaze as if defying the sun itself to dazzle the offspring of Jupiter; busts, apocryphal it may

* Since beginning this article, tidings have reached this country of the excavation of 300 antique statues or fragments of sculpture on the site of the temple of Juno at Argos. We learn also that the Greek government will permit casts to be taken of these objects. With the spirit the Company have shown in obtaining casts of antique sculpture known hitherto but to the few, it may be anticipated that they will be the first to obtain casts of what are new to all alike—at least of such as best represent the new discoveries. No museum in the world is so fitted to welcome the new comers as this.

be, but what was convention to the Greek is truth enough for us—pausing but for a moment, where the visitor will do well to linger long, we enter the Roman Court, and find ourselves at once in a different atmosphere. Here the lapse of time no longer interposes a halo and a mystery ; here we cease to commune with beings over whom is shed the grace of a life that is gone. The Roman is in us and of us yet—the lapse of ages between us has left him modern still. He it was who separated us from that beautiful antique world which was as foreign to him as to ourselves, and far less sacred. Here we see the men with whom the instincts of beauty and the reign of ideality ceased, but with whom the hard practical work and system of this world of ours began : progenitors of all that appertains to real business and action in the later races of Europe, and more especially in our own ; for there is more of family likeness between these matter-of-fact physiognomies and ourselves than to the modern Italians who have inherited their soil and their sun, as there is also far more analogy between our respective positions. The Roman patrician of the vigorous times of the Empire had many points of coincidence with the English gentleman of the late and present day. He was free and he was wealthy—he was educated at a public school—was skilled in eloquence—took part in the making and administration of the laws—made his own will—washed his person—and dined—for his supper was his principal meal—late in the day. And there is no mistaking the analogy in all kinds of faces and in the most opposite men. Julius Cæsar—close shaven, eager and wiry, the man who never rested and never grew fat—is the true Englishman ; and would that we had more like him in high places now ! Augustus—grand, solemn, and thoughtful, one of the finest heads in the court—is the stiff, cold English senator all over. Antoninus Pius—a splendid head, upright-looking, gentle and just—is positively like Lord Shaftesbury. Marcus Aurelius—the type of a magnificent guardsman—would turn any modern Zenobia's head. Commodus—the handsome vicious youth—is exactly the tyrant upper boy at Eton or Harrow ; while Trajan meets us at every corner of the court serenely smiling, with smooth hair like a self-satisfied Quaker. To such monsters as Nero and Vitellius we would fain repudiate any resemblance ; but there is a large class of the old Roman world, with no very salient characteristics at all, who may still be seen alive at this day—some the prototypes of our sturdy magistrates, prosy manufacturers, bankers, brewers, what you will ; others like our *blasés* noblemen, ruined spendthrifts, or elegant men of the world—faces jolly and selfish, such as are seen in every London assembly of those who love the good things of this life ; and faces

faces dyspeptic and nervous of those with whom they have disagreed. Refinement of soul is what we seek in vain, and also plain, simple, homespun worth; but if—to our shame be it spoken—we do not miss the higher physiognomical distinctions—that expression which ought more than any other to pervade a race privileged to raise altars to the known, not the unknown God,—it is because these busts prove to us that a life of active occupation, elegant tastes, and personal freedom, will, in the male sex at all events, go far to maintain that semblance of moral dignity which conceals the outward difference between Pagan and Christian, and supplies in appearance the absence of the higher springs of action.

We say the male sex; but if we wish to ascertain the real workings of a godless state of society; if we wish to convince ourselves of its effects on those who rule the rulers, and give laws to the lawgivers, and who, presiding over the very fountain-heads of life, cast either their bread or their poison upon the waters, we have only to glance at the little boudoir which contains the busts of the other sex. Nothing can be more terrible than the tale they tell. No negative characters here, culpable enough towards society even in their nonentity; but women strong to evil, courageous to mislead, ruthless to oppress; the intellectual countenances wicked, the commonplace sensual; all restless, false, and cruel. Here, therefore, ends the fancied analogy between the physiognomies of ancient Rome and modern England—‘non Anglæ sed Angeli’ are our countrywomen compared with them. But if we seek for some female physiognomical representative of these imperial ladies, we are reminded of one still existing, which, if not so strong in its markings, is still undeniable in likeness—a woman, like them, semi-Asiatic in descent, lapped in luxury, absolute in power, utterly uneducated, surrounded by slaves, believing in divination, skilled in cosmetics, cruel and capricious, frivolous and intriguing—a woman of whom we should have said the same, war or no war—the Russian fine lady of the present day. But the comparison goes no farther. These elaborate wigs which, in their vain falsity, are in hideous keeping with the countenances beneath, the Russian princess would be the first to repudiate. It was reserved for the Augustas of Rome not to disguise, but rather to reveal, themselves in a coiffure of such indignity, and for the sculptors of their time to perpetuate it. So servile had the glorious art become, that Winckelman tells of a head of Lucilla in marble, which had a moveable wig of the same material. Yet what the reminiscences of Greek art could still achieve is shown in that seated figure of Agrippina, the very model of middle-aged beauty and high-bred

bred ease,—which Canova adopted in his Madame Lætitia—though no exception, in the small and beautiful, but false and avaricious, face, to the depraved standard of physiognomy around.

Interesting, however, as are the contents of the two last-mentioned courts, it is in the Renaissance Court opposite that we must look for the real novelties, as a class, which the Crystal Palace Company have brought together. Casts from the mother antique are comparatively familiar to the public—casts from the daughter Renaissance are comparatively unknown. We are not aware that the link between them—the school of Niccolo Pisano and of those who worked on the sculpture of the cathedral of Orvieto—is included in this great series. Probably these will follow in due time. Meanwhile we may be well content to start with the sculptors of the early part of the fifteenth century.

The fact that sculpture was as much the art of the fifteenth as painting of the sixteenth century has not been admitted into the average standard of the knowledge of art; nor was that to be wondered at while nothing short of a journey to Italy itself could, till now, introduce us to such men as Donatello and Luca della Robbia, nor in any way show their connexion with the standards of high art in painting which have succeeded them. The commonest investigator of art is often struck by the rapid strides in her progress, and by the promise, fulfilment, and decline which, in some schools, will be compressed into half a century. We long to clip her wings, and to spread her glorious youth and maturity over a wider span. But here our wishes are more than accomplished, and the marvel rather is how the feeling which inspired Donatello, born 1383, should not sooner have been followed by the feeling which inspired Raphael, born 1483. Not only is the purity and beauty of the Raphaelesque outline and composition anticipated in these exquisite flat reliefs peculiar to Donatello, but much of the naïveté of expression also. We can conceive nothing more sweet and engaging than the specimens given here of this sculptor: his circular Madonnas, the ineffably graceful profile of some high-bred lady called a saint; and that wonderful little Baptist, *béte* with inspiration,—a child dwelling apart, but as much in its childlike as in its prophetic capacity. Here too, in the centre of the court, is the statue of the same St. John and of the same child, only ten years older, with his tender frame and his earnest rapt face—faith alone there, but no knowledge—

‘Bold to bear God’s heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road.’

This figure illustrates what is said, and the only saying to the purpose,

purpose, by Donatello's eulogist Bocchi—that, wishing to ensure the safety of his works for posterity, he restricted his marble statues, as far as possible, to one solid piece, keeping the hands and arms close to the figure, so that no part should present an easily-fractured prominence. This is seen in his *S. Giorgio*, just without the Renaissance Court, another of his pensively grand figures—*saint* as well as *hero*—with his arms peacefully folded by and over his shield. Nor may we omit to remark the peculiar position of *S. Giorgio*'s legs, wide apart, though united in the one desired piece by the solid shield before them, and which, we may suppose, furnished Perugino with the usual striding attitude of his *St. Michaels*.

Luca della Robbia's singers from the organ-front of the cathedral of Florence is another delightful gift to the public: the solemnity of an ecclesiastical act in those tender white-robed choristers, and the ardour of musical enjoyment in their eager gestures, the freedom of a pagan fête in those naked children, and yet the holiness of nature in their hold on their mother's drapery—all instinct with knowledge, beauty, truth, life, and sound. Strange is the coincidence by which the two most perfect representations of the act of singing were produced at about the same time, each master unconscious of the other's existence; for Van Eyck's angelic choir in the wings of his *St. Bavon* altarpiece, now in the Berlin Museum, must have been painted very shortly before, if not at the same period. The analogies between them in perfection of reality and execution being not more striking than their national differences in the expression of the same act: for Van Eyck's sublime *angl-boys* sing with knit brows and through closed teeth, while Luca della Robbia's choristers have flung open their mouths with the instinct of true Italians.

The original of this work is in marble, and uncoloured, but of the art peculiar to Luca della Robbia—the figures moulded in terra-cotta, with coloured glazings—though there are specimens here in form, there are none in colour. It is strange that in all the mistaken zeal seen around for applying colour to objects where it is at best superfluous, it should have been omitted in those where it is a principal characteristic.

Though Ghiberti is earlier than either of the foregoing, we have taken the beautiful bronze-coloured casts from his celebrated doors latest in order, from the fact that they alone of all the Renaissance sculpture of this time are comparatively known to the public by means of engravings and facsimiles. Magnificent casts of them exist elsewhere, and perfect bronze duplicates form the doors of the Kasan church at St. Petersburgh. We forbear,

forswear, therefore, to enter into any comment upon them, except as far as pointing out the remarkable illustration they afford of the advance of sculpture before painting at that time. When we look at the ease and grace of Ghiberti's forms and groups, and consider that he was earlier than Fra Filippo Lippi, earlier than Masaccio, earlier even than Fiesole, almost three-quarters of a century earlier than that grand, unformed Titan, Sandro Botticelli—all Florentines like himself, all struggling for the same reality, with the same life around them, and the same antique beside them—one is tempted to conclude that colour must have been an obstruction in art, and not an assistance. Figures move and walk with ease in Ghiberti, which stand still, and that stiffly, in many a painter later than himself.

The reason for this disparity in progress may be suggested in the fact that sculpture was not amenable to those strict ecclesiastic laws which laid traditional fetters upon the sister art. Thus it is intelligible that that ease of movement and grouping which constitutes the picturesque, should have found earliest expression in a plastic form. Indeed, Italian sculpture of the best time can never be said to have been quite independent, or restricted within the confines of its own style. We are not inclined to attribute this to any deliberate deviation from the antique, or to any direct ambition of treating nature in a different way, but how could an art be possibly limited to its own style, when the artist was not limited to his practice of it? Scarcely a sculptor can be mentioned of the Renaissance time who was a sculptor, and nothing more. We trace the practice of the goldsmith, and the eye of the painter in the backgrounds of Ghiberti, and in the colouring of Luca della Robbia; and the amalgamation of sculpture with both these arts, more or less in the picture-like effect of their works and those of Donatello. This amalgamation, which is the key to much of the unspeakable charm of the earlier Italian sculpture; and to the inevitable corruption of the later, is seen more and more as we go round this court, and examine the masters of half a century later. By this time painters had learnt much from sculptors—indeed we seem to have arrived at the boundary when the process began to be reversed; for while these specimens no longer, perhaps, display the freedom of their great predecessors, they show an earnestness of feeling, and simple unconsciousness of pathos which identifies them entirely with the painters of the time. Adoring and singing angels—glorious cherubim, all white though they be, with golden locks;—rapt saints and blissful virgins, bring before us the highest productions of such men as Benozzo Gozzoli, and Lorenzo di Credi. We converse in short with all that most strongly appeals to the heart

heart in such painters, through the medium of sculpture. Nor have their peculiarities been omitted, for a large bas-relief of the Deposition has an extravagance of gesture characteristic of the otherwise stately Crivelli ; while close by, in high relief, as if to show that in the greatest composition in the world, sculpture and painting had completely joined hands, is a sculptured version—a close though not exact copy—of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper.

The many contributions from the Certosa at Pavia are one of the rich sources of attraction in this court. It is no little boon to have not only specimens of the sculpture, but of some of the loveliest architectural forms in this Treasure-house, given us in their integrity. One of the large windows from the façade, with the candelabra-like columns dividing the two lights, with its wreathed rows of kneeling angels, figures of ecclesiastics, heads of monks, medallions of saints, foliage and fruit, shields and devices, deep cut frieze, and antique cornice, is alone a morning's work. We give the Crystal Palace Company considerable credit for having, as regards their lady visitors, baited this court with specimens of art, which, at the Certosa itself, have the double attraction of being forbidden fruit to them. Not only portions of the tomb of the Founder, but other exquisite fragments—gems of art, and models of the caster's skill—are given here, which have hitherto wasted their sweetness on male eyes alone.

There is no estimating the importance of this richly-stored enclosure in assisting the taste of this country. Many a recently formed collection of pictures shows that the tendency for the highest feeling in art has fairly set in. Nevertheless, with all the liberality of private proprietors of the present day, there would be little opportunity for a large portion of the public to become acquainted with works of this class without the facility afforded by this court. There is no doubt also that the feeling of many of the rising generation is ready to take advantage of this facility. It is a pleasure to see young people turned loose among these monuments, and instinctively preferring what was caviare even to the experienced connoisseur half a century before them—afraid, in the modesty of a first love, to own that of all the art in the Crystal Palace this pleases them the best ; and almost awed on discovering that they have that within them which has led them to recognise the true thing. Many a one in future days will trace their first realisation of the mysterious affinity of the best Christian art to the soul, to some sunny, dream-like visit to this building, when impressions were received which time has strengthened and extended, but which never have been sweeter than then.

But

But among all this good company, we must protest against the introduction of those delegates from the tomb of Innspruck; which, like all foils, are intolerable where no foils are needed. Merits they have of their own, but this is the last place in which there is any chance of finding them out. With the eye once full of Italy, the Alps themselves, as many a tourist has found, are not separation enough to give such a class of subjects fair play. They and the '*Gänse Männchen*,' who with a dirty shirt, and his geese tucked under his arm, looks, on the pinnacle of a beautiful Venetian fountain, as much out of place as any beggar in an elevated position, should be allowed to retire into an humbler sphere.

Michael Angelo claims us next, but the sudden transition is not fair even to him. After an atmosphere all grace and feeling, it is difficult to do justice to one all strength and muscle. Nothing can be more beyond our puny dimensions than the mind and the hand here before us. Nevertheless we have fallen from angels to Titans—from Mount Parnassus to the Island of Lemnos. There were giants in those days—men who, like Michael Angelo, were not only sculptors and painters, but architects, musicians, and poets all in one. Still, they were of the same great family as the masters we have been considering; the difference between them and their forefathers being not in quality, but in degree. But Michael Angelo stands alone. Donatello and Ghiberti, all Florentine as they were, are no links in the chain which led to him. His genealogy of art o'erleaps them, and mounts straight up to the ancient Etruscans, whose only known characteristics, their power and their exaggeration, started to life again, and seem to have found a before unfulfilled development in the great Buonaroti. Strange the constitution of that man's mind, whose works, as the King of Bavaria says in his poems, show neither Pagan repose, nor Christian peace, and in whom sheer power was such an overwhelming and all-levelling element, as to render his ideal part less than spiritual, and his earthly more than animal. His very study of the antique contributed to foster rather than to regulate his ruling passion. Not only his male figures, but his female too, partake of the great Belvedere torso, while any solitary example of exaggeration in a Greek work found favour with his riotous chisel. This we see in his figure of Night on one of the Medici monuments, which was evidently prompted by the Ariadne,—as the reader may see by stepping over to the Greek court,—one of the only disagreeable antiquities we know. No wonder that his very first work* in

which ignorance imposed no bridle on his powers, and his later works in which perfect knowledge had withdrawn all restraint upon them—in both of which extremes he seems as if he could only expend his strength in violence—no wonder that they should be little attractive to the feelings. In truth they offend one of the great heaven-born principles of our mental constitution. No extreme of grace, refinement, or purity, in a work of art can fall strangely on the heart, for all these qualities, partaking of the Divine, inspire trust and comfort as well as awe; but extreme power, seen alone, bears no such impress and gives no such assurance, and whatever our admiration for the knowledge that successfully wielded such a quality, our true human sympathies close against it. It is on this account that those early works in which he is seen as scholar to his art, and not as her master, are the most congenial to the taste. Let any one look, as they can only do here, straight from his Medici monuments to his *Pietà*, and observe the far greater beauty that was born of his restraint than of his liberty. We may feel inclined to criticise the face of the Saviour, which is both short and flat, as if he had not allowed himself marble enough, but it is in the dead, strengthless figure that we see that abnegation of his native exuberance of life and violence, which could alone lift him into refinement. The Slave again, so called, is another specimen of ‘the rich bounties of restraint.’ This grand form appeals more to our sympathies in a state of languor than in one of action—stir him, and he would probably become a mere type of rude life—while the beautiful passive head, departing as it does from his usual low ideal of large face, and small scull, appears to us the finest he ever executed. The figure of the Christ close by, though also a youthful work, does not offer the same attractions as the foregoing. In the effort to divest it of that pride of life incompatible with the subject, the master has simply stript it of his energy, and left a clumsy figure, and an unmeaning head.

The close comparison here afforded between Michael Angelo and his enemy Torrigiano, may be pronounced as gratifying to the manes of the broken nose. The figure of St. Jerome is halting and irresolute; like the Discobolus in the suspended action of the limbs, though without any corresponding motive. Wonderful too as is the truth of nature exhibited in the anatomy of the form, this statue conveys no stronger impression than that of the want of taste which could select the wrinkled meagreness of old age as an appropriate subject for sculpture. In this respect we bear Torrigiano a double grudge, for it would not be difficult to prove this St. Jerome to have been the parent of all those

wrinkled, round-backed, undraped old men in whom the eclectic painters delighted—figures which painfully remind the spectator of the inexcusableness of the *nihil velare* of the Greeks except on the score of beauty.

Benvenuto Cellini catches our eye next—another of those fiery spirits who followed in Michael Angelo's train, and who woed art with more of ardour than reverence. He is one in whom the union of goldsmith and sculptor shows a perpetual struggle between large desires and minute practice. His Perseus with the Medusa's head, in the nave close by, is an example of this. The figure of the Perseus is grand and effective, and calculated to tell at a distance, but the strange, coiled up, and headless figure of the Medusa on which he stands, with her foot in her hand, is unintelligible on this scale, and requires to have been wrought in precious metals and lifted to the eye to be really decyphered.

We have now reached the summit of Italian art as seen in sculpture, and so many beautiful objects gather round us that it is difficult perhaps to acknowledge that the downward course is not far distant. With such men as Bandinelli, John of Bologna, and Benvenuto Cellini, we tarry apparently on level ground, and if such as Sansovino and Fiammingo contributed to the decline of art, they at all events put a drag on her chariot-wheels. But there is no mistaking him who accelerated the speed with all the weight of a ready hand, a prolific fancy, and a long life. Bernini was the prince of degenerate sculpture. To him belongs the fatal distinction of proving that this stern and haughty art, which the ancients had scrupulously enthroned, which the Renaissance had kept distant from all sympathies except the highest, and Michael Angelo from all sympathy at all—that this haughty art could, not undexterously, be so degraded as to win the commonest eye, and to tickle the most frivolous fancy. There are two ways of pleasing mankind, though unfortunately not equally matched in the attainment of that end—the one by true being, the other by skilful acting. Bernini and his school show how much the latter can carry the day. All his figures are actors or actresses, doing their best to please. His chef-d'œuvre, the Pietà in the Italian court, is no exception. The Madonna stands there conscious of being looked at, addressing her sorrow to the spectator, but to nothing higher.

Independent also of the too easily imitated affectation thus introduced, the pernicious workings of the pictorial element to which we before called attention were beginning to be apparent even in works of great power and merit. Impoverished, as Quatremère de Quincy says, by her very larcenies, Sculpture had less

less and less excuse to steal from the sister art. Painters had degenerated in those highest qualities which are common to both arts, and had developed others which sculpture could in no way render. There is no pleasure in being reminded of Titian, Correggio, Albano, or Carlo Maratti, when we miss the better qualities of the first masters, and the only redeeming one of the last. Most of the sculpture of that time—the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century—reduced to outline, could be only taken for pictures, and those by no means of a high character. The very arrangement of their subjects show these artists as the most audacious violators of the laws of their art. What the pediments of temples were to the ancients, the entablatures of altars and monuments had supplied to the school of the Renaissance—shelves, as we may call them, on which to set their subjects. But the later sculptors disdained such appliances; to them a wall was a ground on which sculptured figures might be hung, fluttering, foreshortened, topsy-turvy,—in short as they never were before—like painted figures on a canvas. The great structures, by way of altars and monuments, with which Italian churches abound, offer frequently single figures of great originality and beauty, but their general arrangement is an offence to the very *a b c* of the art. In bas-reliefs, applied to smaller objects, the offence is less felt, and the Crystal Palace Company would do well to procure casts of the *Pergami* or pulpits of the cathedrals of Orvieto, Siena, or Florence, which, like our English fonts, embody the best art of the period. Another object also we miss, which is an exception equally to the pictorial and to the affected styles of the day. For that truth and simplicity did exist in solitary instances is proved by the touching and beautiful recumbent figure of St. Cecilia, by Stefano Maderno, executed amid the false glare of Bernini's reputation. With the eighteenth century, however, no such redeeming instance appears. The stage had become the school for sculptors—and it is no little proof of the dramatic powers of the French that they could contrive, as in their Roubillac, to extract beauty even from this. The worst feature we now perceive is that Sculpture herself has turned actor too—attempting not only parts beneath her to perform, but parts which not even the most abject perversion of her powers could enable her to perform at all. Figures wrapt in veils, and entangled in nets; busts in coats and waistcoats, neckties and pigtails, are distressing enough to the feelings, but when we see her, as in our Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, trying her hand upon impalpable objects, such as clouds and sunbeams, and that not in relief but in the round, we feel we have reached

that appearance of a ‘manifest defect in the art, which is more hopeless than a defect in the artist.’*

Our subject has led us too far, and we have hardly an excuse for not referring our readers earlier to Mrs. Jameson’s admirable little *Handbook of Modern Sculpture*. Under her guidance the novice in art will safely peregrinate the grove of white phantoms which crowd this building, and, having fought with monsters by the way, will, in the absence of Flaxman, who is strangely absent from the ranks which he really leads, find himself led back to the pure springs of sculpture in the works of Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Gibson, and of other living sculptors, among whom it is a pleasure not to see the English left in the rear.

We have thus drawn our notice on the sculpture in the Crystal Palace to a close, though far be it from us to be thought to imagine that the summary, however slight, is complete. We have touched on nothing that concerns the mere antiquary, or even that class of visitors whose feeling for early monuments of faith is independent both of lore and art. We have said nothing of a multitude of objects which occupy the galleries behind the courts, and the adjacent ample spaces, in which Icelandic, Irish, Scandinavian, Byzantine, later Classic, and early Gothic elements overlay and intermingle in the flight of centuries like geological deposits. Nothing of the Irish and Manx crosses, those grand and graceful time-marks, hewn in the hardest description of stone, which it was easier for violence to bury beneath the waves, as at Iona, than to reduce to dust, and which are among the most remarkable objects, and the most successful reproductions here. Nothing of the large school of Gothic sculpture, which repudiated both the beauty and the difficulty of the art by repudiating the nude—a curious specimen of which allied with Classic reminiscences may be seen in the angels on the Ely doorway, with wings, not in the usual fictitious position, but, like the Harpies, in the Lycian monument in the British Museum, along the upper arm : Nothing of the countless monuments of the dead; laid out here in their armour, their robes, or, as in the beautiful effigy of Marino da Soccino, only in their winding sheet. Nothing of the Hildesheim Christ-column, with the sacred tale wound in relief round it, like the victories of Trajan round his pillar—nor of the beautiful octagonal font from Walsingham, one of the best restorations in the Palace—nor of a bit of Venice herself, a column from the Ducal Palace, short and sturdy as they now stand, swallowed, and being swallowed

by the sea at the rate of three inches in a century : Nothing even of the Nuremberg court with its intensely homely specimens of earnest and even grand feeling—only to be called sculpture by courtesy ; for the pictorial feeling is stronger here than in the Renaissance court, though not of such a picturesque character, while the stiff and angular style of the drapery shows the handling of a class of artists, accustomed not to work in precious metals, but to carve in wood.

Compared indeed with the thickly garnered harvests of art which crowd this enormous area, our specifications amount to but a fraction of the real sum total, nor, with the library of fourteen handbooks which head this article, shall we need any excuse for not being more explicit.

A collection of art, however, which offers the comfort of being seen within the compass of a few steps, must not be passed over ; viz., the copies, so-called, from the old masters. No one will be more ready than ourselves to acknowledge that the artist who executed these water-colour drawings has displayed powers which, applied to subjects of his own composition, or even of his own school, would have been entirely in character ; as exponents, however, of the idiosyncrasies of the old masters, it is difficult to imagine any which are more inappropriate. Nothing can be more creditable to a follower of the arts than to have mastered those qualities which the writer of the handbook on the Italian court, in which these drawings are described, justly eulogises as ‘force and power, and freedom of handling,’ but, at the same time, they are about the last qualities convenient in a faithful imitation of the earlier schools of pictorial art ; and, even in the later, not two masters can be justly represented by precisely the same degree of ‘force and power and freedom of handling.’ It is no wonder, therefore, that in the seventy-two masters of different periods and countries, here ostensibly copied for our information, the public should discover that there is throughout but one and the same hand, and that, in short, no characteristics but those of the copyist himself should be discernible. Fra Angelico has as much ‘power’ as Giorgione ; Luini as much ‘force’ as Garofalo ; Mantegna’s iron hand has as much ‘freedom’ as Rubens, not one fold in twenty of his classical draperies, where none can be spared, being rendered. No matter how cool, how delicate, how feeble, or how stiff the different originals may be, all are here represented as hot and heavy, free and easy alike ; while even such painters as Titian and Watteau, with whom at least ‘freedom of handling’ might be in character, are rendered by the black and opaque colouring with which they are treated, as little like themselves as the rest. At a time when

so many young artists are glad to learn as well as to teach by the improving task of copying the old masters, it is strange that the company should not have been able to command more veracious transcripts.

But it is more strange perhaps that instead of attempting at best but slight, minute, and imperfect imitations of the schools of painting, the powers that preside over this department in the Crystal Palace should not at once have aspired to obtain original pictures. In a building which in great measure appeals to the favour of the educated classes under the character of a temple of the fine arts, it is surprising that that which the European world has learnt to look upon as the principal fine art of all should be altogether missing. The very interest, it must be remembered, which much of the sculpture in the Crystal Palace has excited, and the standard from which it has been viewed, are owing simply to the taste imported into this country by the sister art. As far also as pictures are concerned the world is accustomed to judge them without the aid of contemporary sculpture, but, when Italian sculpture is for the first time adequately exhibited, the schools of contemporary painting, as our notices have involuntarily shown, become an indispensable glossary. It is true that the acquisition of pictures by the old masters is attended with considerable outlay, but even if half the sum expended in these plaster casts were devoted to the purchase of pictures—and a magnificent collection might be had for it—there is that difference in their favour that they can always be reconverted into capital. There is nothing that attracts the world now-a-days so irresistibly as pictures—they are become a part of the pleasure, and the education, and the affectation too of a large class—and we unhesitatingly affirm that if the Crystal Palace were to possess itself of an Italian gallery, or even of one great and famous work of art, the additional number of visitors would soon prove the attraction, while an eager and profitable market would at any time prove the saleableness of the prize. But here, more than in any other department of art, it would be necessary to call in the aid of real knowledge. There are keen judges in the land, and the rising taste, which has already been promoted by the Renaissance court, points to the highest and purest schools of art. These are, however, by no means the most costly or the most difficult of acquisition, and the Crystal Palace Company have both the means and the liberty of selecting their 'traveller' for such orders, irrespective of many hindrances and prejudices which trammel both individuals and governments. Having, as the first indispensable condition, purchased the best knowledge, the plan would be to present themselves to the public with fresh pictures

pictures every spring, and to dispose of them the following spring; thus conferring no little benefit, finally as well as primarily, upon the country, by constituting themselves, as with their resources they ought to be, the purveyors of a succession of fresh treasures; while the shareholders, already, as we remark by some of the pamphlets heading this article, inclined to question their prudence in some of their transactions, may be assured that no part of the funds entrusted to the administration of the Directors, would bring in such an abundant and certain return. We understand that soon after the opening of the Palace a well organized scheme for this purpose was submitted to the company. The reason of its rejection we know not—at all events that delay has done no harm which has opened the eyes of the public to the absence of this great class of art.

For the class of visitors to whom we have hitherto addressed ourselves, what is called in Crystal-Palace phraseology ‘the Exhibitors’ Department’ will offer at first but little attraction. Many a day will they spend in the building without knowing,—except, perhaps, in the instance of the glorious French and Venetian photographs,—that there are shops or exhibitors at all, or that they have anything to do with the Musical Instruments’ Court, the Printed Fabrics’ Court, or the Hardware Court, except to pass by on the other side. Nevertheless, the minds that have inost revelled in the art-treasures of the Palace will do themselves little credit if they do not some day find a high and even a kindred pleasure here. The contents of these Sheffield and Birmingham Courts are truly our ‘artes ingenuæ et liberales,’ in which, however connoisseurs may ignore and poets despise, there dwells a beauty and poetry, only overlooked because belonging to those

‘Thousand joys in life
Which pass unnoticed in a life of joy.’

Pictures and statues are company that few can keep at their firesides; but these are the willing, ready, costless servants which throng the commonest homes,—the screws and springs, literal as well as metaphorical, of every domestic establishment; these are the good fairies which wait our bidding, and come to our sides, like Ariel, with a wish; ever ready to save our time, to spare our steps, to help the weary and the overworked, and to ease the original curse by which man was doomed to labour. There they lie in strange disguises and incongruous ranks, yet all united under the same banner of devotion to the wants, the wishes, and even the fancies, of the human race. There are the housewives’ slender tools, from Cocker’s smallest needle and upwards;

upwards ; here the workman's massive implements, from Onions' great smith-bellows, fit for Vulcan himself to wield, and downwards. There are the drawers of bright steel, the cases of limpid glass, and the stands of burnished silver ; things for uses grave, and things for uses tender ; Chubb's brass locks, and Baby's zinc cradle ; that great, stern, steel screw, 6 feet long, on which the safety of a factory depends ; and, close by, the case of miniature scissors, the holiday vagary of some Birmingham heart, the largest of which is fit for the little sempstress of four years old, and the smallest for her doll. Here is use, and beauty too, in all ; beauty of no ordinary kind in that stall of wrought-iron articles—handles, hinges, keys, and ornaments—a new art to us, but recalling the hand of the Antwerp blacksmith ;—in those French bronzes, Maltese gold filigree works, Italian vases and tazzas, smooth-surfaced and harmoniously-coloured Dutch tiles, gorgeous Turkey carpets, and countless other objects, among which we wander ; all reminiscences, and many of them results, of the Great Exhibition ; for we need hardly add that most of these foreign-named goods are manufactured at home. Here, too, is the beauty, at all events, of fitness, if nothing more, in the stoves, ovens, gridirons, umbrella-stands, &c., with innumerable articles of prosy purport, all modestly appealing to be tried for some new merit in themselves, and some new convenience to us ; not excepting even ‘the noiseless sausage-making machine,’ which aims to be the cook-maid's friend, and is so good as to chop and to fill at the same time.

There is no doubt that the stalls of these exhibitors form an important page in the calculations of the Crystal Palace Company, and that it is their interest in every way to encourage the manufactures to colonise beneath their roof. Another summer will probably prove how far they are likely to keep up the catalogue of six hundred exhibitors which now figure on their list. Meanwhile, like most tenantry in hard times, the exhibitors are calling for a reduction in their rents, and their claims are, we believe, now under consideration. As a body, it is right to say that they appear to share as much in the patriotic as in the commercial motives which have gone hand in hand in this great undertaking. There is something fine and heart-stirring in the spirit with which they have cast their little lots into the lap of the giant, content, in many instances, to give their rent and their attractions for the benefit of the Company, if they can but do so without actual loss to themselves. Some of the stalls, however, have realised unexpected profits : many a thing which it might be thought no one would dream of buying, except at the nearest shop in London, has found purchasers here ; while, as a tribute

tribute to the happy influences which thrive under this roof, it may be added that the stalls of toys in the Galleries have answered the best of all.

Nor have our allies deserted us in this Exhibition. The French Court, teeming with *or-molu* and china, is *bonâ fide* supplied by French speculators, who, even though they entered, from a delay in the accommodations, after the best summer months of last year, appear to have no reason to repent their enterprise.

Preparations are also making for an exhibition of Indian goods, to be placed, it may be concluded, under those copies of Indian wall-pictures in the Gallery, above Nineveh. For this purpose the directors have appealed to the public for loans or gifts of articles of beauty or curiosity; and there can be no doubt that with the immense treasures of this kind existing in private hands we may anticipate a renewal of the Oriental glories of 1851.

But if we cannot predicate with perfect certainty regarding the steady demand for many of the articles for daily use which are spread forth here, we may do so at all events in the case of one. Fresh air and unwonted exercise are sure and peremptory customers; and the support which the Refreshment Department has derived from the public, and the support which the public have derived from that, are not likely to diminish. Why the enormous consumption of last summer has not realised a handsome premium to the Company, and why, as Mr. Wilson informs us—with every crumb from the many tables, even to the last parings of the sandwiches, to our certain knowledge, converted into money—an outlay of above 24,000*l.* has only realised a profit of just 800*l.*, it might be difficult, or at least disagreeable, for the managers of this department to say. Under these circumstances there has been lately a change in the administration, and for the future the Company are to be better paid, and the visitors not worse supplied, by a lessee who undertakes to farm the whole Refreshment Office at the rather curious rate of a penny per head upon every soul, hungry or not, who enters the Palace—this poll-tax only ceasing when the number of visitors shall have reached 25,000 in the day. Thus the rent to the Company can never exceed the sum of 10*4l. 3s. 4d.* per diem; and those occasions will be welcome in all ways when it does amount to that. Whether, therefore, things will be conducted as before; whether eating ices and drinking chocolate will go on under the club of the Farnese Hercules and the coat-tails of Sir Robert Peel; whether cold chicken and ham will continue to be discussed beneath the joint auspices of the Kings of England and those of the Cannibal Islands; whether too many cooks will still

still continue to spoil the broth, and mulligatawny soup be always served too hot to be eaten, but not too hot to be paid for; whether the young ladies who preside at the different tables will still declare themselves disciples of polychromy, and put on different coloured head-ribbons every day,—all this must remain a matter of suspense. The only items for which we can vouch as re-appearing in unchanged condition being the appetites which keep all this going. Such being the case, we may also take it for granted that the rate of consumption will not diminish; that 474 fowls, 327 lbs. of beef, 362 lbs. of ham, 237 lobsters, 350 quarts of ice, 85 lbs. of coffee, 2404 buns, 1034 rolls, and 887 lbs. of bread, besides a plentiful supply of other items, will daily, at the height of the season, according to the average of last summer, go the way of all eatables.

We have lingered long among the different phases of this world's civilization, each sufficiently illustrated by those arts and manufactures—their products as well as exponents—to inform our eyes and imaginations with their prevailing character; but we have only to turn to the south end of the building to see how inadequate is the same plan when applied to Nature, and how far from successful here. It is especially when compared with Art that Nature's grand characteristic, abundance, becomes manifest.

‘Art lives on Nature's alms; is weak and poor:
Nature herself has unexhausted store.’

There is something, therefore, ludicrously disproportioned between the highflown descriptions of the natural history department given in the handbooks, and the comparatively parsimonious and miscellaneous display of stuffed animals and stunted rockeries which meet the eye. Judging from the classifications of different countries here announced as combining the advantages and supplying the deficiencies, in point of geology and botany, of the British Museum and the Kew Gardens, the very least the public are led to expect is as complete a separation between the different quarters of the globe, with their vegetable and animal kingdoms, to say nothing of climates, as between the periods of Nineveh and Nuremberg—the more so as Nature is as much more rigorous than Art in her laws of distinctness, as she is more exacting in her standards of profusion. Directed, therefore, upon paper, to ‘proceed rapidly amid European types,’ ‘to pass southward through the North African provinces of Egypt and Barbary, when we shall find ourselves in unavoidable proximity with the tropical countries of Asia,’ the visitor prepares to traverse a region abounding in the more familiar objects of nature, and that done,

done, to lose himself, in fancy at least, first in the Desert, and next in the Jungle. Far, however, from the smallest scope being allowed for such a vision, he suddenly feels himself, as Cassius said of Julius Cæsar, ‘bestriding the narrow world before him, like a Colossus.’ The Arctic Regions and the Torrid Zone are scanned in the same glance, and instead of realising the slightest separation between the Old and the New Worlds, he will find it difficult to place himself in any position where he is not in unavoidable proximity with both sides of the Atlantic at once. Setting aside, however, these pretensions,—which indeed would be a harder task to fulfil than all the Company have yet undertaken, and for which, with the ample grounds awaiting us without, there was the less need—there is much that is new, welcome, and interesting in the groups of animals, and in the cases of stuffed birds, marine plants, and live fishes here gathered together.

But we cannot agree that anything is gained in the aspect either of truth or probability, by the addition of another animal, whom the Crystal Palace Company pride themselves on being the first to combine with the faunas and floras of those wilder regions. With the desire to leave no section of society unattracted to their varied board, they have addressed themselves to gratify even the ethnological mania of the day, and side by side with stuffed tigers, monkeys, and kangaroos, have introduced what can only be designated as stuffed natives. For all purposes of mere effect, the ground these groups occupy is most unfortunately chosen. The kings of the Saxon heptarchy, tapestries from Raphael's cartoons, and restaurant tables crowded with guests, assimilate strangely with painted savages ‘all in the Groves of Blarney.’ No miscellany of objects can be well incongruous which have been enrolled in the great guild of civilization,—our commonest homes are one jumble of them—but the presence of the savage among them is an anomaly both sad and ridiculous, and the first by far the most. To bear the sight of the wild man at all, our world should be completely concealed from the view. However false in fact, he should be at least in appearance, monarch of all he surveys. On the other hand, man, in his only true state of Nature—civilization—is not intended to be brought suddenly into contact with these puzzling and pitiable parodies on his kind. Those who seek the savage in his woods have passed a gulf, sometimes moral, always geographical, which prepares them for the sight, while such as frequent those exhibitions which have been lately in vogue are to be justified, it is to be hoped, as followers of that unhesitating leader, Science, to whom may be sparingly granted

granted the dangerous prerogative of doing, if not evil, yet much that would be otherwise undesirable, in order that good may come. Without this plea, savage, on these occasions, may almost be said to meet savage, for there is a sort of moral cannibalism in the serving up of such food for mere curiosity or amusement. We are aware that we are impugning a class of objects in this Palace on which more than ordinary skill, trouble, and science, have been bestowed, but we venture to designate this as one of those cases in which the more successful the imitation, the less it is desirable for the public eye. Standing beneath those brush-defiled Egyptian giants, we have hoped that the common and more numerous class of visitors might imbibe from their frightfulness a greater horror of idolatry, and reluctantly scanning these benighted brethren, we have sought consolation in the idea that they might derive from their abjectness a greater sense of the blessings of light ; but there is little chance of their reasoning thus, for the sight of such objects to the lower orders of society is far more likely to brutalise than to instruct. Even granting there are really some to whom these poor creatures will point a self-humiliating moral, this is a lesson which, in such a form at all events, is out of place. This Crystal Palace is full of food for thought and instruction, but we are not called here to moralise in the sense of monks of La Trappe ; and even if so, the open grave and the death's head, which tell of the uncertainty of this life, would be less repugnant than that which tells of its utter degradation. Far also from the savage being sustained and kept in countenance, as these assumed classifications imply, by the presence of the wild animals around him, it is just the reverse. They are given under the highest aspect of life, energy, and enjoyment, of which their nature is capable—he in the very lowest. Is this the creature, crouching, cunning, stupid, with face bedaubed with blue paint, and features mechanically distorted, to whom the beast of the field and the birds of the air, all beautiful and healthy and true to their instincts as they are, were put in subjection ! Why not rather studiously avoid a juxtaposition so false in its conclusions, in which as an animal he does not stand the comparison, and as a man he cannot keep his place ?

Not that we want morbidly to banish all knowledge of the savage from our minds, but certain arts are fitted for certain classes of subjects, not only because they best express their beauties, but because they refuse to express their horrors. On this account description is the real form of portraiture for the wild man—all graphic accounts of savage life and manners are intensely interesting—the chapter on ethnology is an instance

of it, and is one of the best of all the handbooks for the Crystal Palace. A book bestows on the savage all that isolation from other objects which he needs, while the necessary vagueness of language gives the mind the benefit of its own ready ideality. It is true that as regards the real abject misery of savage life, seeing may be the only believing; but what good is gained by such conviction? The missionary will not be prompted to his holy work by such groups as these—the educated spectator turns from them in pain, while, for such as make ethnology their study, the purpose would be better answered by removing these figures to some unfrequented part of the upper galleries, with their names ticketed on their heads, and their weapons and implements piled at their sides.

We turn to a class of objects in which neither taste nor morals can well go astray, and in which the question no longer is what should be admitted into this building, as what will be so good as to come. Much of the fascination of the effect of the interior of the Palace consists in the variety of vegetation here combined, but no part of the fascination offers such difficulties. The plants are the only dwellers here whose health and feelings require to be studied, and, with the best intentions, they seem to have been treated in a rather Crimean style. We alluded at the outset of this article to the happiness of Nature under the protection of man, but in these our cooler moments we must own that when he takes all power out of her hand, and undertakes, unassisted, to purvey for the wants of vegetable life, he must look well to his commissariat. The original proposal to represent all phases of vegetation, as all phases of art, was manifestly visionary in a building of one climate. We are quite sure that Sir Joseph Paxton is not answerable for such a scheme, though his skill and energy may at first have contrived to give it a temporary appearance of success. The question with any sensible gardener would be rather whether successful cultivation be possible within the Palace at all, and, if so, to what class of objects it can be applied. Now, of the essentials for plant life, the building affords light and shade, heat and cold to some extent, dryness of atmosphere, and an air free from chemical impurities; but what it cannot afford are just the most essential of all, especially to the class of vegetation to which it aspires, viz. humidity, and freedom from dust. If humidity be introduced, the courts are ruined—if dust be excluded, the visitors must be excluded too—which is a distressing circle of argument. The question, therefore, to be considered is, whether there be plants so constituted as to thrive in the absence of damp and the presence of dust. And we are at once reminded of a large class—favourites with our grandfathers

in the times when old-fashioned stoves and smoke-flues prevailed, and before the novelty of hot-water pipes and tanks had extended our means and ambition—aloes, mesembryanthemums, portulaccas, oxalis, cactuses, stapelias, crapulas, and the like;—all natives of hot dry climates, all remarkable for their fleshy, fat leaves, and stems covered with a thick horny skin, which only imbibe moisture, as all sensible plants should do, at the roots, and neither inspire nor perspire, nor have any habits inconvenient to their fellow-lodgers. These vegetable tortoises which eat little, breathe slowly, and delight in dust, are by no means to be despised. Many have gorgeous flowers, which last a long time, and not a few can be trained and trimmed. To these may be safely added, in every possible variety of verdure, the myrtle, the orange, and other south European perennial shrubs of dry soil and climate; besides, Mexican yuccas, the proteas and heaths of the Cape of Good Hope, the Banksias, acacias, epacris, gum-trees, and many other showy shrubs from New Holland. Nor must we forget the Indian-rubber fig, which is a remarkable instance of an evergreen of damp climate thriving, apparently from simple motives of benevolence, in the dry impure atmosphere of London rooms. These and such as these may be safely considered as the fixtures of the interior, while constant importations of flowering shrubs from neighbouring conservatories, to be on duty for stated periods like Lords in waiting, and a plentiful growth of sweet annuals, nestling in marble basins below, and swinging in fillagree baskets above, with creepers carrying love messages from one to the other, would furnish all the mass of verdure and variety of colour that the hearts of smoke-dried citizens could desire.

Not that the statues would be perfectly safe even under these circumstances, for vegetable life introduced into a building has a trick of turning everything as green as itself; but this is a variety of polychromy for which the Company must prepare. At all events the mischief thus done would be comparatively under management, while there would be far more of that true beauty—

‘ not too fair or good
For human nature’s daily food,’

in such a combination as this, than in the tropical palms, tree-ferns, and other delicacies from the antipodes to which they aspire.

It is probably owing to their difficulties in this line that the flower-shows, with which the Crystal Palace Company were at one time expected to supersede the Chiswick Horticultural Society, have not been attempted. No one, however, in the least familiar

familiar with the subject can visit the Palace without being struck by the unprecedented facilities it offers for displays of this kind, or without forming the involuntary wish that the two societies might be induced to join hands for this purpose. Why should not the Chiswick shows be given in the Crystal Palace itself?—all its scattered tents, so difficult to enter, gathered together under that mighty roof, and set off by the background of vegetation already there. The public would thus have that cover from the weather, and the plants that railway carriage, which is all that is wanted at the Chiswick shows for the comfort of both parties; while an effect would be produced which our most pampered floral imaginations have never conceived. As to the commercial advantages of such great days, their partition would be a matter of easy arrangement, and both parties, we venture to assert, would have reason to congratulate themselves on the result. Indeed we should be very glad if any extra profit were to accrue by such an experiment to the Chiswick Society, which by its liberality and energy, by the new plants it has introduced and distributed, the collectors it has sent forth, and the journals it has published, has done more to promote the taste for this most pure and peaceful of all arts than the public are aware.

Meanwhile it is no little proof of the resources and energy of the Crystal Palace Company, that the tropical plants should have been kept alive at all during the late severe winter. A warmer climate has been obtained at the north end for this class of vegetation, by means of a stupendous curtain, familiar to all winter visitors, suspended from ceiling to floor, like a dense, grey, perpendicular sky. But even behind this shelter it has been difficult to maintain a temperature above 50° by day, or so high as 40° by night, and the scantiness of the tropical shade offers little reward or encouragement for the expenditure of so much care and labour. All the real beauty will be found in the other two-thirds of the building, where many of the plants we have specified have, with the assistance of some miles of hot-water pipes, weathered the winter bravely, and are rejoicing like ourselves that it is over. Camellias and acacias are blooming, low heaths and tall pines pointing their tender buds, and the venerable orange-trees who have late in life adopted a new home, show by the succulent freshness of their green wigs how well it suits them. Indeed, despite the limits we defined above, a large margin must be left for the fostering and refreshing influences which are perpetually counteracting the trials to which vegetable life is here exposed. The vigilance of their nurses never slumbers: gentle syringe-baths applied twice a day refresh the upper plant,

plant, while fresh laid beds and judicious stimulants restore the lower one. In order also to case-harden the statues, liberal coatings of paint—monochrom not polychrom—are being bestowed on them, and any accidental share in the syringe-bath to which they may be liable is immediately removed by a tender system of shampooing.

The watering of the plants is a task of great nicety, ensconced as they are among miscellaneous articles and materials ill-fitted to bear wet or soil, while that of watering the 324 swinging flower-baskets is one of some peril. The upright fire-escape-like ladders, self-sustained, are nervous tottering things for a man to find himself projected upon at 50 feet from the ground, with the additional weight of a heavy vessel of water—strong heads, therefore, prefer climbing and creeping along the girders themselves. Indeed the ladder has more than once threatened to raise a rebellion, and ought not to be insisted upon.

Much remains to be, and doubtless will soon be, accomplished by the Company for the comfort and protection of their workmen and numerous staff of servants—the porters, gardeners, sweepers, and male housemaids engaged in the daily routine of this enormous establishment. At present the absence of all accommodation for them on the spot or in the vicinity entails great hardships. The men have, many of them, to travel 20 miles a-day, by rail and by foot, and with justice complain of this labour of supererogation. No time should be lost in giving them snug nests beneath the wing of the phoenix they have helped to rear. They are the first public to which the Company is bound to attend, as they are the first public on whom the beneficial effects of the great enterprise, as a means of social good, are evident. The moral and intellectual improvement observable among the men, as a class, engaged in the erection and care of the Crystal Palace, is an augury of very happy import, and the good that has begun at home, and especially at that end of home, may appeal with greater confidence to the faith and support of the world.

We do not, however, build any visionary hopes upon the magical effects of this new museum in stimulating the intelligence of the lower orders. Why should a poor man necessarily return from the Crystal Palace with his head stored and his mind enlarged, when so many of his superiors in means and opportunities will not? Nevertheless there are negative influences at work here for his especial benefit which cannot be over-estimated— influences which, like a new suit of clothes, assist to raise his self-respect as an individual,—while every holiday which keeps him restrained and leaves him sober is a gain to society. Numbers, therefore,

therefore, there are and will be, who wander vacantly, though well pleased, through—to whom a wonder, albeit in a crystal case, a wonder is, ‘but it is nothing more,’—and even of these numbers the more the better. Were it only for the air and recreation of this favoured region, we should say to the poor man ‘come,’ or rather to the rich man ‘send.’ In this view there was no little gratification in observing the shoals of poor parish schools which were poured last summer from the railway into the Palace; though, if the philanthropist were to have looked for his reward to that rapturous moment of astonishment when the wonders of the scene burst first upon their view, he would have looked in vain. We have watched the girl-schools—more impressionable than the other sex—as they have entered, hand in hand in rude irregular procession—a shabby, ugly, sadly unpoetic looking little troop, treading ruthlessly on each other’s heels—and not one in ten has raised her unsophisticated vision to the Paradise before her at all, or that one seemed to recognise that it was anything but what she might see every day. But if stupidity be an unstimulative quality, even in such an atmosphere, it would seem that pedantry is not. That little knowledge which is so comfortable a thing, which enters the Palace perfectly satisfied with itself, and leaves it in the same condition, may be heard holding forth to submissive, though sometimes incredulous wife, and unsuspecting children—or diffusing itself, in an unfertilising stream, through the ranks of a boy-school of a ‘Do-the-boys’ class, marched up and down the nave in durance vile, with a wretched pedagogue at one end and a female equivalent at the other. Happy is it for these, and such as these, juniors and seniors, that their day’s holiday is not confined to the Palace; but that, having stared and gaped—been urged and been checked—having felt that they were in a world beyond their comprehension, or having felt nothing at all,—they at last make their way to that happy land of which they have caught glimpses beyond the great cage, where space and freedom at once neutralize the zeal of pedantry and slacken the bonds of authority, where hands cease to be yoked and heels to be trampled on, and where the long pent-up denizens of garrets, cellars, schools, and factories, find themselves in comparative liberty in one of the loveliest spots on the face of the earth.

To us, we must confess, so long as we make the Palace its portal, there is no more difficult place to reach than that garden. There it lies, so fair and inviting, beneath the vast window from which we gaze, with its broad stone-terraces, smooth turf-banks, and graceful statues and vases—its stiff and stately character kept up as long as confined between those glistening wings of glass,

but spreading beyond them into a landscape character, till, mingling in unapparent conjunction with the wooded heights at its base, it flows with them into the sea of blue distance beyond, and brings the whole broad territory into subjection to the Palace.

There is nothing to regret in the unfinished state in which these gardens have been first presented to the public. They are not of that class of things which children and fools may not see half done, and this transition state has a charm of its own which we shall be sorry altogether to exchange even for the fulfilment of all that is promised. The time will come when art will have done so well that she will be paid the best of all compliments in being denied the credit of having done so much. For rosaries, rockeries, waterworks of all descriptions—fountains bordered with liquid hedges, and temples cased in water, like clocks under a glass-shade,—she will have ready praise; and when hill and valley, lakes and islands are surveyed, it may be believed that she has been Nature's assistant, but never altogether her manufacturer. We see too in this unfinished state how tenderly she has done her work—no ejected Hamadryads here—no plaintive appeal of ‘Woodman, spare the tree.’ On the contrary, while scarcely a foot of ground has been left in its original outline, the beauties of time have been secured by the respect paid to every tree of the slightest pretensions to picturesqueness or years. Thus the grounds already possess that charm peculiar to this country, where the oldest and youngest elements of vegetable life are brought together—where venerable trunks start from the newest turf, and the growth of centuries is combined with the care of the latest hour. Indeed standing as one may do in an hundred spots in these gardens, where the Crystal Palace is seen with its undulating lawns, old cedars, and velvet banks, its grandly grouping wings, high-placed temples, and ever-changing and magnificent arched and terraced foregrounds, we may compare it from varying points to the Gardens of Frascati and Tivoli, or to any scene where art and nature have done their best; but, taken altogether, only to that which is but the feeble prototype of itself—and yet the most beautiful sight we know—a British nobleman's mansion and grounds of the grandest taste and keeping.

One feature however is novel here, which will be sure to attract even the laziest walker to the uttermost end of this ample domain. It is easy to foresee that the extinct animals which occupy the islands on the lowest lake will be permanent favourites with the public, not only because the rising generation may be better instructed in the science that has established their existence, but because they appeal strongly to that love of the marvellous

marvellous which mankind, it is to be hoped, will never be too wise to indulge. This is one of the most successful hits of the Company, for ignorance and knowledge will be alike gratified here. And in this instance too, the unfinished state of the scenery about them adds a temporary effect. Doubtless an appropriate class of vegetation is intended to spring up around, and the time will come when sedges and rushes, and overgrown waters, will increase the probability of these swan-like reptiles and magnified frogs and toads; but, as they now stand, they harmonise singularly with the features in their immediate vicinity, for there is something in these dry water-courses, gaping caverns, and upturned geological strata which suggest the idea of a world that is extinct too.

Standing in these gardens with the eye and the mind overflowing with the most novel and grateful impressions, we feel strongly that the Company would do well to be guided solely by their own interests and convenience in the rate of completion of all they have undertaken. They have attraction enough and to spare already, for every class and any number of visitors. Time is the real capital, of which they need an unstinted supply, and it would be treason to ourselves to doubt that the country will give them the means to command it. ‘An institution,’ as the preface to one of the Guide-books says, ‘intended to last for ages, and to widen the scope and brighten the path of education throughout the land, must have time to consolidate its own powers of action.’ To want of time are mainly attributable those few mistakes which we here willingly confess to have unsparingly brought forward, while not one hundredth part of the good things have received justice at our hands.’ A new power stands among us, wondrous enough when considered as the result of foregone agencies, and little less than sacred when considered as an agent itself. And here we are reminded of the distance, which is believed to interpose a formidable barrier between the Palace and the visitor. But this objection, however reasonable in itself, is no longer so when viewed in connexion with the object in question, since without the distance we should also be without some of the most powerful attractions of the whole thing. Considering that such a Palace and Park would not come to us, but that we must go to that, the wonder rather is that anything so fine in position, air, and grounds should be so easily reached from this great metropolis at all. Time alone can enable the Company to bring it nearer still; meanwhile whatever may be said of ‘the People’s Palace,’ there can be no question that its main support will be owing to the large, middle, and educated classes of this land, and to them it ought to be owing. They mainly support

schools for the young, hospitals for the sick, and institutions for the afflicted and destitute ; and it needs no ingenious argument to prove that the same sentiment of duty or benevolence should lead them to keep up that small world of 200 acres, on which so many happy and healthy influences, scarcely accessible in any other form to a multitude of their humbler brethren, are sown broadcast. Enough has been said in this article, disproportioned as it is and must be to the immensity of the subject, to show that the Crystal Palace enlists every possible motive of intelligence, interest, pleasure, and curiosity in its favour ; and if to this be added a feeling of duty towards society, its success in a worldly sense is assured. It is true that the commencement of this enterprise has fallen upon evil times, when calamities and disasters of no common kind weigh heavily upon the national mind, but these, it may humbly be hoped, are destined to pass away, and to leave us more free to perceive that it is quite as important for the promotion of true happiness and liberty that the glass walls of industry should stand, as that the stone walls of tyranny should fall.

ART. II.—1. Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.: Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustinian, and addressed to the Signory of Venice, January 12th, 1515, to July 26th, 1519. Translated by Rawdon Brown. 2 vols. 1854.

2. *A Relation, or rather a True Account, of the Island of England about the Year 1500.* Printed for the Camden Society, 1847.
3. *Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti al Senato.* Raccolte, annotate, ed edite da Eugenio Alberi. Firenze, 1839-1844.
4. *Rélations des Ambassadeurs Vénétiens sur les Affaires de France au 16me Siècle.* Recueillies et traduites par M. N. Tommaseo. 2 tomes. Paris, 1838.

WHEN the genius of Walter Scott first put forth the historical novel its success was immediate and complete, because it gratified one of the strongest instincts of our intellectual nature, the desire of realizing to our imaginations a distinct image of those whose names and deeds are familiar to our memories. Its popularity subsequently declined, because few but the master spirit which discovered the new vein could work it to advantage. His successors, instead of the bright ore of reality, brought little to the surface but the rubbish of archaeology. The reader refused to accept antiquated phrases as a substitute for sentiment, or the description of a costume for the portrait of a man

a man. The historian has since caught the tattered mantle as it fell from the novelist, and it has become the fashion to write history on the model of romance. But the result is not happy. The narrative loses in truth more than it gains in interest ; and as the faith of the reader declines, even his amusement is proportionally diminished.

It is in the publication of contemporary records that we think this curiosity to realize the past finds its legitimate gratification. We do not indeed subscribe to the opinion of an ingenious and fanciful writer,* quoted by Mr. Rawdon Brown (vol. i. p. 205), who thinks that ‘as we grow wiser’ we shall discard all ‘restored history,’ and draw our knowledge fresh and fresh from contemporary documents. As well might we assure the hungry epicure that as he grew wiser he would eschew cooks and kitchens, and collect his dinner for himself fresh and fresh from the gardens and the markets. But we are quite alive to the advantage of testing the truth of our received histories, of enlarging our knowledge of detail, and of imbuing our imaginations with the spirit of past days, by occasionally recurring to contemporary records. The philosophy of history needs to be frequently checked by the facts of history ; and it is highly instructive to be able, at a given period, to draw up the curtain of the past, to hear the news of the day as it arrives, and mark the emotions it excites among those who were anxiously conjecturing the event, which to us is a matter of knowledge. Moreover, by the glimpses of reality thus obtained, better than by pages of ingenious speculation, we are enabled to compare the social happiness and moral condition of different countries and periods—the true tests of political institutions, and the safest data for estimating national stability and progress.

It cannot indeed be said that the tendency of the present age is to neglect ancient documents. In every country of Europe where any literary activity is displayed the publication of them has been frequent ; that it should always have been judicious could hardly be expected. Antiquarians occasionally need to be reminded that what is old is not necessarily curious, and that what is found in manuscript is not necessarily new. But on the whole their labours have been creditable to their judgment, and have met with a most encouraging reception from the public. Of late years indeed they have increased in value and importance as the field of archaeological research has been enlarged. Many curious original papers have recently been brought to light, and the various vicissitudes of Europe, involv-

* Ruskin, ‘Stones of Venice.’

ing great changes of property and of institutions, have exposed to public curiosity the secret archives of many corporate bodies, and even of sovereign states.

Among the latter, the most remarkable are the public documents of the Republic of Venice, which now—

‘ Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done ’—

are become the inheritance of the historian and the archæologist. The countless stores of the Ducal Chancery and of other national receptacles of state papers have been collected and arranged in the ex-convent of St. Francis, which has been fitted up for their reception. Proper officers have been appointed to superintend the establishment, and the whole collection has by an ordinance of the Emperor been secured in perpetuity to the municipality of Venice. The fact is well known, but nevertheless the ‘ liberal ’ press of Italy continues its complaints of ‘ Vandal spoliation,’ and its lamentations for an hypothetical removal of these treasures to Vienna.

In this vast accumulation of almost unexplored materials, our curiosity is chiefly attracted by the department of foreign affairs, as being the principal, though by no means the sole depository of what remains of the far-famed diplomacy of the Republic. Indeed it is singular that of the many Venetian MSS. which have been published since these archives were accessible to the learned, the greater part are derived from other sources. We have placed the most important of these publications at the head of the present article, but in order to afford a fair specimen of the diplomatic papers of the Republic, we shall confine our attention to a single period and country, and select for examination those documents which bear the earliest date, and refer to England. We must first, however, premise a short account of the nature and history of State Records, which hold out the promise of such valuable aid to the future historian.

The contents of the diplomatic archives of Venice may be classed as follows: First, the Letter of Instructions prepared by the ‘ college ’ or cabinet. This is merely the brief drawn up for the advocate, short and dry, and interesting chiefly as containing the key to the subsequent negotiations. Next, the Report delivered to the college and the senate by the ambassador on his return. And, lastly and chiefly, the Correspondence kept up with government while at his post. Mr. Rawdon Brown tells us—

‘ The ambassadors of the Republic kept up a double correspondence with the Doge (to whom by official etiquette all their communications were addressed); the ordinary and ostensible despatches were intended for the information of the college and senate, while the more secret and

and confidential were reserved for the Doge and the Council of Ten. But besides this minute correspondence, which commenced on the ambassador's departure from Venice, and was not closed till he again reached the Lagoons, it had been enacted by the Grand Council in 1268, and again in 1296, that each ambassador on his return should make to the college and senate a general report on the government, condition of the country, and character of the potentate to whom he had been accredited. These, together with the instructions addressed by the Signory to its diplomatic agents, and all other papers connected with its foreign relations, were carefully arranged and consigned to the Ducal Chancery' (vol. i. p. ix.).

The archives of the republic seem on the whole to have been wonderfully exempt from the casualties which by a sort of fatality, have thinned the state collections of other governments.* Nevertheless fires and removals have done their work. Of the three descriptions of diplomatic papers above mentioned, only the first, the least important, has been preserved, nearly entire, from the earliest times.

The 'Relazioni,' which we think Mr. Brown properly translates 'Reports' rather than 'Relations,' were peculiar to Venice. They can scarcely be called state papers; they rarely contain any allusion to the objects of the ambassador's mission or its results. They are confined for the most part to a description of the sovereign to whom he has been accredited, his disposition and habits, his favourites, family, and court; and present such summaries of the institutions, resources, and statistics of the country, as an intelligent tourist might draw up. The latter, though only approximations to truth, are valuable; they display great impartiality, and seem carefully collected from such imperfect data as could be obtained at the time. The custom of making these reports to the senate was established in days when the intercourse with foreign countries was unfrequent, and the means of obtaining correct information were few, but it was continued not without sufficient reason till the latest days of the Republic. It had the good effect of obliging the ambassador to acquaint himself with the institutions and resources of the country in which he was resident; and though some of the information which he was expected to

* Neither before nor after the fall of the republic have any of the archives been sold. 'In England, in the year 1838,' says Mr. Brown in a note, 'no less than eight tons weight of curious documents were sold by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Jay, a fishmonger, at the price of 8*l.* per ton. Many of these have since been purchased at high prices by the British Museum, and by the Government itself. For some curious details on this subject see Mr. Rodd's narrative, 1846.' Mr. Brown might have added that a suit was instituted against Mr. Rodd to rob him of one of those documents which he had purchased by lawful sale of Mr. Jay.

collect is quite of an elementary character, yet we must own we have occasionally heard diplomatists in various parts of Europe betray a want of information which might raise a regret that modern governments did not exact 'a report' from their agents. The public perusal of the reports in the senate diffused a knowledge of the state of Europe among the ruling aristocracy, and it had the further advantage of conferring an air of business and importance on the ostensibly governing bodies of the Republic, while the real springs of action were moved by the inquisition of State.

In the public archives these reports are not to be found in the quantity we might expect. 'They have been,' says Mr. R. Brown, 'to a great extent lost or destroyed.' It is also probable that, being of no practical use after their delivery, they were not regularly deposited there. Fortunately they have been discovered in other quarters in great abundance.

'Before transmitting the official documents to the Government, it seems to have been the general practice to retain a copy for the family library, or muniment-room (the archivio), of the ambassador himself; and thence, or perhaps from the notes of some one who heard them read in the senate and committed their substance to paper, these "reports" not unfrequently even in early times, and despite the prohibition of the Signory, found their way to the public. It is surprising that a Government so jealous, whose omniscient activity and mysterious ubiquity were at once so much vaunted and dreaded, should have permitted its orders on so delicate a point to be infringed; but these interesting documents early excited public curiosity, and supply follows demand, even in the middle ages, and in spite of inquisitors of state' (vol. i. p. xi). "

We suspect the inquisition of state would have deemed any amount of demand a poor excuse for supplying what it did not choose should be supplied. The simpler explanation of the phenomenon is, that the Government really was indifferent to the publication. It was for the dignity of the Republic to make a rule forbidding the divulgation of these reports;—it was for her convenience to connive at its infraction. It is true that in the statutes of the Inquisition, quoted by Mr. Daru (vol. viii.), but we think of very doubtful authority,* the publication of the reports is deplored and prohibited, but it is further ordained that the tribunal should inspect them previously to their delivery, and expunge whatever appeared objectionable; and this, whether the ordinance be genuine or spurious, is doubtless the remedy which was in fact applied, and is quite in accordance with the

* The Italian translator of Daru gives the strongest reasons for believing them to be forgeries, though by no means of modern date.

maxims of the Inquisitors, who were far too wise to expect secrecy from so numerous an audience as the senate, or to repress an indiscretion which so much contributed to the glory of the State. . The fact is, that in the middle ages the Venetian executive roused an interest and admiration which contrast strangely with its disrepute in later days. To understand the curiosity which its mechanism and all its proceedings excited, we must compare it with that of other contemporary governments—we must remember that, at a time when administration in the feudal monarchies of the continent was very imperfect, the institutions of Venice had attained their highest point of vigour and efficiency. The Signory was despotic, but the despotism was of the office, not of the man. He who wielded the tyranny for one allotted period was the subject of it at another; and even during his brief term of power he was involved in a mysterious cobweb of surveillance to compel his integrity, or ensure his punishment. Never was there a government in which individual passion had so little play. ‘In no history,’ says M. Daru, ‘does the name of woman so seldom appear.’ In no other country of continental Europe at that period were life and property so secure; in none was the administration of justice more steady and less cruel. But Venice committed two errors. She affected mystery, and she aspired to rule by fear. Fear is a debasing principle, and in the course of time it degraded the national character, while the mystery which served her purpose for a time now gives a shelter to all the calumnies with which her memory is assailed.

Long, however, was she regarded by the statesman as the model of wisdom in administration, and of policy in diplomacy. Her ambassadors shared the prestige of their marvellous mistress, and they had besides no slight reputation of their own. They were commonly supposed to have gained more for the Republic by their address, than all her generals by their arms. Mr. Brown quotes Wicquefort to prove that in his day her diplomats possessed an acknowledged superiority over their brethren of other nations, and in later times Lord Chesterfield recommends his son, at whatever court he may reside, to cultivate the intimacy of the Venetian ambassador.

It is not surprising then that these reports were eagerly sought after and multiplied.* Many manuscript copies of the same

* It is a proof of the vogue which these reports had acquired, that when the attention of Europe was directed towards England by the mighty preparations made by Philip II. for its destruction, a forged ‘Report’ was considered by a book-making speculator as the best means of turning the public curiosity to account, and was put forth accordingly.

report have been discovered, for long after the invention of printing, books continued to be transcribed by the hand for circulation, and not a few found their way into type.

Orazio Busino, a subject of the Signory, who visited Oxford in the year 1618, mentions having seen in the Bodleian Library manuscript copies of many of these state papers, which had found their way there (he complains) "in the teeth of the senate." And in the year 1668 John Bulteale published in London a Translation of the Report on the Papal Court, by the noble Correr, whom, in admiration of his sagacity, he styles a "politique astrologer" (vol. i. p. xi).

At Cologne in 1589, was printed 'Il Tesoro Politico,' a miscellany, of which the staple consists of the reports of Venetian ambassadors. Cicogna says of it, that, though unfaithful to the originals, it is highly valuable. It had great success in its day, and in the course of ten years went through no less than seven editions. This was followed by 'Il Tesoro della Corte di Roma,' a series of reports by Venetian ambassadors accredited to the Pope, which was published at Brussels in 1672, and also by several single reports which have appeared in various parts of Europe.

In modern times such publications have become frequent. A graceful custom which prevails at Venice, of printing some curious and ancient tract as a nuptial present, has brought a number of interesting reports to light; and a few years ago, in this country, appeared the 'Relation of England,' which we have inserted in our list, though it does not lawfully come under our jurisdiction, as it was printed only for private circulation by the Camden Society. Such of our readers, however, as are able to procure it will thank us for drawing their attention to so agreeable a volume, and so elegant and spirited a specimen of translation. The 'Relation' does not present the ambassador's own report, but the notices of England collected for it. Mr. Brown attributes the work to the secretary of Andrea Trevisan, who was sent as ambassador to Henry VII. in 1497, a conclusion which is quite borne out by the internal evidence, and may be confirmed beyond doubt by a reference to the diaries of Marin Sanuto.*

The work of Signor Tommaso, which was commenced under the patronage of the French government, presents a series of reports, accompanied by a French translation, from ambassadors resident in France in the sixteenth century. The work of Signor Albèri, begun in 1839 and still in progress, derives its materials chiefly from the libraries of Florence, and is of a more miscel-

* Vide 'Ragguagli sulla Vita e sulle Opere di Marin Sanuto,' a work of much interest by Mr. Rawdon Brown, written in Italian, and published in Italy, and for that reason less known in this country than it deserves to be.

laneous character, but as yet it contains little to illustrate English history. The first report, indeed, of the series relates to this country, but only in part; and if it does not present much of novelty or interest, at least it attests the habitual diligence of a Venetian diplomatist. It was drawn up by Vincenzo Querini, the ambassador at the court of the Archduke Philip and his consort Joanna, who, having been driven by stress of weather into Falmouth (1506) when on a voyage with the court from Flanders to Spain, employed the six weeks of his detention in collecting such particulars as he could of the country.* In the next volume, two drawn up by able diplomatists relate to the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and there is also another, anonymous, which we cannot agree with M. Albèri in thinking worthy of its predecessors. On the contrary, it appears to us too superficial and too careless to be the work of a Venetian—or indeed of any other—statesman.†

As materials for history, however, the reports are far inferior to the despatches, which form the third and most important class of diplomatic MSS. They rarely communicate events. They are useful to correct the impressions, not to amend the narrative, of history. A Venetian ambassador's despatch, on the contrary, relates the truth as far as it can be discovered from day to day by a shrewd observer whose credit and advancement depend on his perspicacity, and it is communicated without disguise. He is not compelled to flatter the caprices of a prejudiced sovereign, or of his reigning favourite or mistress. He may even venture to contradict with a freedom which contrasts oddly with his reverential language. He addresses an abstraction. A careless reader might suppose that the Doge was the most despotic and most self-sufficient of sovereigns ; he is addressed as all-powerful and all-wise, till at last the excess of the apparent exaggeration betrays the real truth. It is implied he is immortal. We meet such phrases as ‘from time immemorial it has been your Sublimity’s policy ;’ and we discover that the Doge is but the impersonation of the majesty of the republic—the figure-head at the prow of the Bucentaur. Moreover as an unbroken series of contemporary letters a set of despatches is most especially valuable. Its accurate chronology enables us to detect those mistakes on

* Some of the MS. copies of Querini’s report contain an interesting account of the early Portuguese voyages. This has been omitted by the Florentine editor, who probably has consulted only the copy in the Magliabecchi library.

† A curious passage in Fynes Moryson (part 3, book i. p. 34) enables us with much probability to identify the writer with Sansovino, the son of the architect. Moryson upbraids Sansovino for his folly in publishing abroad that dying people were suffocated by their relations in England ; and this same silly story is the principal feature of the report.

which,

which, though slight in themselves, the theories of later historians often are grounded ; and whereas a single letter must present some very important fact or graphic description, in order to awaken the reader's interest ; a consecutive correspondence gradually enlists his sympathies in favour of all that engages the feelings of the writer, and by slight and reiterated touches completes a picture of the men and the times such as no conscious effort of portrait-painting could have produced.

In the Venetian archives the diplomatic despatches bear the technical name of 'Registri.' The ambassador, in corresponding with the government, was wont to keep for his own use a series of copies or 'registro' of his letters. This, on his return, he was bound to deposit in the Ducal Chancery. In early times special envoys were sent on special occasions, and their letters were few. No registro can be looked for before the opening of the sixteenth century, when the system of what in modern times is called diplomacy was gradually formed ; and none is to be found in the archives till the close of that century, nor even then for many years but in broken and imperfect order.* This defalcation is attributed to two conflagrations, one in 1509—an ill omen, it was said, which ushered in the disasters of the league of Cambrai—the other in 1577, still more destructive to the muniments of the republic ; but it is also possible that the 'registri' were not regularly deposited in the Chancery till further experience in diplomacy had taught the necessity of enforcing the regulation to that effect. Be this as it may, no registro relating to England † has been made public by the indiscretion of former days, or the industry of the present, till Mr. Rawdon Brown gave to the public his translation of the despatches of Giustinian, the first ‡ of the long series of Venetian ambassadors in England. For though the stay of his predecessor Badoer was protracted by the force of circumstances, Giustinian was the first who left the shores of the Adriatic with orders to reside till relieved by a successor. Mr. Brown gives the following account of his discovery :—

* We quote from the programme of a forthcoming work by the learned director of the Venetian archives, the Signor Mutinelli. The plan of the work is happily conceived. It is entitled, 'Storia Arcana ed Aneddotica d'Italia,' and is to consist of extracts from the *despatches* of the Venetian ambassadors resident at the various seats of government in the Peninsula.

† And very few, we might add, relating to any other country ; and that only in very recent times. In the second series, vol. i. of Albèri's collections, are ninety letters addressed to the Signory by Carlo Cappello, from Florence, 1529–1530. In the seventh volume of the 'Archivio Storico,' part II. (Florence, 1844), there are ninety-two letters from ambassadors accredited to Maximilian, from June to November, 1496 ; and in 1852 Mr. Cornet published at Vienna the letters written by G. Barbaro from Persia.

‡ The Portuguese ambassador expresses surprise at finding him resident in England, and asks an explanation of this novelty (vol. ii. p. 79).

In the year 1843 the noble Girolamo Contarini bequeathed to the library of St. Mark his family collection of books and MSS. Amongst their contents was a bulky folio volume. The paper is of the same manufacture, and bears the same water-mark, as that on which was written the letter of Henry VII. [this was the water-mark of Flanders, which easily at that time supplied the small quantity of writing-paper consumed in England]. The volume contains 226 letters, copies of those addressed by S. Giustinian to the Signory during his English embassy. They are transcribed by his secretary, himself a man of some note in Venetian annals. The copy is dated 1515 to 1519. It is headed, according to the pious form of the day, "In nomine Domini," and is thus attested by the transcriber at the end—

"Nicolaus Sagudinus, fideliter exemplavit."—vol. i. p. xxiv.

The translator, to make his work more complete, has judiciously added the instructions with which the ambassador set out, and the report he delivered on his return; * and has further illustrated the correspondence by various MS. letters, chiefly extracted from the diaries of Marin Sanuto.

The period to which this correspondence relates is one of which few contemporary records are quoted by the historian, and but few have since been recovered by the antiquary.† It is also a period of deep interest. It is that which has been selected by Robertson and Bolingbroke as emphatically the commencement of modern history, when the different members of the European family first began to understand their reciprocal relations, and to make those combinations which have subsequently formed the groundwork of their international policy.

From this time, to preserve the balance of power became the leading object of England. She had practically renounced the dream of French conquest. The key of her policy now was the dread of French aggrandisement. France, consolidated into a great and compact kingdom by the acquisitions of Burgundy and Brittany, sighed for further development, but felt that England was an obstacle in her path and a thorn in her side. It was the reciprocal endeavour of the two governments by every means in their power to impede the march and paralyse the activity of the other. To govern Scotland by an English party in the Scotch councils was to the sovereign of England a policy of necessity, and consequently the first object of the French cabinet was to encourage all Scotch malcontents, to aid them

* This is not wholly new to the public, as part of it is to be found in Sir H. Ellis's *Original Letters illustrative of English History*, vol. i. p. 177.

† Some interesting letters are to be found among the 'State Papers,' published by the Record commission; and also in Sir H. Ellis's publication above quoted, but they are few in number.

with all the arts of intrigue (the honest and intelligible phrase of ‘moral support’ was not yet invented), and occasionally even with supplies of men and money. At the opening of the present correspondence, Margaret, Henry’s sister, left a widow after the fatal field of Flodden (which had been fought at French instigation), was struggling to maintain her position as regent, which was materially endangered by her second marriage. And accordingly the King of France had despatched the Duke of Albany, the next heir to the throne, but born and bred in France, to dispute her authority, contest the guardianship of the children, and in every way to embroil the government with Henry’s cabinet.

Spain was at this time too closely allied with England, as well as too distant to excite jealousy; and the emperor, the necessitous Maximilian, could inspire neither respect nor apprehension. But it is surprising to find, on perusing this correspondence, how little at this time the attention of Europe was attracted to the young Archduke, the future Charles V., and how little England, in her balancing and conservative policy, seemed to grudge to Ferdinand and Maximilian acquisitions which must ultimately centre in this colossus of universal dominion.

To Venice, and to Italy generally, the moment was highly critical. To Venice the struggle was for existence. To Italy there was drawing near the *dénouement* of that perplexed and intricate drama which forms her early history; and the final struggle was commenced which at its close was destined to bring her tranquillity at the price of independence. But to understand the import of the negotiations detailed in Mr. Brown’s volumes, we must pause to take a closer survey of the internal condition and external relations of the Peninsula.

Those who have gazed in wonder at the incessant warfare which the solar microscope reveals among the denizens of a drop of water will have no unapt image of the state of Italy for some centuries after it had been resolved into its discordant elements by the breaking up of the Western Empire. The only chance for her political reconstruction was to be sought in the preponderance of some one state, or perhaps of three or four strong enough to give the law to the rest, and wise enough to combine for mutual defence. But the rapacity to annex was exceeded only by the repugnance to unite, and a further obstacle to all consolidation was opposed by the vague feudal claims of the empire, and the worse-founded but better-enforced pretensions of the church. Italy was indeed, then as since, nothing more than what an eminent modern statesman* has been so unjustly censured for calling it, ‘a geographical

* Prince Metternich, ‘L’Italie c’est une expression géographique.’ name;

name; and mutual aggression and robbery became the normal condition of its constituent states. Time brought ceaseless change but no amendment; and the fatal practice early introduced and yearly extending of subsidizing foreign troops, multiplied the disorders and paralyzed the energies of the land.

At last approached the consummation which is so bitterly deplored by Italian writers, but which was distinctly apprehended only when it became inevitable. Ludovico Sforza, Regent of Milan, has the unenviable celebrity of having first invited the French to cross the Alps; but, invited or uninvited, the invader was at hand. As soon as the kingdoms of Europe had consolidated their strength by that amalgamating process which was denied to Italy, it was certain that the ambition of their sovereigns would guide them to that beautiful country which held out so tempting a spoil and so easy a conquest. The successful invasion of Charles VIII. was productive to himself neither of glory nor of more solid advantages, but it betrayed the secret of the weakness of the land, and henceforth the destiny of Italy became a matter of intrigue at transalpine courts. Very early in the sixteenth century the stranger established his rule at both extremities of the peninsula. Ferdinand of Arragon reigned at Naples in virtue of the double treachery by which he had first robbed his unsuspecting relation and ally the exiled king, and then the accomplice of his perfidy Louis XII. of France. Louis was in possession of the Milanese and of Genoa; while the Emperor Maximilian was, by fraud and by force, endeavouring to gain a footing in Lombardy, and recover the lost influence of the Empire in Italy.

In the midst of all this confusion and vicissitude, one state seemed advancing steadily in power and importance. Its augmentations were gradual, and made with circumspection. They were consolidated by its good government, and were durable. On impartially considering the history of Italy, it must be admitted that, if any Italian state could have obtained an importance sufficient to oppose a barrier to transalpine ambition, that state was Venice. But public opinion, no less than municipal antipathies, at that time resisted such a concentration of power in one hand. In the year 1500 Italian statesmen and patriots would have heard a proposal to secure the independence of Italy by its 'unity,' with the same disfavour with which the world in 1855 would receive a scheme to establish the peace of Europe by means of an universal monarchy. Venice was accused of being ambitious, and became the object of odium and distrust, because she was suspected of wishing, gradually, and as far as might be peacefully, to bring about that which the late King of Sardinia

a few

a few years ago was so vehemently applauded for attempting violently, and in defiance of treaties. And this suspicion was sufficient to arm against her all the states of Italy and all who looked on Italy as their destined prey.

A few years later Machiavelli's loathing for the foreign rule 'which smelt to heaven' * wrung from him the proposal to give up individual liberty in order to secure national independence; and in a passage of surpassing eloquence he exhorts the Medici Duke of Urbino, whom, as a pope's nephew, he deems secure of papal support, to consolidate a sovereignty which might be the bulwark of Italy against the barbarians. But so much stronger are the passions even of the wisest men than their reason, that we doubt whether the secretary of democratic Florence would not have thought the independence of Italy too dearly bought by the exaltation of the aristocratic Venetians.

Up to the close of the year 1508 all had prospered with the great republic. When Louis XII. invaded the Milanese, she had joined in the enterprise and had shared the spoil. A fatal fault: her excuse was the same which has often been alleged for all that is most dishonest in politics. She could not prevent the crime, and was therefore justified in sharing its profits. In the kingdom of Naples, she held five important ports which had been pledged—virtually sold to her—by the king; and when Cæsar Borgia fell she had secured a part of his spoils. These recent acquisitions seemed but the prelude to further encroachments, and exasperated the jealousy which she had long excited. Once before, at Blois in 1504, the emperor and the king of France had signed a treaty for the spoliation of Venice, but it was dissolved by the discord of the contracting parties before it could take effect. The Republic ought to have learned caution from this proof of the possibility of such a combination, but she also derived confidence from its failure; and never, it must be owned, was there less indication of a coming storm on the horizon than at this moment. With the King of France she was closely allied; with the Emperor she had just signed a long truce; with the wily Ferdinand she had a community of political interests, nor had she any cause to dread his hostility except that he owed her money. Pope Julius was indebted to her for his election, and the avowed principle of his policy was to drive the barbarians beyond the Alps. Yet the Pope was the first to propose the league for her ruin to the King of France; and, though he repented of his rashness before his messenger reached Paris, his repentance came too late. Louis XII.

'Ad ognuno puzza questo barbaro dominio.'—*Il Principe*, cap. xxxi.
eagerly

eagerly caught at the proposal, and instantly communicated it to Maximilian, no less eager than himself. The design was forwarded with all the zeal of malice by the all-powerful minister the Cardinal d'Amboise, who had been a candidate for the tiara, and burnt to revenge on the republic that preference for his rival Julius which Julius himself so ungratefully requited.

Maximilian instantly despatched to the congress his daughter Margaret, the Dowager Duchess of Savoy, in whose capacity he had the highest confidence. His choice of a representative proved his eagerness to those who were in the secret, and disguised the object of the mission to those who were not. She was governess of the Low Countries. Certain disputes in Flanders were assigned as the cause of the congress; and the place for its meeting was Cambray, whence this celebrated league took its name.

Never was so important a treaty so hastily settled. The lady's tact was consummate, her secrecy impenetrable, her impetuosity irresistible. She overbore all difficulties. When the Nuncio and the Spanish ambassador pleaded their want of full powers, she accepted the French cardinal's signature on behalf of the Pope and the ambassadors in spite of his protestations of its nullity, well persuaded that Ferdinand would oppose no iniquity which brought him profit. In vain the representative of the Signory followed the court, and haunted every antechamber, and cross-questioned every official. None betrayed the secret; few suspected that there was a secret to betray; and from the cardinal he received oaths and protestations, so cordial and so solemn, as to lull the suspicions even of a Venetian diplomatist.

The fatal league was signed on the 10th December, 1508. It proposed nothing less than the division among the high contracting parties, according to their respective convenience, of the whole of the Venetian dominions on terra firma. 'The restoration of the usurpations of the republic,' it was convenient to style this spoliation, and having by this act of sovereign justice re-established the golden age in the Peninsula, the allied powers pledge themselves to devote their arms to the service of Mother Church, and to expel the infidel from Christendom.

The success of this unprincipled league at its first outbreak was, as the reader will doubtless remember, complete and triumphant. In one fatal battle, the rout of Ghiara d'Adda, Venice lost the whole of her possessions on the continent of Italy—but not her firmness and energy. She rallied all her strength for a final struggle, and applied herself to divide the enemies whose union she could not resist. She first was reconciled to the unsteady Julius (chiefly through the intervention of the English

ambassador, Wolsey's predecessor in the see of York), and so dexterously did she play her game, that before the end of the year she found herself leagued with a section of her former enemies to drive the King of France beyond the Alps. The new coalition in its turn was successful, and early in 1513 Pope Julius could boast with his dying breath that the 'French were far from Italy.' But Venice soon found with dismay that her confederates were not less bent on her spoliation than her enemies. Maximilian announced his intention to keep all her best provinces, and to make her pay tribute for the remainder. The Republic hastily changed her policy and patched up an alliance with France, which circumstances had made equally necessary to both. This French alliance, to which Venice obstinately adhered, is the key to all the diplomacy of the time. To detach Venice from the French connexion was the grand object for some years subsequently of all who feared the aggrandisement of France or favoured rival interests in Italy.

We now arrive at the period to which the present correspondence relates. At the opening of the year 1515 much blood and treasure had been wasted, but the recovery of the Venetian provinces was still incomplete, when the Signory thought it needful to urge the return of the King of France to Lombardy, and for this purpose despatched a double embassy—the one to Paris, on the pretext of congratulating the king on his marriage with Maria Tudor, the young and handsome sister of our Henry VIII.; the other to England, for the purpose of maintaining a good understanding between the half-reconciled brothers-in-law; and of thus leaving Louis at liberty to turn his attention to his Transalpine conquests. Pasqualigo is appointed to Paris, and for the English embassy the Senate fix their eyes on Sebastian Giustinian, a veteran statesman and diplomatist, of whose family and early career an amusing account is given by the translator in a preliminary chapter. He had already passed the greater part of a long life in the public service. He had acted as Proveditor, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger, in Dalmatia, where much firmness and presence of mind were needed to make the civilised rule of the Republic respected by her semi-barbarous subjects. As a man of letters, he had been distinguished among the learned men who frequented the court of Ladislaus, King of Hungary, where he had resided as ambassador. At the explosion of the League of Cambray, he was governor of Brescia, and had been obliged to surrender the town on finding that the leaders of the Gambara faction had opened the gates to the French. He owed it to his personal popularity alone that he was permitted to return to Venice. In black serge, and with a beard of twelve days' growth,

growth, he entered the Senate to give an account of his disaster (vol. i. p. 10); but the Signory could distinguish misfortune from demerit: he was appointed to high office, and is now despatched on this important embassy.

He has hardly left the Lagunes before he is met by the news of the death of Louis and the accession of the youthful and high-spirited Francis. The real object of his mission remains unchanged. Its ostensible purport, with all the details, are immediately adjusted to suit the altered circumstances. The visit of compliment to Louis on his marriage is changed to one of mingled condolence and congratulation to Francis on his accession; and the rich present destined for the beautiful bride of the enamoured old king is withheld from his widow, now a dowager and person of little influence. His new credentials and instructions are promised him at Lyons, whither he proceeds by the circuitous route of Ferrara, Lucca, and Genoa.

But even by the shortest road a journey from Venice to London in the year 1515, in mid-winter, was no light undertaking. A letter from Giust'ian's predecessor, Badoer (vol. i. p. 63), one of the most curious in the whole collection, enables us to say in how short a time it might be accomplished. In January, 1509, Badoer was despatched to England on the forlorn hope of persuading Henry VII. to make a diversion in favour of Venice by invading France. Not an hour was to be lost, and secrecy was not less needed than despatch. Venice was at war with all the continent, and a Venetian messenger, wherever discovered, would have been stopped. In modern days, a false passport would have smoothed all difficulties; but the passport system—that ingenious invention for impeding the tourist and expediting the fugitive—was reserved for our own enlightened age. Badoer spoke French, English, and German—a rare accomplishment in days when the facility of using Latin as an universal medium of communication among educated people discouraged the study of modern tongues—and one that did him good service. ‘It behoved me,’ he says (vol. i. p. 66), ‘to give account to every one what I was doing, and not to change colour whilst telling my tale. Sometimes I passed for an Englishman, and sometimes for a Croat on a mission to the Emperor.’ But, though his safety was endangered, his progress does not seem to be retarded by the wakeful suspicion he encounters. He rides to Basle by the Mount St. Gothard, and cuts his leg to the bone by a fall on the ice, while crossing the Pass at night. He dresses his leg himself, and hurries on, takes a boat at Basle, and rides from Cologne to Calais, through dangers multiplying as he arrives near the goal.

At last, in twenty-six days he reaches London, and what, he exclaims, could a man of sixty-two do more? We must own, to the honour of the Venetian patriot, that even in these days of established posts and excellent roads, few gentlemen of his age who travelled in the same way could accomplish the journey more speedily.

Our ambassador has no such occasion for hurry, and he has a good deal of business to do by the way. His progress through Italy strongly illustrates the sketch we have attempted to give of that unhappy country at this crisis of its fate. His first halt is at Ferrara, where the Duke and Duchess (the famous Lucrezia Borgia), who, as the translator observes, seem to rule together with remarkable harmony and equality of power, receive him with unbounded professions, warmly reciprocated by the ambassador, of devotion and affection. But, under all the verbiage of mediæval diplomacy, there is a deep meaning in the few words of business that escape: 'Both Duke and Duchess affirmed it was ever their intention to follow the same fortunes as your Excellency.' In ordinary times, the mainspring of the policy pursued by the sovereigns of Ferrara was jealousy of Venice, whose vengeance they feared to provoke, but whose yoke they were ever anxious to break.* The Duke had lost an important province (the Polesine of Rovigo) as the penalty of his union with Italy in 1484 against the Republic, and to regain it had joined the League of Cambrai; but experience had shown him there were more formidable enemies to be feared than the insulted and injured Republic, whose fortunes were then too low to allow her to be vindictive. Ferrara, according to the notions of the day, was a fief of the Church; Modena and Reggio were held of the Empire. The Pope was in military possession of the two latter duchies, and ardently coveted the former. The Pope was the unprincipled Leo, the Emperor the needy Maximilian. The position of Ferrara was much that of a vessel entangled in a 'field of ice:' struggling to preserve her existence till winds and tides avert the danger, or hoping, by dexterous steering, to escape between the icebergs that threaten to crush her.

At Lucca, Giustinian finds the same disquietude and not less well-grounded jealousies and fears. The aversion of the inhabitants to their sister republic Florence was intense, and their dread of her was increased by the election of a Medici Pope. 'They well knew who it was had a design on their liberties' (vol. i. p. 36), and they are scarcely reassured by the reflection that the Pope had lately

* Up to the time of the league of Cambrai the representative of the Republic was styled the Vidame, and had powers almost incompatible with the independence of the sovereign.

rejected a proposal for making Lucca a principality for Giuliano de Medici.* Giustinian has no further consolation to offer them than the assurance that the Pope (whom the Venetians were most anxious to conciliate) had been elected for his private, not less than his public, virtues, and was utterly incapable of any conduct that fell short of the most disinterested magnanimity.

With this cold comfort he leaves them, and goes on to Genoa, where he finds the Doge wounded and blustering in bed. How the Doge got his wound the ambassador does not tell us; and so frequent were disturbances in that restless city, that Mr. Rawdon Brown, with all his diligence, is unable to discover. In fact, the perpetual contests between the Adorni and Fregosi, and the alternate submissions and resistances to France, render the history of Genoa at this time as insupportable to the reader as its condition must have been to the wretched inhabitants. To complete the picture of these disastrous times, our ambassador finds that the road from Genoa to Nice is infested by a party of disbanded, or rather unemployed, soldiery who were committing the greatest barbarities. Giuliano de Medici, then on his road to Turin to claim his bride, had been obliged to return and reported that the 'condottieri' had been joined by the wretched peasantry, compelled to adopt this course as the only chance of saving their lives, and tempted, like their betters, to share the crimes they could not prevent.

Giustinian, thus prevented from continuing his journey by land, embarks for Nice; and as the shores of the Peninsula recede from his sight, we may imagine, from his impassioned pleadings with Wolsey subsequently in favour of 'this miserable and lacerated Italy' (vol. i. p. 226 and p. 234), and his harrowing description of the cruelties practised by the Swiss and German soldiery, with what feelings he looked back towards that beautiful but unhappy land, the—

‘*Serva Italia del dolor ostello.*’

The Italian of the sixteenth century was goaded by a sense of moral degradation not less acute than that of social wretchedness. Vain of his pretensions to intellectual superiority, he blushed to receive the law from the 'barbarians' whom he affected to despise. He repented too late of having thrown himself unarmed on the tender mercies of venal traders in war,† and he sighed over the national corruption which he denounced in vain. In the state of

* This proposal did not take effect, and is not mentioned by historians; but that it should have been made is strongly illustrative of the state of Italy and of public morality at the time.

† Machiavelli, ‘The Prince,’ cap. xiii.

mutual wrong and ceaseless aggression which we have described, the standard of public opinion had been lowered, and good faith had been banished from the land. Fraud was opposed to force, and force did not disdain to call in the aid of fraud. The Romish See, far from opposing a barrier to the torrent of immorality, is denounced by Machiavelli and other contemporary writers as the centre of corruption. She set the example, and gave the sanction of religion to that systematic breach of faith for which Machiavelli's own name, in consequence of his superior talents and not of his deeper perfidy, has become a byword. Rome was the plague-spot of Italy, and throughout the length and breadth of the land, conscious, as it was, of its own foulness, there was a general cry for reform of the Church in its head and in its members.

Such a state of things could not last. But the end was not yet ; much blood was yet to be shed ; much misery was yet to be endured. And for which of the combatants then in the field are the reader's sympathies engaged ? Whose is the righteous side ? Let the modern historian, enlightened as he is by the event, survey the causes then in operation, and the passions then at work, and tell us by what possible combination of such elements the independence and happiness of Italy could have been secured. The question is full of interest even now, for still the problem of the destiny of Italy is as far from its solution as ever. We cannot see how, without that reform in the manners and sentiments of the Italians themselves, which is the only remedy never proposed, one step towards her liberty can be made ; and in reading of these desolating wars, when Lombardy became what Flanders was afterwards called, the prize-fighting stage for all Europe, the warmest enthusiast for Italian liberty feels a sensation of relief when at last the leaden mantle of Spain fell over the land, and, if it checked every pulsation of life, at least stopped the further effusion of blood.

At Lyons Giustinian finds his colleague Pasqualigo and his new credentials, but not his baggage, which had been sent, according to the usual course of traffic at the time, through Switzerland. We must presume that the arrangements he had made were the best, but we own that, considering the state of the country and the season of the year, we sympathize with him rather in his disappointment than in his surprise. After vainly waiting a few days, our ambassadors buy new clothes and proceed to Paris, where their reception is all that can be desired. We pass it by because in its ceremonial it so closely resembles that of the English court, where at last after three weary months of travel they arrive.

In the infancy of diplomacy nothing can be more cumbrous and troublesome than were its forms; the number of ambassadors, their rank and their array, varied in proportion to the importance attached to their message and the degree of respect it was intended to express. On their arrival, a day of public entry and public audience was assigned. A magnificent escort was sent to meet them, which was joined by all the great who wished to do them honour, and by all the rabble who wished to amuse themselves.* Three ambassadors were thought necessary to constitute a handsome embassy. Accordingly Pasqualigo and Giustinian are jointly accredited to both French and English courts. With the help of their predecessors at Paris and London respectively, they contrive to make their entrance into each capital as the *three* Venetian ambassadors; when the festivities at the English court are over, Pasqualigo returns to Paris, and Giustinian remains to transact the business of the Republic in England; while his predecessor Badoer prepares to return to Venice as soon as the Signory can be persuaded to pay his debts.

Besides the letters of Giustinian which give an account of his reception, Mr. Rawdon Brown has extracted two private letters from the diaries of Marin Sanuto. We select for quotation the latter, as giving more details than the ambassador thought consistent with the dignity of the Signory.

'On St. George's Day the ambassadors were escorted by two lords and a numerous retinue in a large barge to a place called Richmond. Having landed with about 200 persons we went into the palace, and on entering a very handsome and lofty hall a collation was served of nothing but bread and wine, according to the custom here. And this being ended, we passed through some other chambers, where we saw part of his Majesty's guard, consisting of 300 English, all very handsome men and in excellent array, with their halberts; and by my faith I never saw finer fellows.'

They are then ushered into the presence, where they find the King most gorgeously dressed in the robes of the Garter. Then follows the Latin oration (which is preserved in the British Museum), then Mass, and then a sumptuous dinner. On the 1st of May there is less of court ceremonial:

* These are the 'ridings' which Chaucer says turned the heads and robbed the time of truant apprentices:—

For whan ther eny riding was in Chepe,
Out of the shoppe thidder wold he lepe.
And til that he had all the sight ysein
And danced wel, he wold not come agen.

CHAUCER, *Coke's Tales.*

'His

' His Majesty sent two English lords to the ambassadors, who were taken by them to a place called Greenwich, five miles hence, where the King was for the purpose of celebrating May-day. On the ambassadors arriving there they mounted on horseback with many of the chief nobles of the kingdom, and accompanied the most serene Queen into the country to meet the King. Her Majesty was most excellently attired and very richly, and with her were twenty-five damsels, mounted on white palfreys with housings of the same fashion most beautifully embroidered in gold; and these damsels had all dresses slashed with gold lace in very costly trim, with a number of footmen in most excellent order. The Queen went with her retinue a distance of two miles out of Greenwich into a wood, where they found the King with his guard, all clad in a livery of green, with bows in their hands, and about a hundred noblemen on horseback all gorgeously arrayed. In this wood were certain bowers filled purposely with singing birds, which carolled most sweetly; and in one of these bastions or bowers were some triumphal cars, on which were singers and musicians, who played on an organ and flute and lutes, during a banquet which was served in this place. Then proceeding homewards, certain tall pasteboard giants, being placed in cars and surrounded by his Majesty's guard, were conducted in the greatest order to Greenwich, the musicians playing all the way, so that by my faith it was a very fine triumph and very pompous. The King in person brought up the rear with as great state as possible, being followed by the Queen with such a crowd on foot as to exceed, I think, 2500 persons.'—vol. i. p. 79.

When all this festivity is over, Giustinian addresses himself to the real business of his mission. He finds at first nothing but smiles and good humour at court. Henry was still in the heyday of youth, health, and animal spirits—unsoured by controversy, unstained by blood—his father's treasure as yet unwasted, his enjoyment of life unimpaired. Fond of pleasure and proud of power, he had never learnt self-control; but his natural impulses were good, and his intentions honest. The suspicions of the reader will be roused by hearing that the 'queen was plain, but the ladies of her court were very handsome' (vol. i. p. 81). There is, however, no hint of scandal, and his attention to Catharine is exemplary; she, on her part, is a pattern-wife. The ambassador tells us she was 'perfect'; and perhaps the best eulogium of her is that she is scarcely ever mentioned in his despatches except on occasions of ceremony. It is impossible to be more easy and good-natured than Henry shows himself in his own family. His sister, the Dowager Queen of France, has just married the Duke of Suffolk, with less than decent haste and without waiting for his consent; but he receives them both with as much favour as if he had given her away at the altar. In the course of these despatches

despatches we find his elder sister, the Dowager Queen of Scotland, received at his court and his table with as much kindness as if her imprudent second marriage had not caused all her own troubles in Scotland and the overthrow of the English party. The letters of the ambassador, as well as those of his colleagues, and their secretaries, concur in representing him as, without exception, the most accomplished prince in Christendom: a good classical scholar, an expert modern linguist, uniting all the clerical skill of a churchman, with an unrivalled dexterity and boldness in the exercises of chivalry. A modern reader may be apt to suspect that courtiers, in tilting with their sovereign, took care not to be too earnest for victory; but the sports of chivalry were too rough to admit this dexterous and courtly management. Some years subsequently a King of France was killed in a tournament; and on one occasion, in a tilt with the Duke of Suffolk, Henry himself nearly lost his life by having forgotten, in his eagerness, to close his vizor. In the many jousts at which the ambassadors were present, his prowess is mentioned with unfeigned wonder. The secretary Sagudino compares him to his own St. George, and says he exerted himself to the utmost, in order that Pasqualigo, then returning to France, might report favourably of his prowess to Francis. He was an accomplished musician, and to turn this taste to account, the Signory send him an organist of surpassing skill, who they hope may find the '*mollia tempora fandi*', and, by his dexterous insinuations, make an impression in their favour. The splendour of his fêtes, his plate, his furniture, are extolled with a warmth of praise which we must suppose merited, when it comes from a native of the country which at that time gave the model of magnificence to all Europe. We are told more than once that he is the best-dressed sovereign in Europe—a merit which, in the sixteenth century, was held to be quite as important in the ruder as it is now-a-days in the softer sex, and quite as indicative of superior taste and refinement. In his person he seems to have united a figure of masculine strength with features of female delicacy (vol. i. p. 86). But, alas! not even in these trifles can we in modern times obtain justice for Henry, once the most popular of sovereigns. Calumniated by the Romanists for his quarrel with the Pope, abandoned by the Protestants for his bigotry and his cruelties, few writers can remember that he once was innocent; and Mr. Capesigue, in an amusing passage of his '*Histoire de la Renaissance*', quoted by Mr. Brown (vol. i. p. 26), forgets that he was ever young. Writing of the year 1519, he is very angry with Henry's impertinence in being a candidate for the elective crown of the Empire.
‘His

'His unwieldy figure and bloated face,' he exclaims, 'might suit the coarse banquets of Germany; but how could a Prince, who was lifted on his horse to follow the hounds in Windsor Park, aspire to the great military dictatorship, of which the leading idea was to protect Christendom against the Turk?' We may observe, by the way, that whatever might have been the leading idea of those who elected his successful rival Charles, the new Emperor's own leading idea was much rather to oppress Christendom himself than to protect it from anybody. But it is only Henry's physical fitness for this great dictatorship which we are called on to defend; and though, as Mr. Brown observes, the honour of the country is not compromised by the corpulence of its sovereign, we sympathise with his satisfaction in transcribing the ambassador's testimony of the very same date. Nor can we omit the opportunity of remarking how necessary it is for historians, who dress up history with the ornaments of romance, to consult original documents, in order to derive from them the graphic touches and lively colouring which they cannot safely supply from their own imagination. The following was read by Giustinian to the senate:—

'His Majesty is twenty-nine years old and extremely handsome; Nature could not have done more for him; he is much handsomer than any other sovereign in Christendom, a great deal handsomer than the King of France; very fair, and his whole frame admirably proportioned. On hearing that Francis I. wore a beard, he allowed his own to grow; and, as it is reddish, he has now got a beard which looks like gold. He is very accomplished. * * * * He is very fond of hunting, and never takes this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses. * * * * He is extremely fond of tennis; at which game it is the prettiest thing in the world to see him play, his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture.'—vol. i. p. 27.

But a new defence to Mr. Capefigue's charge is brought to light by this correspondence; and though it transports us from the opening to the close of the despatches, we will take this opportunity of pointing it out. At the worst, Henry's impertinence is much less barefaced than the French historian supposes, for it seems certain that he never was an avowed candidate for the Imperial crown. It is remarkable that though the election took place before the Venetian ambassador left London, and all the eyes of diplomacy were straining to pierce the mystery and discover the secret wishes of every European Court on the subject, neither Giustinian himself, nor any of his colleagues then resident in London (for he consults them all) entertained the slightest idea that Henry intended to put himself in competition for the prize. It is also remarkable that the Venetian ambassador at Rome,

Marco

Marco Minio, in his despatches does not, among all the news which he sends to the Signory from that focus of intrigue, give the least intimation of Henry's candidateship. Giustinian was still in England when the triumph of Charles was announced, and was celebrated with rejoicings which seem intended to conceal disappointment, if any was felt. A Te Deum was sung, at which all the ambassadors were present except the French, who absented himself for the diplomatic reason that the news was not official. And some officers of the Lord Mayor were put into prison, with the threat of being hanged (we hope it was not executed), because they had stopped the bonfires, which the envoy of the Governess of the Netherlands had prepared to celebrate the event.

The usual statement of the historians is, that Dr. Richard Pace was despatched to Frankfort to urge his master's claims, but Giustinian, who meets him at Dover, has a long conference with him on the subject of the election, without the slightest suspicion that such had been the object of his mission; and Hall, who doubtless gives the current opinion of the day, broadly asserts that Pace was sent to urge the claims of the king of Castile. Henry's overture, therefore, was a profound secret, but there is no doubt that it was really made,* and whether this tardy and cautious application deserves the name of competition, and should rank Henry among the candidates for the Empire, is a mere verbal dispute. The electors were notoriously indisposed to choose either Charles or Francis, each of whom was already too powerful for the independence of the Germanic body, and yet they would probably hesitate to raise from their own ranks an Imperial phantom, whose lofty pretensions would bring him into dangerous collision with his disappointed rivals. In this perplexity (Henry might calculate) they would eagerly adopt the suggestion to elect a monarch whose insular position removed him from all German interests—who had wealth to reward his friends, and power to awe his enemies, and thus he himself might arrive at the goal before his younger rivals, without having run the race.

If this was his calculation, he has been doubly disappointed.

* This point is established by two letters inserted among the 'State Papers published under the authority of his Majesty's commission.' A letter (Vol. I. No. 3) from Clerk, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, to Wolsey, distinctly alludes to the king's pretensions, and his anxiety lest they should be affected by Pace's illness at Frankfort. In the other, No. 7, Pace gives to Wolsey an account of the manner in which, according to some plan preconcerted with Wolsey, he communicated to the king the details of the election. It is clear Henry's expectations could not have been high, nor his disappointment great, for Pace represents him as entirely consoled by hearing with what extravagant sums Charles had bribed the electors.

The overture was unsuccessful, and his secret has oozed out. The story was amusing and so was exaggerated into an importance it does not deserve, and thus posterity attributes to him the humiliation of defeat, when he hardly can be said to have contended for victory.

But we must return to Henry as we find him four years earlier at the opening of the correspondence. He was still tolerably attentive to business. He had not yet fallen into those indolent habits which Wolsey studiously encouraged. Four years later, when Giustinian, on his return through Paris, is asked by the French king ‘what sort of a statesman his brother Henry makes?’ he is obliged, when pressed for an answer, to confess that the king leaves the details of business to his ministers—an admission which draws down the indignant reprehension of Francis, unconscious that the very ambassador who stood before him had given four years ago to his government a worse character in this respect of Francis himself. (Vol. I. p. 49.)

At the opening of Giustinian’s mission, his conferences with Henry are frequent, and in their various discussions the king displays as clear a view of his foreign relations, and expresses himself with as much force and precision, as Wolsey himself. If his language is sometimes presumptuous, it is not more so than that of the minister. Flattered and courted by all parties, he fancies that he holds the balance of Europe in his hands, and in his arrogant simplicity he believes that the wily pontiff will, from motives of personal regard, shape his tortuous policy in Italy so as to meet the wishes of the king of England. Very early after the accession of Francis, there occurs the proposal of a personal interview between the sovereigns of France and England, and it was renewed every year till it finally took effect on the far-famed field of the Cloth of Gold. This idea was perhaps first suggested by the feeling of personal rivalry which seems to have possessed Henry’s mind from the moment that he heard of the accession to the French throne of a young and warlike sovereign, and which from the first arrival of the ambassador is constantly displaying itself with more or less of bitterness. If the French king or his ministers saw this correspondence—as from the constant complaints of the delays in passing through France we are persuaded they did—it is impossible not to feel surprise that Francis should have neglected to propitiate his susceptible neighbour by a few decent civilities, which would have involved no loss of dignity, and a few trifling acts of justice, such as the punishment of certain piracies which it was the interest of both countries to suppress. But we suppose it is one of the secrets revealed by history, that in the great affairs

of nations frivolous motives and personal weaknesses have as much influence as in the humble drama of private life.

The most finished portrait in these volumes is that of Wolsey, who had now just risen to the zenith of court favour. In the French expedition he had found means completely to ingratiate himself with his master, and in one year had three bishopricks showered upon him—Tournay, on its conquest, Lincoln, and York.* The Ambassador, soon after his arrival, announces it as a discovery of his own that the ‘Right Reverend of York really seems to have the government of the whole kingdom’ (vol. i. p. 110); however, he continues to transact business with the Bishop of Durham (Ruthal), the Bishop of Winchester (Fox, Wolsey’s early patron), and other Lords of the Council; but soon he observes that no business is finally expedited except by Wolsey, and at last loses all patience with the dullness of the infallible Signory, when it seems inclined to underrate Wolsey’s importance: ‘I have told your Sublimity more than a hundred times it is of no use applying to any one but the Cardinal.’

For Cardinal he had now become. Not long after Giustinian’s arrival a hat was sent by the Pope to secure or to reward his services in opposition to those interests which the Venetian Ambassador came to promote. On receiving this emblem of dignity, there is observable a gradual change in his habits, an increased state—greater difficulty of access—a more swelling assumption. He swears by his hat and by the cardinalate with a pomposity which will remind some of our older readers of a Whig successor of his on the woolsack, whose favourite asseveration used to be, ‘as sure as I am brother to the Earl of —.’ However, our Ambassador’s cool judgment is not overpowered by the solemnity of this oath, and at last he is obliged to communicate the conviction forced on him by experience, ‘that his Right Reverend Lordship (the title of Eminence was not yet invented) generally means exactly the contrary of what he says’ (vol. ii. p. 51).

The intercourse of the Cardinal and the Ambassador, both men of talent and thoroughly conversant with business, is a curious specimen of diplomatic fence, dexterously varied, as the shifting events of the day supplied fresh opportunities of attack and defence. In this point of view, maugre the difference of the scenes, the actors, and the costumes, this correspondence reminds us of that of Lord Malmesbury, from Petersburg;—there is the same patience and perseverance on the part of the Ambassador, and the same obduracy on the part of the Sovereign and the

* Cavendish’s ‘Life of Wolsey.’

Minister, till at last the results are brought about by combinations, in which neither the Court nor the Ambassador have any part.

Beneath the flattering professions of his first reception, Gius-
tinian soon discovers in the minds of the King and all his
Ministers a decided preference for the Imperial cause in Italy—
a preference strengthening daily as the progress of Francis gives
fresh ground for jealousy. The real object of the Signory at this
time, to which all others were subordinate, was the recovery of
Brescia and Verona, still unjustly and obstinately withheld by
the Emperor; and to this they adhere with a pertinacity which
excites the wrath and sometimes the mirth of Wolsey, little dis-
posed to tolerate or even understand a line of policy that thwarts
his own. ‘Domine orator,’ says his lordship, laughing (vol. i.
p. 231), ‘you are like the man who had a dispute about a mill,
and when there was a question of compromising the matter, he
said, I consent to the compromise, but I choose at any rate to
have my mill.’

Previously to the League of Cambray, Verona had belonged to
Venice for a century, and by the most legitimate of all titles
—the voluntary call of the people on the extinction of the line
of their former princes of the house of La Scala (vol. i. p. 257);
as a fortress moreover it was necessary to the existence of the
Republic as an independent Italian state; but if these facts
are overlooked or denied, as they purposely are by Wolsey, it
must be owned the Ambassador’s arguments are easily retorted
on himself. ‘Spare,’ he exclaims, ‘the further effusion of
blood—cease to sow dissensions in Christendom, and unite all
Christian powers against the common enemy, the Turk, whose
progress is so alarming.’ ‘Cease your struggle for Verona,’
retorts the Cardinal, ‘withdraw your support from the French,
and the peace you desire is already secured.’ Meantime the
negotiation in England becomes of the highest interest, for it is
certain, that without mysterious supplies of money to the needy
Emperor, Verona must fall; and Justinian discovers, by means
which are curiously illustrative of the financial and commercial
condition of Europe at the time, that specie has been sent out of
the kingdom: the transmission of 100,000 ducats to the Emperor
causes a variation in the exchange of from 7 to 8 per cent.
(vol. i. p. 152); moreover a magnificent collar arrives as a
present, which, from his knowledge of all the parties, the
Ambassador is convinced is sent only as a *pledge* for a loan;
but in reply to his urgent remonstrances, he can obtain nothing
from the Cardinal but denials of the fact and mis-statements of
the object, till at length the truth becomes so notorious, that it
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is unblushingly avowed and justified. In spite of these supplies, however, and much to the surprise of Henry and his ministers, at last Brescia falls, and is honestly given up by the French to the Venetian commissary. On this occasion the Cardinal commands himself sufficiently to offer his congratulations with decent cordiality, and we suspect with somewhat less insincerity than Giustinian believes. It was not so much the restoration of Brescia to Venice, as its subjection to France, that he had desired to prevent.

In the belief of Francis' meditated treachery to Venice, in spite of this recent instance of good faith, the English Court were unquestionably sincere, but the proofs by which they endeavoured to substantiate the charge were manifestly insufficient. More than once Henry pledges his royal word that he *knows* the Christian King's sinister intentions ; the Cardinal often quotes unnamed informants, and on one occasion pretends to reveal a correspondence with the Pope. Giustinian, perplexed but not convinced, unable to agree without giving up the policy of the Signory, unwilling to contradict for fear of giving offence, answers evasively, till at length the Cardinal, irritated by the failure of his artifice, and resenting a conditional assent, breaks up the conference, exclaiming, in allusion to the Spartan envoy's famous retort, 'His Majesty the King, and I who am at least a Cardinal, do not deserve an *if indeed!*' (Vol. i. p. 268.)

In proportion to the progress of Francis in Lombardy, Wolsey's desire to make a general league against him increases. He negotiates with the Pope and the Spanish Ambassador, and sends for the Cardinal of Sion, a restless intriguer, who had raised himself to consequence by making the sovereigns of Europe believe that he could buy cheap, and persuading the Swiss that he could sell dear, their interested services. He seems to think the time is come for throwing off all disguise, and taking a decisive part : he openly declares the Emperor must have Verona (vol. ii. p. 14). He accuses the Republic of being the cause of all the misery of Italy and the danger of Christendom (for he, too, can fear the Turk, when it suits his argument), and threatens her with a general crusade in the name of outraged humanity.

In the mean time, while the Cardinal is negotiating an anti-Gallican league with the utmost eagerness in London, the youthful Charles (or his minister, M. de Chièvres) is discussing with the King of France the terms of a peace, by which he engages to compel his grandfather Maximilian to give up this bone of contention, Verona, to its rightful owners, the Venetians. This was the treaty of Noyon. Mr. Rawdon Brown observes how completely Henry and his minister were duped by its signature and subsequent

subsequent execution ; but it seems by no means certain that it had always been Charles's intention to deceive the English Court by this double negotiation. We may conjecture that had Wolsey's league succeeded, he would not have scrupled to profit by its success ; but, on finding the Cardinal of Sion brought up no Swiss contingent, and that Wolsey did nothing but negotiate, he judged it prudent to adhere to the treaty with France. Be this as it may, Venice had now accomplished her grand object, and entered into possession of the greater part of the provinces which were wrested from her by the League of Cambray.

In this long diplomatic duel the advantage of position is all on the side of the English minister. The English interests concerned are remote and contingent. He has (as he lets out one day in ludicrously plain-spoken contradiction to the usual professions of common interests and mutual dependence) little to gain or to fear from Venice, and most assuredly he contends with fearful odds on his side against the corps diplomatique, of whose privileges as now understood he seems to have no notion, and for whose rights he has no respect. On one occasion he stops the French ambassador's despatches at Calais, and rates him soundly for their contents (vol. i. p. 213). On another he examines our friend Giustinian's at Canterbury, who makes no complaint, and contents himself with taking precautions that his cypher should not be discovered (vol. i. p. 229). He collars the Papal Nuncio —uses the harshest language to him, and threatens him with the rack—an extremity to which he could scarcely have proceeded but in reliance on his own clerical rank, and also perhaps on his power of proving that the Nuncio was more devoted to the Venetian interest than was consistent with his duty to his Holiness (vol. ii. p. 17). The advantage of calmness and of temper is all on the side of the Ambassador, who never forgets what is due to the dignity of the republic, or what is required by her interests. When an insolent young lord throws out an unworthy taunt, ‘Isti Veneti sunt piscatores,’—he replies with subdued and dignified resentment,

‘That had he been at Venice and seen our Senate and the Venetian nobility he would not speak thus ; and, moreover, were he well read in our history both concerning the origin of our city and the greatness of your Excellency's deeds, neither the one nor the other would seem to him those of fishermen ; yet, said I, did fishermen found the Christian faith, and we have been those fishermen who defended it against the infidel, our fishing-boats being galleys, our hooks the treasure of St. Mark, and our bait the life-blood of our citizens who died for the Christian faith.’—vol. i. p. 205.

But when in discussing public business the Cardinal permits himself

himself to use insulting language, the Ambassador hears nothing and resents nothing; a servant of the Signory has no personal feelings, and he is much too wise to allow the affairs of Europe to be put out of joint by the ill-breeding of two veteran statesmen who should have learnt more self-command. Yet lest he should appear to have been too tame, he subjoins, in narrating a scene of this kind, ‘should your Sublimity choose me to change my style, I shall not scruple doing my duty’ (vol. i. p. 253). On the whole, however, loving protestations on one side produce a return of affectionate language on the other, till one unlucky day when the Council of Ten order the Ambassador to deliver to the King a certain letter without passing it through the hands of his minister. We presume the Ambassador could not demur to an order thus peremptorily given, but he probably thought himself aggrieved in being denied a discretionary power; he certainly executes the commission with provoking dexterity, though, as he tells the Doge (with something we could fancy of a secret chuckle), he was fully aware how much mischief he was doing. The object of the application was to intercede for the Cardinal Adrian, who had taken refuge in Venice, and had doubtless explained to the Signory that his petition would never reach the King if it passed through Wolsey’s hands. The Cardinal, an Italian by birth, had been presented to the see of Bath by Henry VII. He had been accused of complicity in the plot against Pope Leo’s life, for which the Cardinal Petrucci suffered in St. Angelo; and, though he had made his peace with his Holiness, he had not thought himself safe till he reached the territory of the Republic. In the mean time the revenues of the see of Bath had been given ‘in commendam’ to Wolsey, whose interests were thus attacked in a vital point by this intercession. Wolsey’s wrath knew no bounds:—

‘Having sent my secretary to the Cardinal of York to ask for an audience, he was summoned into the presence of his Lordship, who made the most terrible complaints against your Sublimity and against me; but the loudest fell to my lot, from whom he said he had not anticipated such treatment; and that whereas he had loved me like a brother, paying me more honour than ever was accorded to an ambassador of your Highness, so now he would oppose me in all my proceedings. Your master, he said, has had the daring to give letters and to canvass against me at the request of a rebel against his Holiness. Nor can I but complain of the Signory taking such a delinquent under its protection. . . . I charge your Ambassador and you not to write anything out of the kingdom without my consent, under pain of the indignation of the King and the heaviest penalties; which expression, and all those above mentioned, he repeated several times, becoming

more and more exasperated. While thus irritated he held a cane in his hand and kept gnawing it with his teeth.'—vol. ii. p. 117.

His violence during his interview with the Ambassador is still more unmeasured, and it is only by the excess of patience and submission that the latter succeeds in appeasing him at last.

Nor is Wolsey more manageable in the trifling matters of commercial interest than he had shown himself in the great questions of European policy. On behalf of the Venetian merchants Giustinian claims a reduction of the duty on the wines of Candia, in virtue of a compact of which Venice has already performed her part; the case is so simple he is sure he can make it clear to his Right Reverend Lordship in a few minutes, its justice is so apparent his Lordship must needs give an immediate decision; but the Cardinal, who is most unwilling to reduce the revenue, never has time or health to bestow on the wines of Candia. On the bare mention of them he becomes indisposed, or overwhelmed with business, and bows the Ambassador out of the room. Sometimes he enters warmly into the business and promises largely, but there is always a plea for delay—he must consult the merchants, or the Council, or the Parliament, or the King; everybody in short whom in matters of great moment he never does think of consulting. To the last Giustinian flatters himself he may return with the credit of having settled this dispute for his countrymen; but, after long feeding himself with hope deferred, he is obliged to turn this matter over to his successor in a state little more advanced than that in which he found it. At one time he was disposed to think that the present of an hundred Damascus carpets, on which the Cardinal had set his heart, might expedite the affair of the wines; and indeed at vol. i. p. 320, he professes to believe that a gift—in plain English, a bribe—might stop the minister's zeal for the Imperial cause; but it is only justice to Wolsey to say that the present correspondence does not bring to light any case in which there is the suspicion of a bribe having been accepted or even offered. On one occasion he condescends to receive as a personal favour to the Ambassador ten carpets from some Venetian merchants who had incurred his displeasure, but we entirely acquit him of betraying the interests of the commonwealth or the exchequer for a personal bribe, though probably he was quite capable of accepting a present for doing the justice or the grace which for other reasons he had resolved to do. The distinction is a narrow one, and very dangerous to the integrity of statesmen, but it is all the great Bacon could find to say in his defence, or to soothe his remorse.

Like his great prototype in France, the Cardinal of Rouen, Wolsey

Wolsey did not think it dishonest to employ the resources of the kingdom he governed to subserve the purposes of his personal ambition, and as minister of England to pursue that brilliant *ignis fatuus* that had deluded Louis XII.'s favourite—the Triple Crown. But in one respect he shone vastly superior to Georges d'Amboise. These letters mention two brothers of Wolsey, of whom we do not remember to have heard elsewhere. Their obscurity is greatly to his credit, and contrasts most favourably with the cardinal's hats, and the countless dignities at home and abroad, procured by the French minister for his eight brothers and the husbands of his eight sisters and all their innumerable descendants.

The present correspondence strongly confirms the accusation against Wolsey, that he was not only fond of the substance of power, but that he imprudently coveted its semblance also. We had sometimes suspected that in writing *Ego et Rex meus* he had been betrayed by his accurate scholarship into this classic but uncourtierlike idiom. But in Giustinian's Report we are told—

' On the Ambassador's first arrival in England he used to say to him, " His majesty will do so and so." Subsequently by degrees he forgot himself, and began to say, " We shall do so and so;" at this present he has reached such a pitch that he says, " I shall do so and so." '

In the course of the secretary's transcription there appears a blank leaf—one missing despatch. The plague had been in the house. The Ambassador himself had escaped it, but not so the sweating sickness, with which both he and the Cardinal are severely visited. During the whole of this period of national calamity the Cardinal behaves with the caution of one who has a great stake to lose, but at the same time with as much firmness as is needed in a case where public duty does not require a display of heroism.

We do not say that on the whole any positively new traits are brought to light in a character so well known as Wolsey's, but the two opposite portraits given by Queen Catherine and her faithful Griffiths are most amusingly illustrated—not by the speculations of the Venetian Ambassador, but by the daily narrative of what the great minister says and does.

The character of this remarkable man seems to have made a great impression on our diplomatist; he made it the subject of a work, entitled 'Orion,' which was never printed, and for which Mr. Brown tells us he has searched in vain. The following is from the Report:—

' He is about forty-six years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent
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eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies all the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice. * * * * * He has the reputation of being extremely just; he favours the people exceedingly, especially the poor, hearing their suits and seeking to despatch them instantly.'

Was this policy? or was it not sympathy for the class from which he sprang, and which he delighted to cherish? while all his arrogance was reserved for the insolent nobles to whom he had once been obliged to crouch, and whom now it was his triumph to humble.

'Lofty and sour to those that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.'—

Shakspeare.

There is no deficiency of former days so strongly marked in this correspondence as the want of posts and of all facilities for obtaining intelligence. Henry and Wolsey are plotting to regulate the fate of Lombardy without the least knowledge of what is going on there. The news of a great battle rarely arrives in so short a time as a month, and then in so doubtful a form that for days and perhaps weeks the resident ambassadors can misrepresent its result so as to suit the politics of their respective courts. The surrender of Brescia took place on the 24th May, 1516. The Cardinal hears it doubtfully on the 6th July, and Giustinian does not obtain the official confirmation of it from the Signory till the 23rd July (vol. i. p. 246). He again and again implores his government to send him news, which he needs not only to regulate his negotiations, but also to obtain access to the king, whom it is not etiquette to visit without the pretext of something to communicate. But he implores in vain. The correspondence all passes through France, the delays are interminable, and the uncertainties so great as to lead to the suspicion that when the French government had read the despatches it did not always take the trouble to forward them. Careless as Henry was of expense, it never seems to have occurred to him to establish communications of his own.

At vol. ii. p. 270, Giustinian gives his version of a curious story which, together with the comments it excites, contrasts strongly the constitutional and social state of England at that period with that of France. On the return of some 'young lords,' attendants and favourites of the king, who had been sent with the ambassadors to Paris to ratify another of those treaties, which, by their perpetual recurrence, show their hollowness and insincerity, the king dismisses four of them from the service of his bedchamber. We are told that this sudden disgrace was attributed

buted by some to a suspicion that these nobles were too warmly attached to French interests; others said that they had led the king into gambling and evil courses, and that, 'on coming to himself,' he resolved to remove them. Of course the popular opinion was that the jealousy of Wolsey was the real cause of their disgrace; and this notion was much confirmed when their place was filled by four 'sad and ancient knights' (as they are called by Hall, who also tells the story), men of greater age and better repute, but creatures of the cardinal.

Giustinian can hardly withhold his pity from these 'poor gentlemen,' and he fears their fate will excite the anger of the nobility to a degree dangerous to Wolsey's safety; but he fully concurs in the opinion that 'they were youths of evil counsel, intent on their own benefit, to the hurt and detriment of his majesty.' Hall adds some further particulars. He gives us to understand that these lords returned from France intoxicated with the distinction with which they had been received and the royal favour they had enjoyed. The king had taken them with him to ride in disguise up and down the streets of Paris, throwing 'egges, stones, and other foolishe trifles (!) at the people, which lighte demeanour of a kynge was much discommended and gested at' (vol. ii. p. 273). Coupling this description with the time of year, we have no difficulty in identifying the Parisian Carnival with the 'lighte demeanour,' which so scandalises our English chronicler. But really when we call to mind the rough pelting with lumps of lime and bags of flour which we have seen at the same season, at Rome, and also the amusements of certain lively young gentlemen of our own times on the day of 'the Derby,' who station themselves in the neighbourhood of London to assail unoffending parties returning from the races, we must not be too hard on Henry's young courtiers and their illustrious host. Probably their admiration of Francis was their real offence in their master's eyes; but we cannot blame Wolsey for their dismissal. It would by no means have been a safe amusement for 'young lords' to rouse the spirit of the turbulent apprentices of London by pelting them with rotten eggs, stones, and 'such like foolishe trifles.'

In France the nobility were the nation, and included in their ranks the whole of that numerous and important class the untitled nobility or gentry, which in England have, happily for the country, ranked with the Commons. The French Parliament which Machiavelli,* writing at this time, looks to as so admirable an engine for raising the condition of the people and

'Il Principe,' cap. xix.

restraining

restraining the power of the nobility, failed entirely to produce this effect. In the subsequent civil wars Richelieu and Mazarin depressed the nobility for the exaltation of the crown, but left the people as they found it—a degraded class, designated by the jurists as ‘un peuple serf, tailléable, et corvéable, à merci et à misericorde’; and thus they sowed the seeds of the Revolution of 1789. The French Ambassador resident at Henry’s court tells Wolsey that he does not believe the king, his master, could have made such a revolution in his household, though backed by the great feudatories, and all the Cardinals of the kingdom to boot. This may perhaps be an exaggeration, but it shows at least that in France the real strength of the country—that force which not even despotism can venture to irritate—lay with the body of the nobles.

In England the case was very different. The country, relieved from the scourge of civil war, was rapidly increasing in wealth, and the mercantile classes were rising in power and importance. Several Reports mention the vast consideration enjoyed by the Lord Mayor and the merchants of London. The arm of the law was strong—that first condition of progress and happiness. The number of the nobility was small, and their power was effectually broken. It strikes our Venetian critics with surprise that the peers have no jurisdiction in the places from which they derive their titles. All writs run in the king’s name; but so inveterate were the notions of feudalism in that day, that even a Republican ambassador sees in this an encroachment of the crown on the rights of the nobility rather than a proof of the uniformity and impartiality with which justice is administered.

Now, if ever, was deserved the epithet of ‘Merry England.’ It is hardly necessary to add, that it was not yet manufacturing England. There is indeed great appearance of wealth, especially in London. Pius II., who visited England about the year 1430, calls it in his *Commentaries*, *ditissimas Lundonias*; and the writer of the earliest Report extant (that published by the Camden Society) declares (p. 28) ‘the riches of England to be greater than those of any other country of Europe, as I have been informed by the oldest and most experienced merchants, and I can myself vouch from what I have seen.’ He also speaks of the quantity of the precious metals and the general use of plate among the lower classes of society, far exceeding that among the corresponding classes on the Continent. This is the more remarkable, as no such superiority is observable in modern days; he complains, however, of the absence of stone houses ‘after the Italian fashion,’ and probably few such were at that period to be found

found in the towns, and not many in the country, except those which had been built for defence (p. 42). Considerable wealth was derived from the tin mines and the wool trade, but the banking business of the country was chiefly in the hands of Italians, as the name of Lombard Street still denotes. The majority of the skilled hands in the more refined manufactures, were foreigners, and accordingly attracted no small portion of illiberal jealousy. It was easier to envy their success and calumniate their characters than to learn their craft, and not unfrequent broils ensued. On the 1st of May, 1517, which in consequence was long remembered by the name of 'Evil May-day' (vol. ii. p. 69), the apprentices, backed by all the desperate characters of the town, employed their holiday in attacking the warehouses of the foreign artisans and merchants. They had been encouraged to this outrage by the harangues of a fanatical priest, and they gave to their violence the hypocritical pretext of outraged morality. Hall seems inclined to make the best defence he can for his countrymen, and he brings forward one case of scandal and one instance of overbearing conduct in a French ambassador;* but we do not need Giustinian's exculpations to be convinced that it was the superior craftsmanship of the foreigners, and not their disregard of the seventh commandment, which caused the indignation of the London apprentices. The riot was not put down without difficulty, and was punished with numerous executions. When justice had been satisfied by the death of the ringleaders, four hundred of the inferior culprits were brought before the king with bare feet and bare heads, dressed only in their shirts, with ropes round their necks, to receive their pardon at Wolsey's intercession.

The arts of war and ship-building flourished. Several passages of Giustinian's letters prove that pieces of ordnance were cast in greater quantity and at an earlier date than is generally supposed. The 'Henry Grace a Dieu' was the largest ship of war the world had yet seen. The date of its launch, which has long been a disputed point in naval annals, may, by the help of these despatches, be referred to October, 1515 (vol. i. p. 139).

All the Reports which we have seen concur in representing the people as hardy and early trained to arms. The writer of Trevisan's 'Relation' says, 'they have a very high reputation in arms, and, from the great fear the French entertain for them, one must believe it to be justly acquired' (p. 23). The Cardinal

* Giustinian's correspondence proves that there was no French ambassador in London at the time. Mr. R. B. shows satisfactorily that the offender was the servant of the King's French secretary.

boasts that in eight days he could land 60,000 men on the coast of France (vol. i. p. 116), and the testimony of the 'Reports' gives us reason to believe this was no empty threat. The population was numerous enough to suffice for all the purposes of attack and defence, but not to press on the means of subsistence. Many of the Reports agree in taxing the inhabitants with sloth, because they leave large tracts of uncultivated land (*Relation of England*, p. 10), and only(!) grow corn enough for their own consumption. What would the buyers and sellers of Mark Lane in these days say to this 'only'? But, on the other hand, they describe the comfort and richness of their dairies, the quantity of cattle and game, and the extensive tracts of forest, lawn, and pasture—

'The chace for the wild, and the park for the tame.'

It is remarkable that both Trevisan and our Ambassador agree in complaining of what they designate as 'great unsteadiness in religion among these people.' The truth is, that the leaven of the Reformation had long been fermenting. Wycliff's preaching and doctrine had been making rapid though silent progress. It is a compendious way of giving the history of the Reformation, to tell us that Henry, getting tired of his wife, quarrelled with the Pope for delaying his divorce, turned Protestant, robbed the Church, and by a share of the plunder and the hope of Court favour, induced his subjects to follow his example. This account of the matter is equally agreeable to the Romanist and to the 'philosopher,' who is never so much disconcerted as when he finds men acting on motives which he does not choose to acknowledge, and has not elevation of mind to comprehend. But in truth 'Gospel light' did not 'stream from Boleyn's eyes.' Henry remained a staunch Romanist to the last. To withdraw from the obedience of the See of Rome was, *previous*ly to the Reformation, an idea that frequently occurred to men of large minds or large ambition. Had Cardinal d'Amboise been disappointed a third time of the tiara, he meditated withdrawing France from its obedience to the Apostolic See, and establishing a patriarchate of the Gallican church in his own person. But death stopped his career of ambition. Whatever credit or discredit it may bring to the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome to count Henry among their adherents, that they must continue to retain. It is true that he seized the wealth and struck a heavy blow at the power of the clergy, as many orthodox sovereigns have since done. It is also true that in attacking the authority of the Pope he pulled down that which is the corner-stone of the visible fabric

fabric of the Romish Church, and, contrary to his intention, gave great encouragement to the professors of the new doctrine ; but if his subjects had not already opened their ears to the preaching of the Reformers, and their eyes to the original text of the Bible, the quarrel with Rome would have been ultimately patched up, and we might still have been making pilgrimages to the golden shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Among so much that has changed in more than three centuries, the climate and the ungrateful habit of grumbling at it are much the same in the reign of Henry VII. as in that of Queen Victoria. The author of the ‘Relation’ of England, who had spent a winter in London, declares, ‘Though so far to the north-west,’ he says, ‘the cold in winter is much less severe than in Italy’ (meaning Lombardy doubtless), ‘and the heat proportionately less in summer. * * * * They have never any spring here according to the report of the islanders.’ The following passage militates against the theory, that once the summers were hotter, and that wine was actually made for sale in Britain :— ‘They are not without vines ; and I have eaten ripe grapes from one, and wine might be made in the southern parts, but it would probably be harsh (austero).’

In his account of the people and their habits the Reporter gives both praise and blame for which we were not entirely prepared. We are not surprised at his admiration of the personal beauty of the islanders, nor at his complaints of our insular nationality. But we did not suppose that our sober ancestors of the fifteenth century were ‘universally fond of dress,’ and it is an agreeable surprise to hear that they were distinguished even by Italians for their politeness.

To modern readers the elementary information contained in the Reports must sometimes appear insipid in proportion as it is accurate, on the other hand, their blunders are often amusing and far from uninstructive. When Trevisan’s Secretary tells us that England is bounded by Spain to the south, and treats the length of the days as an open question, he throws light on the times in which he lives if not on the country he describes. In the accounts given of our institutions we frequently find occasional abuses represented as established customs, casual results as the intended and legitimate ends ; but in these misstatements a useful lesson is often conveyed, or an unconscious criticism is made, all the more valuable because it is unconscious, on the institutions of the writer’s own country. The following is a description not altogether uninstructive of our favourite mode of trial :—

‘ If any one should claim a certain sum from another, and the debtor

debtor denies it, the civil judge would order that each of them should make choice of six arbitrators, and when the twelve are elected, the case they are to judge is propounded to them; after they have heard both parties they are shut up in a room without food or fire, or means of sitting down, and there they remain till the greater number have agreed on their common verdict. But before it is pronounced each of them endeavours to defend the cause of him who named him, whether just or unjust, and those who cannot bear the discomfort yield to the more determined for the sake of getting out sooner, and therefore the Italian merchants are gainers by this bad custom every time they have a dispute with the English; for though the native arbitrators are very anxious to support the cause of their principal before they are shut up, yet they cannot stand out as the Italians can, who are accustomed to fasting and privations, so that the final judgment is generally given in favour of the latter.'—*Relation of England*, p. 32.

So, according to this, the impartiality and confiding simplicity of our Saxon laws were turned to good account by the merchants of Venice: it is singular, however, that in several Reports of more recent times to which we have had access, though they are much more correct in their statements, the palladium of our liberties, as it is fondly deemed by us, is everywhere treated as the most ridiculous and clumsy method for insuring a perversion of justice that was ever invented by the misdirected ingenuity of man.

But though there are occasional misconceptions in these Reports, there are few marks of carelessness or precipitation. To appreciate them properly we should bear in mind the ignorance of the times, the scarcity of books, and the difficulty of obtaining information. Pope Pius II., who wrote his Commentaries scarcely more than thirty years before the earliest of these Reports, regrets the shortness of his stay in London because it prevented his going to see the village where men are born with tails.* But in truth we need not go so far for the justification of our Venetian friends. Most Relazioni that we have seen will appear to advantage when compared as to candour and accuracy with modern books of travels, written as they are with all the advantages afforded by modern civilization.

The report of Giustinian is much less of a geographical and statistical character than the generality of those which we have

* Pii II. 'Commentarii' (p. 5), written by himself, under the name of his secretary, and published in 1533 by his great-nephew, Piccolomini, Archbishop of Siena. Du Cange tells us that in the early ages the English were called 'caudati,' and he tries to find some rational reason for this reproach. Rationalism is the bane of sound archeology. They were called the 'men with tails,' because it was the popular belief that at least in some part of the island men were born with that appendage; and by the passage quoted in the text it appears that even in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and among learned men, the belief was not entirely exploded.

read. It is a complement to his despatches and a summary of his conduct in his embassy. In claiming the merit of having mainly brought about the espousals of the infant Lady Mary with the Dauphin, he doubtless made a most favourable impression on the Senate, the mainspring of whose policy at the time was by every means to secure France from attack on the part of England. In England the alarm which this marriage excited by the prospect of the possible union of the two crowns far exceeded the joy of Venice, but both joy and alarm were equally unfounded. The espousals of infant princes so rarely led in those days to a subsequent marriage that the modern reader must needs suppose them to have been mere pretexts for gaining time, or plausible excuses for making without loss of dignity concessions which had become inevitable. The address of the ambassador was received with the greatest applause. At its conclusion he showed a gold chain which the King had given him at parting. According to the stern laws of the Republic no ambassador could accept a gift, great or small, from the sovereign to whom he was accredited. This chain was but a royal compliment—a recollection of a toilsome mission carefully fulfilled and honourably requited. Almost on his knees, says the secretary, Justinian begged to keep it. We trust that our readers are by this time sufficiently interested in him to feel sorry that the stern laws of the Republic were inflexible:

‘Bene dixit sed non bene persuasit.’

The manner in which Mr. Rawdon Brown has executed his task shows an accurate knowledge of the antiquities of Venice, its institutions, customs, and idioms. His translation is faithful and spirited, combining the simplicity and unstudied familiarity of the old Venetian style, with periods sufficiently flowing to satisfy a modern ear. His notes show great research and extensive reading, and contain some very interesting and curious matter. On the whole these volumes present such a portrait of the times, as is nowhere else to be found, and such as no mere extracts can do justice to, and we feel persuaded our readers will agree with us in thinking them a most important contribution to our stock of original materials for history.

ART. III.—1. *Lettres sur l'Education des Filles.* Par Madame de Maintenon. Publiées pour la première fois par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1854.

2. *Entretiens sur l'Education des Filles.* Par Madame de Maintenon. Publiés pour la première fois par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1855.

3. *Histoire de la Maison Royale de Saint Cyr.* Par Th. Lavallée. Paris, 1853.

4. *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon et des principaux événements du règne de Louis XIV.* Par M. le Duc de Noailles. Deuxième édition. 2 vols., Paris, 1849.

'THE position of Madame de Maintenon,' observes Madame de Sévigné, 'is perfectly unique. Nothing ever was, nor probably ever will be comparable to it.' History in hand, we must acknowledge that there is but little exaggeration in the phrase. Born in a prison and dying within the shadow of the Crown, there is hardly an extreme of elevation or distress that may not be marked in the long career of one whom Fortune favoured so late that the tardy lustre left in obscurity the charms, the graces, the fame of her early years. Appointed to tend poultry in her childhood, and scarcely less than queen in her maturity; the bride in little more than girlhood of a needy and deformed poet, and, when the bloom of womanhood was past, the consort of the man who had said '*I am the State!*'; now bound her to the chair of the crippled SCARRON, and now to the throne of Louis XIV.—in a destiny thus strangely diversified we may be allowed to recognise something akin to the marvellous.

The various accusations brought against Madame de Maintenon, and which have rendered her name almost a by-word with posterity, may be comprised under two heads—intolerance and hypocrisy. It is affirmed that, without being better than her neighbours, she sought to replace purity by prudery; that her whole life had but one object—to 'arrive at Louis XIV.'; and that, in the long career of falsehood into which she was betrayed by her ambition, no scruples withheld her from taking any steps which might give her a more complete mastery over the King. She is represented as a wary and untiring intriguer, never oblivious for a single moment of *her part*, and consequently false to every one around her, even to the sovereign who was the end and aim of her machinations. It is alleged that all the religious persecutions which were perpetrated under Louis XIV. are to be ascribed to her intolerant zeal; and the most accredited form which fiction has assigned to these two personages is that of a monarch

monarch in his dotage taken to task by a pedantic old woman, and led by fear of the devil to ratify the narrow-minded schemes of his female Mentor. Recent researches have dispelled these illusions. The candour of the upright Sismondi, the elaborate life by the Duc de Noailles, still we regret to say unfinished, and the investigations of M. Lavallée, have all tended to the same conclusion; and every one who avails himself of their labours will form at least as favourable a judgment as that of Madame du Deffand, who, after going through the Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon, said, ‘I rise up from it with a high opinion of her mind, with little esteem for her heart, and no taste for her person; but I persist in believing that she was not false.’ M. Lavallée, in particular, has undertaken a task which M. Guizot has pronounced ‘the most important that remained to be executed for the age of Louis XIV.’ Having ferreted out a large mass of Madame de Maintenon’s letters and conversations (the latter reported by the governesses of St. Cyr), he is about to publish a complete edition of her works in ten little volumes, two of which have already appeared. A large part of his matter is printed for the first time, and the portion which had previously been given to the world by Labeaumelle was so mutilated, re-composed, and re-arranged by that dishonest editor, that hitherto it has been more calculated to deceive than to inform.

When the famous Agrrippa d’Aubigné at the end of his *Mémoires* speaks of his son Constant d’Aubigné (the father of Madame de Maintenon), he premises that he would, rather have remained silent, the information he has to communicate being ‘*un fâcheur détail de ma famille.*’ ‘The rascal,’ says the doughty comrade of Henri IV., ‘did nothing but gamble and get drunk at the University of Séダン, where I sent him to pursue his academical studies, and when he returned to France he thought fit, without my consent, to marry an unfortunate woman, *whom he afterwards killed!*’ She was not the mother of any of his children. After many strange adventures and alternations of bad and good fortune, such as were not uncommon to the troubled times in which he lived, he won the affections of a lady of noble birth, to whom he was married on the 27th December, 1627. At the end of four or five years, having spent the last farthing of his patrimony, M. d’Aubigné embraced some project for establishing himself in Carolina. In furtherance of the scheme, he entered into negotiations with the English Government, which were detected and deemed treasonable. He was imprisoned in consequence in the fortress of Château-Trompette, under the gaolership of his own father-in-law, M. de Cardillac, at whose death

he was transferred to Niort in Poitou. In the *Conciergerie* of this prison Madame d'Aubigné gave birth, on the 27th November, 1635, to her daughter Françoise, the future spouse of Louis XIV. A sister of Constant d'Aubigné's, Madame de Villette, took pity upon his children, and carried them to a château where she resided not far distant from Niort. In 1638 Madame d'Aubigné obtained her husband's release, and shortly after he embarked with the whole of his family for Martinique. Fortune this time allowed herself to be caught. The talents which sufficed to gain money failed, however, to induce the prudence which retains it. The chances of play swept away his newly acquired wealth in far less time than it had cost him to accumulate it, and he died discharging the duties of a small military employment, of which the scanty pay barely sufficed to keep his family from want. At his death his widow returned to France with her children, and this arrival of our little heroine from the colonies before she had completed her tenth year led to the subsequent belief that she was a native of the tropics. Hence the name of '*La belle Indienne*', so generally applied to her upon her first entr'acte into society at Paris. As to Madame d'Aubigné, her whole time, until the day of her death, seems to have been divided between the manual labour by which she gained a scanty subsistence, and the fruitless endeavours to obtain from relations richer than herself certain moneys and lands which Agrippa d'Aubigné, while disinheriting his worthless son, had yet bequeathed to his heirs. She was so severe a mother that Madame de Maintenon used to relate that she had never been embraced by her but twice, and this after a long separation. But she chanced to render her daughter one enormous service. She set her to read the '*Lives of Plutarch*',—a work which has nourished the early growth of so many great minds—and forbade her and her brother to speak of anything else. With the ready ingenuity of children they converted the task into an eager rivalry of sex. She espoused the cause of the women, he of the men. When she had vaunted the qualities of a heroine, he opposed the acts of a hero, and she returned to her Plutarch to find new matter to sustain the supremacy of her sex. A thousand formal lessons, in which the mind had a feeble interest, would have done little for her education in comparison with this earnest application of her powers.

When she got back to France she was once more intrusted to the care of her aunt. 'I fear the poor little wretch,' writes her mother, 'may be of no small inconvenience to you; God grant her the means of one day requiting all the kindness you show her!' How well the aunt discharged her office is sufficiently attested

attested by the gratitude felt by the child for her benefactress. ‘I am ready to believe anything,’ she said in childhood during a course of religious instruction, ‘so long as I am not required to believe my aunt de Villette will be damned !’ The answer was given after she had been transferred, by an order from the court, from the care of Madame de Villette, who was a Calvinist, to that of Madame de Neuillant, another near relation, and a zealous Catholic. This lady, finding an unexpected resistance to her doctrines in spite of the professed readiness of her pupil to believe in anything, resolved upon trying the efficacy of humiliation. She ordered her ward to be banished from the drawing-room and confined to the society of the servants. Dressed in a coarse straw hat, with a basket on her arm and a long stick in her hand, the future wife of the king of France was sent out every morning to keep watch over turkeys, and her ‘reign,’ as she used to say in after years, ‘began by dominion over the poultry-yard.’ Madame de Neuillant was even more avaricious than bigoted, and the Marquis de la Fare asserts that the young Françoise was set to discharge these menial offices from motives of economy. He had heard that she was compelled, in the absence of the coachman, to groom the horses. The only thing which this harsh guardian appears to have cherished was the poor girl’s complexion, since she was made to wear a mask, that she might escape being tanned.

This system of compulsion producing no effect, it was decided to place her in the Convent of Ursulines at Niort ; but the sordid avarice of Madame de Neuillant soon left her to be supported by the sisters, who returned her to her mother. She was shortly after admitted into the Ursuline Convent of the Rue Saint Jacques in Paris, where at first the nuns succeeded no better than their precursors in the task of converting her. ‘My mother’s harsh conduct to me at this time,’ she says in one of her *entretiens*, or rather lectures, to the Demoiselles de Saint Cyr, ‘had so irritated me, that, probably, if I had remained longer with her I should never have embraced the Catholic faith.’ Methods as mistaken were adopted by the sisters of the Ursuline Convent.

‘ Whenever they met me, they each of them played a sort of part ; one would run away, another make faces, and a third try to allure me into attending mass by promising to give me something. I was already old enough to be shocked at their ridiculous behaviour, and they became insupportable to me. Neither their pretended fright nor their promises made any impression upon me. Luckily, however, I fell into the hands of a teacher full of sense and judgment, and who won me by her goodness and gracious manners. She forbore ever to reproach me, left me at full liberty to follow the precepts of my creed, never asked

asked me to hear mass or assist at the general prayers in the oratory, and of her own accord proposed that I should keep no fasts. At the same time she had me instructed in the Catholic religion, but with such a total absence of indiscreet zeal, that, when I pronounced my abjuration, I did so of my own entire free will.'

Previous to this some priests were called in, who exhausted upon her their arguments; but she had not forgotten her Plutarch discipline; and with her Bible, she says, in her hand, she wore them out. This and other circumstances show that her will and intelligence were both precocious. At her first convent, when not more than eleven years of age, she was so advanced in reading, writing, ciphering, and spelling, that she taught her fellow-pupils in the absence of the governess. The passion of pleasing others for the sake of praise, which was the ruling motive of her life, was already developed. To gratify this lady she sat up whole nights to starch the fine linen of the girls, in order that their appearance might do credit to their mistress. There was no toil that she would not undergo for her; and when she was returned home, she prayed every day, for two or three months, that she might die, because life seemed worthless without her governess. A degree of sentiment and affection unusual with her entered into this juvenile attachment; but we shall presently see by her own confession that her principal aim was to barter services for applause.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen Mlle. d'Aubigné left her second convent, and went to reside with her mother, whose apartment was immediately opposite to the house in which Scarron had for years received nearly all the society of Paris. At this precise period the far-famed cripple was busy with a plan for emigrating to Martinique, in consequence of one of his acquaintances alleging that the climate had cured him of the gout. Some extraordinary vision of renewed health fastened upon the '*malade de la Reine*';* and he planned an expedition to the tropics, with Ségrais and a certain Mlle. de Palaiseau, of whom the chronicles of the time speak lightly.

'My dog of a destiny,' he writes to his friend Sarrazin, 'takes me off in a month to the West Indies. I have invested a thousand crowns in a new company that is about to found a colony at three degrees from the line, on the banks of the Orinoco and the Orellana. Adieu, then, France! Adieu, Paris! Adieu, O ye tigresses disguised as

* Scarron's great patroness, Mlle. d'Hautefort, had spoken of him to Anne of Austria, and, having been carried to the Louvre (1643), he besought the Queen to let him bear the title of 'the Queen's invalid.' On her smiling at the notion, he exclaimed that her smile was an encouragement to him to solicit a lodging in the Louvre. He was often designated as *le malade de la Reine*.

angels!

angels ! Adieu Ménage, Sarrazin, Marigny ! * I renounce burlesque verses, and comic romance and comedies, to fly to a land where there are no false saints, nor swindlers in devotion, nor inquisition, nor winters that assassinate, defluxions that disable me, nor war that makes me die of starvation.'

Notwithstanding this strong desire to escape the ills he found in his own country, Scarron did not emigrate after all ; and the most notable result of his scheme was, that it lost him his thousand crowns, and brought him into contact with the person who was to bear his name and brighten the final years of his existence. The wish to know something more of a climate from which he anticipated new life produced an acquaintance between Scarron and Mme. d'Aubigné ; and Mme. de Neuillant, who sometimes frequented the poet's salons, presented there one evening *la belle Indienne*. On reaching the threshold of the apartment of which she was shortly to become the mistress, she drew back ashamed, and with one glance at the splendid assembly, and another at her shabby dress, too scanty and too short, she burst into tears. It would almost seem as if Mme. de Neuillant had designed to continue, under new forms, the discipline of the poultry-yard.

This occurrence is mentioned by several contemporary writers ; and Scarron himself refers to it in a letter to his future wife :— ‘ Mademoiselle, I never doubted that the young girl who six months ago entered my rooms with too short a frock, and began to cry, I really know not why, was as clever as she looked,’ &c. The tears may have had some effect in exciting sympathy and conciliating goodwill ; but it was to her beauty, her manners, and her intelligence that she owed the cohtinuance of the favour with which she was regarded.

A month or two after her acquaintance with her witty and famous neighbour, Mme. d'Aubigné, having secured the little that her husband's family would consent to award her (two hundred livres yearly !), returned to Poitou, where she died. Mme. de Villette was no more ; the only surviving son of Constant d'Aubigné was page of the household ; and our young Françoise was dependent solely upon Mme. de Neuillant, ‘ who,’ observes Tallemant des Réaux, ‘ notwithstanding she was her relative, left her without clothing from avarice.’ The short and scanty dress was disappearing altogether.

The orphan had formed an attachment to a girl at Paris of her own age, and writing to her from Niort, in 1650,—‘ I cannot,’ she says, ‘ express to you upon paper all I feel ; I have neither courage nor wit sufficient. I promise you half, and the re-

* All three were literary characters of the day.

mainder when I shall be as clever as M. Scarron.' This was shown to the poet, and so spontaneous a tribute was not lost upon him. He immediately took up his pen and addressed his admirer in the words we have quoted above. When Mme. de Neuillant revisited Paris she brought her fair charge with her. The twelve months which had elapsed had contributed to develop her understanding and beauty; and her second appearance in the *beau monde* of Scarron's *soirées* produced a still livelier impression than the first. 'I wish you would give me some news of that young Indian, to whom you introduced me, and whom I loved from the moment I saw her,' writes the Duchesse de Lesdiguières to the Chevalier de Mére; and a similar sentiment appears to have been general in the circle. Scarron felt so much for her misery in being subject to the penurious tyranny of Mme. de Neuillant, that, constantly as he was in need of money, he offered her a sum sufficient to procure her admission into a convent. She declined the proposal; and by degrees the idea of a retreat that was to separate her from every one became transformed into the notion of a union that was to bind her exclusively to himself. This project of a marriage between a buffoon-rhymester of forty-two and a girl of sixteen was termed by himself 'a mighty poetic licence.' But anything seemed better than to live on with Mme. de Neuillant; and as to the other alternative, she frankly avowed to her acquaintances, according to Tallemant des Réaux, 'I preferred marriage with Scarron to a convent.' The homage she saw him receiving, and the intoxicating elevation to a girl who was trampled on at home, of presiding over the brilliant society which assembled at his house, had a large share in determining her choice. In advanced life, when she was exhorting the pupils at Saint-Cyr to hold themselves upright, she told them that she married at an age when it is delightful to be your own mistress; that she thought she played the fine lady by reclining in an easy chair; and that she did a thousand other things of which she continued to feel the ill effects. But it hardly needed this confession to prove how great must have been the influence of such motives.

Accordingly, in the month of June, 1652, she became Mme. Scarron. Such was her poverty that her wedding-dress was lent for the occasion by Mlle. de Pons. The account which her husband gave of his property was far enough from promising. To the question of the notary, 'What jointure he insured her?' the poet replied, 'Immortality! the names of kings' wives die with themselves, but the name of Scarron's wife will endure eternally!' No suspicion crossed his mind that the process would

would be reversed, and that it was to his having been the husband of a 'king's wife' that he would principally owe the recollection of his name by posterity.

The once famous though licentious author of the 'Roman Comique' was not always the wretched Caliban whose image has descended to us as the type of grotesque deformity. Up to the age of twenty-seven he was a handsome man, and distinguished for his skill in music and dancing. He was descended from a good parliamentary family. His father was *Conseiller à la Grande Chambre*, his uncle Bishop of Grenoble, and one of his cousins was married to no less a personage than the Maréchal d'Aumont. His patrimony would have been respectable if his father, under the influence of an intriguing woman, had not left his property to the offspring of a second marriage. Different versions have been given of the cause of his deformity. Tallemant des Réaux states that it was a medicine administered by a quack which deprived him of the use of his limbs. According to another account of more doubtful authority, the affliction was due to a freak which he played during the carnival at Mans. In company with three of his friends he smeared himself with honey from head to foot, and, after rolling in a heap of feathers, issued out into the street. The mob assailed and plucked the masqueraders, who, to escape further mortification, jumped from a bridge into the icy waters of the Sarthe. His friends subsequently died from the shock, and he himself was crippled for life. In one of his poems he speaks of having been thrown from a vehicle, and his neck was twisted by the fall in a way which ever after prevented his looking upwards. Whatever was the origin of his maladies, 'his form,' to use his own words, 'had become bent like a Z.' 'My legs,' he adds, 'first made an obtuse angle with my thighs, then a right and at last an acute angle; my thighs made another with my body. My head is bent upon my chest; my arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. I am, in truth, a pretty complete abridgment of human misery.' His head was too big for his diminutive stature, one eye was set deeper than the other, and his teeth were the colour of wood. At the time of his marriage he could only move with freedom his hand, tongue, and eyes. His days were passed in a chair with a hood, and so completely was he the *abridgment* of man he describes himself, that his wife had to kneel to look in his face. He could not be moved without screaming from pain, nor sleep without taking opium. The epitaph which he wrote on himself, and which is very superior to his usual style of versification, is touching from its truth:

‘Tread softly—make no noise
To break his slumbers deep;
Poor Scarron here enjoys
His first calm night of sleep.’

Yet with all his infirmities his cheerfulness was imperturbable ‘It is, perhaps,’ says Tallemant des Réaux, ‘one of the wonders of our age, that a man in that state, and poor, should be able to laugh as he does.’ ‘The Prometheus, the Hercules, and the Philoctetes of fable, and the Job of the Holy Scriptures,’ says another contemporary writer, Balzac, ‘utter, in the violence of their torments, many sublime and heroic things, but no comical ones. I have often met in antiquity with pain that was wise, and with pain that was eloquent; but I never before saw pain joyous, nor found a soul merrily cutting capers in a paralytic frame.’

On the death of his father in 1643, Scarron’s inheritance was little more than a lawsuit with his stepmother, which he lost almost simultaneously with his health. A pension, paid him by Cardinal Richelieu, expired with that statesman in 1642. He had recourse to his pen for support, and in 1644 he published ‘The Typhon, or War of the Giants against the Gods,’ dedicated to Cardinal Mazarin. Two or three years later appeared the ‘Virgile Travesti,’ to which he owed his fame, and which won for him the incongruous epithets of ‘the divine’ and ‘the inimitable.’ So great was the rage for his works that the booksellers called every poem ‘Burlesque;’ and there was one instance of a sacred and entirely serious piece being announced as written *en vers burlesques*. It was to no purpose that some high authorities tried to check this perverse tendency. ‘Even your father,’ observed Boileau to Racine’s son, ‘had the defect of sometimes reading Scarron, and laughing over him, though he always concealed this from me.’ But Boileau was hardly more severe to the creator of burlesque poetry in France than Scarron was to himself. ‘I am ready to attest before any one,’ he declares in the dedicatory epistle of the fifth book of his ‘Æneide Travestie,’ ‘that the paper I employ for my writings is only so much paper wasted. The whole of these parodies, and my “Virgil” at the head, are rank absurdities. It is a style which has spoilt the taste of all the world.’

Much, however, as he may have condemned the productions of his pen, Scarron was reduced to live by them, and this he was wont to call his *Marquisat de Quinet*, from the name of the bookseller who published his works. Although he has himself styled his house *l’Hôtel de l’Impécuniosité*, we learn from Segrais that

that he was ‘very creditably lodged, that his furniture was covered with yellow damask of the value of five or six thousand livres, that he wore garments of fine velvet, and had several servants at his command.’ Here it was that he received the *beaux-esprits* and court gallants of the time at his evening *réunions* and suppers—here that nobles and high-born dames mixed freely with Ménage, Benserade, and Pelisson. That no species of celebrity might be wanting, even the too famous Ninon de l’Enclos—the modern Leontium—was to be seen exchanging courtesies with virtuous ladies who would have scorned to receive her at their own houses. It has been truly remarked that if, at the Hôtel Rambouillet, the great world received the world of literature and art, the former in turn became the guest in the *salons* of Scarron.

The society which collected about the burlesque poet was probably the principal solace of his life. The method by which he succeeded in attracting so much rank, fashion, and talent round his hooded chair is not easy to conjecture. ‘Kind, serviceable, faithful in friendship,’ says Segrais, ‘he was invariably agreeable and amusing, even in anger or in sorrow.’ With a man so poor and afflicted, this was a slender resource for constituting him the centre of one of the most brilliant circles in Paris. Even his powers of entertaining are less favourably represented by Tallemant des Réaux. ‘He sometimes,’ says this rather cynical writer, ‘lets drop a humorous observation, but not often. He is always trying to be facetious, which is the way to defeat the intention.’ The account is too probable to be entirely rejected. His reputation was founded upon his talents for jest, and what remains to us of his writings and sayings leads to the conclusion that his ambition was always to sustain his part. But, though the motive which originally brought the gay world of Paris to his door is not apparent, the custom, once established, was kept up without effort. Then it was not Scarron only that people went to see, but the celebrities of whom each was an attraction to the other.

At the time of his marriage in 1652 Scarron had enjoyed his fame and its advantages for about eight years. He assigned as his reason for the match ‘that it was to ensure society, for that otherwise people would not come to see him.’ If his guests had begun to drop off, the method he took to win them back was entirely successful. Tallemant des Réaux himself allows the exceeding popularity of his youthful wife. In her old age she gave a curious and self-complacent account of the estimation in which she was held at this period, and the mode by which she obtained it :—

' In my tender years I was what is called a good child ; everybody loved me : there was no one, down to the domestics of my aunt, who were not charmed with me. . When I was older and I was placed in those convents, you know how I was cherished by my mistresses and companions, and always for the same reason, that from morning to night I only thought of serving and obliging them. When I was with that poor cripple I found myself in the fashionable world, where I was sought after and esteemed. The women loved me because I was unassuming in society, and much more taken up with others than with myself. The men followed me because I had the beauty and graces of youth. The partiality they had for me was rather a general friendship—a friendship of esteem—than love. I did not wish to be loved by any individual in particular, but I wished to be loved by everybody, to have my name pronounced with admiration and respect, to play a praiseworthy part, and, above all, to be approved by the good : it was my idol.'

On one occasion she shut herself up with a person who had the small-pox, and who was deserted by all the world—' a little,' she said, 'from pity, but chiefly from a desire to do a thing which had never been done before.' Another time, without requiring it, she took an emetic, then a new medicine, and regarded by the majority of the faculty in the light of a poison, in order that her friends, to whom she related the incident with an air of indifference, might exclaim, ' See this pretty woman, she has more courage than a man.' In her old age she spoke of her lust of praise as a vice, but she could still deliver such extravagant doctrines as the following to the girls at St. Cyr :—

' It is not enough that a few select persons should speak well of us, it is necessary that all who know us should do the same—that your father should say, " How happy I am to have such a daughter ! " your mother, " How rational my girl is !" your other relations, " How delightful it is to have Mademoiselle such-a-one with us ! " your lady's-maid, " What a pleasure it is to wait on Mademoiselle !" So with the shoemaker, the dressmaker, the laundress, and the footman—because servants when they are alone talk of nothing but their masters and mistresses ; and if there is ever so little evil to tell they are sure to divulge it. Reputation often depends more upon these people than their betters who do not see us so near.'

She herself used to call her weakness the crime of Lucifer—pride ; but the basis of a character which does everything for praise and admiration is vanity. ' *Applasse*, ' said Tallemant des Réaux, ' is spoiling her ; she is coquettish.' It was inevitable that the head of a girl thus thirsting for homage should be turned by the adulation and attention which awaited her at the house of M. Scarron.

None of her qualities are better attested than her remarkable intelligence,

intelligence, for the proofs of it survive in her letters. They contain, however, no indication of what is mentioned as a predominant characteristic during the years when she fascinated the guests of the facetious Scarron—a native sprightliness, which must have been far more enlivening than the laboured and almost professional buffoonery of her husband. ‘I am lively,’ she said, in after years, ‘by nature, and melancholy from circumstances.’ Her beauty is no less established both by the testimony of her contemporaries, and a miniature at the Louvre—an enamel by Petitot. It is a face at once remarkable for feature and expression: the skin and complexion are exquisite; over the thoughtful and serene brow clusters a profusion of brown hair; the fine curve of the nose is a happy medium between the straightness of the Greek and the extreme Roman; and the small mouth and rich lips are perfection. The chin is of that rounded feline type which is not to be found in any other picture of a celebrated beauty for a whole century, and which was first described by one who was little apt to be mistaken when painting female charms.* Still the real magic of the face is in the eyes. They are rather beaming than bright, but of a remarkable intensity, and justify the expression of Madame de Montespan, who, after the birth of one of her last children, wrote to her friend, ‘Come to me, I entreat you, but do not survey me with those great dark eyes, of which I stand in such terrible awe.’ Yet there is nothing stern in the countenance; on the contrary, its predominant character is that of gentle wisdom, conjoined to a certain mobility which appears to promise every expression except that of tenderness. Ninon de l’Enclos was right when she said to Fontenelle, ‘Madame Scarron was always virtuous, but the merit was small—she was incapable of loving.’ In the famous picture at Versailles, painted when she was past fifty, and where, behooded and veiled and in Carmelite-coloured robes, the governess of the King’s children is lecturing the Duchesse de Bourgogne at her knee, we have the same eye, mouth, chin, and brow as in the early enamel. Though one represents the morning, the other the decline of life, there is no difficulty in distinguishing the young and beautiful Indian in the lady of matronly grace whom Louis XIV. used to address by the title of *Votre Solidité*.† It

* See in the ‘*Nouvelle Héloïse*’ of Rousseau the letter where St. Preux, on receiving Julie’s picture, speaks of the peculiar form of her chin.

† The sprightliness and exceeding beauty of Madame de Maintenon in her youth will be a surprise to many who are only familiar with her history after she had passed her prime. M. Nodillet justly remarks, ‘We are acquainted with her too late.’ Those who have described her as she appeared in the first bloom of her loveliness are unanimous in their report. Mlle. de Scudéry has painted her in

It was a situation of extreme peril for a girl thus gifted—so young, so beautiful, so intelligent, so winning, and so inexperienced—to be wedded to a deformed cripple of forty-two, incapable of stirring from his uneasy chair, and to be thrown into the lax and free-spoken society which frequented her husband's chamber. How did she pass through the trying ordeal? She herself has given an answer to the question. 'I have seen everything,' she said, reverting to those days, 'but always in a way to earn a reputation without reproach.' But we are not left to her own testimony. It is admitted by her contemporaries that she gave the tone to Scarron's guests instead of adopting theirs, that the old recklessness of talk was hushed, and that her life afforded no pretence for scandal. 'If,' observed one of the young gallants, 'I must fail in respect to her or the Queen, I would do it to the latter.' 'Neither her husband's malady,' said Sorbière, 'nor her beauty, youth, and ready wit, ever injured her virtue. Although the admirers who sighed around her were the noblest and richest of the realm, her unimpeachable conduct compelled the esteem of everybody.' The Chevalier de Méré, who was one of these admirers, is loud in his encomiums, and has no other fault to find with her than that she was not more frail.

In after life she affirmed that M. Scarron was fundamentally good, and that she had cured him of his license. The advantage was reciprocal, he on his part teaching her Spanish, Italian, and Latin, and furnishing her mind with the rich resources of literature. She was less successful in introducing habits of economy into her husband's house than in correcting his freedoms and regulating the tone of conversation at his receptions. All his patrimony appears to have consisted of a small estate near Amboise, which he sold for 24,000 livres, and this was not likely to last long with a man who wrote to Rome to order pictures from Poussin! * All his tastes were expensive; and his very physical infirmities, and the society which was their alleviation, involved an outlay beyond his means. The revenue from his 'Marquisat de Quinet' was small, for the

her romance of *Clelia* under the name of Lyrianne: 'She was of high birth, and so lovely that it was next to impossible to compare any one else to her. . . . Her figure was large and beautiful, her air noble, gentle, vivacious, and modest. To heighten her beauty she had the finest eyes in the world. Dark, shining, passionate, soft, and full of intelligence, their lustre was something not to be described; and their expression was by turns that of mild melancholy and joyous vivacity. Her wit suited her beauty, and was both agreeable and great. She had no affection; knew well the world, and a thousand other things, whereof she conceived no vainglory. Adding the charms of virtue to those of beauty and wit, it may well be averred that she merited all the admiration she obtained.'

* The proof of this is to be found in the 'Lettres de Nicolas Poussin.'

copyrights of books were far from fetching then the enormous sums they have sometimes commanded since. During the civil war of the Fronde he had the misfortune to espouse the side which proved ultimately unsuccessful, and his 'Mazarinades,' or satires against the Cardinal, had cost him a pension, of which no efforts (and he spared none) could procure the renewal. Fouquet, it is true, gave him a yearly stipend of sixteen hundred livres, and there is reason to believe that the affection of Madame Fouquet for his wife was the cause of more than one act of liberality on the part of the superintendent-general. It is one merit not to be overlooked in the youthful helpmate of Scarron, that she proved thus early superior to a common vanity of her sex, and that, in spite of the thrifless example of her husband, she was not beguiled into extravagance by girlish thoughtlessness, or the natural temptation to rival in dress the people who surrounded her.

Not very long before his death the poet devised a new scheme for increasing his income. The people who brought their carts of merchandise to Paris hired guides at the gates to conduct them ; and, as many highwaymen assumed the office for the purpose of plundering the vehicles, Scarron proposed that the duty should be confided to licensed persons of approved honesty, and who should be sworn to a faithful discharge of their trust. His first application remained unanswered ; a second and a third attempt shared the same fate ; till at last, Madame Scarron being persuaded against her will to urge the petition, the authorization was granted. 'This affair,' wrote the distfessed poet to Fouquet, 'is the last hope of both my wife and myself : as to me, I am ill with the anxiety. Ah, monseigneur ! if you did but know what we have to fear, and to what we may be reduced if it fail ! M. Vissins' (Scarron's associate in the business) 'and myself can only have recourse to poison !' But the scheme happily justified the anticipations of its originator, and for the last year or two of his life he derived five or six thousand livres *per annum* from his plan.

It was in October, 1660, eight years after his ill-assorted union, that this life of smiles and suffering, of poverty and extravagance, came to a close. He continued to jest to the last ; and, seeing the bystanders in tears, 'I shall never, my friends,' he exclaimed, 'make you weep as much as I have made you laugh.' To his wife he spoke seriously. He lamented that he had nothing to leave her, and said that her merit was infinite and beyond all praise. He, at least, seems never to have had reason to repent his hazardous choice ; and, what is really surprising, there is no trace that the wife grew impatient of her bondage,

bondage, or, as she advanced into womanhood and learnt her power over richer and more personable men, of her ever regretting the precipitancy of the girl. She always, however, after the death of M. Scarron, spoke of marriage with aversion. ‘I have learnt too well,’ she said, ‘that it is not delicious, and that liberty is.’

When the poor cripple whom she had married for a subsistence was in his grave, she was reduced to poverty beyond anything she had yet experienced. *Cette charmante malheureuse!* was the name by which she was commonly known among her friends. In vain various persons of distinction endeavoured to obtain for her the renewal of the pension formerly granted to her husband. Mazarin was inflexible. ‘Is she in health?’ he asked, and on being told ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘Then she is incapacitated for succeeding to a man who was ill!’ For the first few months the Maréchale d’Aumont, Scarron’s niece, lent her a room in the Convent des Hospitalières, and sent her clothes and all other necessaries of which she stood in need. ‘But,’ says Tallemant des Réaux, ‘she made such a noise about it, that the widow got tired, and one day returned to her relative a cartload of wood she had ordered to be shot down in the convent-yard.’ This extreme distress lasted about a year. Mazarin survived only five months the burlesque poet who satirised him, and after the death of the vindictive minister, some one chancing to mention before the queen-mother the name of Scarron, she inquired what had become of his wife? The answer drew forth the further question, ‘What was the husband’s pension?’ The person addressed, foreseeing what was to follow, suddenly conceived the idea of magnifying the sum, and replied, ‘Two thousand livres.’ When Madame Scarron went to thank the Queen for her bounty, she overheard a lady remarking, ‘If this pension is granted to the most beautiful eyes, and the most coquettish person in France, no better choice could be made.’ Her rage and mortification were extreme. ‘Is this,’ she said, ‘the result of all the care I have taken to earn a reputation without reproach? The humiliating speech weighed a long time upon my heart.’ Those who recall the good sense which distinguishes her letters, will hardly credit that she should have been the slave of such childish weakness.

Her annuity enabled her to remove to an apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines, where she had been educated as a girl. The five hundred livres, over and above what her husband had received, she set apart for the poor, ‘if for no other reason,’ she said, ‘than to repair the officious lie of my friend.’ ‘She managed the remainder so well,’ writes Mademoiselle d’Aumale, originally

originally one of the pupils at St. Cyr, who had received the account from Madame de Maintenon, ‘that she saw the best company, and was always well though simply dressed. She contrived to pay her own board and that of her maid, and never burned anything but wax-lights !’ Her dress was in keeping with the wax-lights, for, ‘besides being always nicely shod, she had very handsome petticoats !’ (*de très belles jupes*). Her confessor, the Abbé Gobelin, remonstrated with her on the elegance of her attire ; to which she replied that ‘her gowns were of the commonest stuffs.’ ‘That may be,’ rejoined the worthy man, ‘but I only know that when you kneel there drops to the ground with you such a quantity of drapery, that, most honoured lady, I cannot avoid thinking it too much.’ This combination of mean material with the utmost gracefulness of make is extremely characteristic. There was a mixture throughout, by her own confession, of vanity and humility, but of an humility of which the object was to feed her vanity. She was accustomed to speak of these early years of her widowhood as of the golden period of her existence :—

‘ All the days of my youth were very agreeable to me,’ she said at St. Cyr, ‘ because, although I have experienced poverty and passed through states very different from that in which you see me, I was contented and happy. I was a stranger to chagrin and *ennui* ; I was free. I went to the Hôtel d’Albret, or to that of Richelieu, sure to be welcomed and to meet my friends there, or else to attract them to my apartment on acquainting them that I could not go out.’

Every one knows the striking saying of Madame de Maintenon as she watched the carp uneasy in their crystal water and marble basin in the royal gardens : ‘ They are like me, they regret their mud.’ No one had ever felt more forcibly the truth expressed in the lines of Gray :—

‘ What is grandeur, what is power ?
Heavier toil, superior pain ; ’

and it is worth a hundred homilies on contentment to see this wife and bondwoman of Louis XIV. looking back with a sigh of regret from the splendid palace of Versailles upon the modest apartment in the Convent of the Ursulines.

The death of Anne of Austria in 1666 came to trouble her felicity. The pension dropped with the life of its donor, and the repeated audiences of Madame Scarron with Colbert obtained her nothing more substantial than polite promises. ‘ If I was in power and in favour,’ she exclaimed, ‘ how differently would I treat those who were in want ! ’ The solicitations of her friends to the King were equally unsuccessful. Of all the events that could

could have been predicted at that moment, none would have sounded so wildly improbable to Madame Scarron as that she should one day be the wife of the great monarch whom she was suing in vain for a paltry pittance to keep her from beggary, none would have appeared so revolting and even impossible to Louis XIV. as that he should marry the poor widow to whom he was refusing the necessaries of life. The defeat of his armies and the loss of a province would have seemed less humiliating to his pride.

Whilst Madame Scarron could get no assistance from the Crown, her private friends, Madame de Richelieu, Madame de Montchevreuil, and the Maréchale d'Albret vied with each other in offering her the asylum of their respective homes. This she refused, and preferred to accept a proposal from the Princesse de Nemours, affianced to Alphonso king of Portugal, to accompany her to her new kingdom. The Duc de Nevers remarking one day to the royal bride on the slender capacity of her future consort and his minister, ‘Never mind,’ she replied; ‘I shall have wit enough for the king, and she’ (pointing to Madame Scarron) ‘will have enough for the minister.’ But now occurred an event which defeated the project, and was the first step in that long flight by which Madame Scarron ascended to the throne :

‘I shall not go to Portugal,’ she writes to her friend Madame de Chanteloup; ‘it is quite decided. A few days ago Madame de Thianges took me to see her sister,* telling her I was about leaving for Lisbon. “For Lisbon?” exclaimed she; “that is a long way off; you must remain here. Albret has spoken to me of you, and I am quite aware of your merit.” I would rather, thought I to myself, that she were quite aware of my poverty! This I then described to her, without letting myself down, and she listened attentively, though she was at her toilet. I told her how I had in vain petitioned M. Colbert, how my friends had in vain petitioned the King, how I was obliged to seek an honest livelihood out of my own country, etc. In short, I think Madame de Lafayette herself would have been satisfied with the truth of my expressions and the brevity of my story. Madame de Montespan seemed touched, and asked me for a detailed petition, that she would undertake, she said, to present to the King. I thanked her warmly, and wrote it in haste. The King, they say, received it kindly; perhaps the hand that tendered it made it agreeable. M. de Villeroy joined his entreaties to hers. In short, my pension is restored to me upon the same footing as by the late Queen. Two thousand livres! It is more than is needed for my solitude and the good of my soul.’

Mlle. de la Vallière was at this time the avowed mistress of Louis XIV., and the favour he showed to Madame de

* Madame de Thianges was sister to Madame de Montespan.

Montespan was supposed to be accorded to her lively conversation. One year later (1667) the King, flushed with his victories in Flanders, summoned the court to meet him at Compiègne, that he might enjoy the praise and the congratulations which awaited him. Thither came also Mlle. de la Vallière, to the extreme indignation and distress of the Queen. Foremost among those who inveighed against the daring intruder was Madame de Montespan. ‘God preserve me,’ she said, ‘from being the mistress of the King ! but if I was miserable enough for that, I should never have the audacity to appear before the Queen.’ Nevertheless it is now a matter of history, that upon this very occasion she was carrying on a secret intrigue with him herself. The effrontery which could ejaculate such a prayer, and make such a protestation, was not likely to continue to wear a veil ; and though Mlle. de la Vallière did not retire from the court to the cloister till 1674, it was soon notorious that she had a successful rival in Madame de Montespan. ‘When I suffer at the Carmelites,’ said the poor penitent, ‘I will remember what these people (the King and Madame de Montespan) have made me suffer here.’ In the lapse of years, when the triumphant mistress had been set aside in her turn, she might be seen at the Carmelites seeking religious counsel of the frail sister whom she had tormented and displaced.

Upon the birth of the Duc du Maine in 1670, proposals were made to Madame Scarron to take charge of the infant prince and his elder sister, who died shortly after. ‘I will not,’ she replied, by the advice of her confessor, ‘take charge of the children of Madame de Montespan, but if the King commands me to take care of his, I will obey.’ The King gave the order, and she entered with zeal upon an office which was rather that of a mother than a governess, as the children were then too young to be instructed. She was careful, as they grew older, not to show them any false indulgence out of deference to their royal birth. The spirit in which she trained them may be gathered from a passage in a letter which she wrote in 1686 to one of the governesses of Saint Cyr. ‘I am told that some of the girls make a piece of work about taking their bark ; do not suffer such nonsense in a house where everything is to be regulated by reason. I never allowed the children of the King to make the least resistance to taking medicine, and, while telling them that it was very nasty, I obliged them to drink it up like water.’

‘If this was the beginning of Madame de Maintenon’s *

* In 1674 Louis XIV. presented Madame Scarron with the estate of Maintenon, worth 15,000 livres a year, as a reward for her care of his children. He greeted her the next time he saw her as Madame de Maintenon, and she bore the name ever after.

elevation,' writes Madame de Caylus, 'it was also that of her annoyance and constraint. She was of necessity separated from her friends, and obliged to renounce society, for which she seemed created, and all this without being able to assign publicly any sufficient reason for her altered habits.' The general idea is, that she inhabited a handsome house in the Rue de Vaugirard, had carriages and servants at her command, and superintended the education of several little illegitimate princes and princesses, at whose irregular entrance into the world she found it convenient to wink. But this is far from the truth. The house in the Rue de Vaugirard was not thought of until 1672; and, for the first two or three years, each infant, the better to conceal it, was placed with its nurse in a separate habitation without the walls of the town. To avoid suspicion, Madame Scarron was prohibited from lodging under the same roof with any of the children, and was to change as little as possible her former mode of life :—

' I had to climb ladders,' she says, ' and do the work of carpenters and upholsterers, because no workpeople were permitted to enter. The nurses were to assist in nothing, for fear of fatiguing themselves and spoiling their milk. Often I went from one of these houses to the other on foot and in disguise, carrying under my arm provisions and linen, and sometimes, in case of illness, passing the whole night by the sick child's bed. I was then forced to enter my own dwelling by a back door, and, having dressed, used to go out again at the front in a carriage, and pay my visits at the Hôtel d'Albret or the Hôtel de Richelieu, so that my acquaintances might suspect nothing. Nay, I have gone so far as to be bled, in order that I might not blush if anything occurred to embarrass me.'

Nor was this all. She attended, according to Madame de Caylus, at the birth of each addition to her nursery, and covering the new-born infant with her shawl, she returned masked to Paris in a hackney-coach, full of alarm, lest the wail of the little brat should betray her to the driver. The object of so much mystery is by no means clear. Though the actual birth was conducted in secrecy, there was none about its anticipation. ' Madame de Montespan,' says Madame de Caylus, ' was in despair at her first pregnancy, consoled herself at the second, and carried impudence at the rest as far as it could go.'

To the other discomforts of the position of Madame Scarron was added the annoyance which arose from the overbearing and uncertain temper of Madame de Montespan. Often she resolved to resign her office.

' I really cannot see,' she writes to the Abbé Gobelin, her confessor, ' in what way it can be Heaven's will that I should suffer through Madame de Montespan. She is incapable of friendship, and I cannot dispense

pense with it. She could not be subject to the constant opposition I offer to her conduct without hating me. She does with me what she chooses ; destroys me in the King's esteem, or restores me to his good graces. I dare not speak to him myself, for she never would forgive me ; and even if I could, what I owe to her would forbid me from saying anything against her. Therefore I see no remedy for all my ills.' 'I have tried everything,' she writes in 1676 to a female friend, 'in regard to Madame de Montespan ; but there is nothing at heart—no good ; she is only amiable by fits and starts ; all is caprice.'

Though these gusts of temper had frequently no other source than the ungovernable humour of Madame de Montespan, there was a distinct and constant cause of irritation at work. Madame de Sévigné, writing to her daughter in April, 1675, tells her that for a couple of years there has been a complete hatred between the two Madams, and that they are as opposed as black and white. The reason, she adds, is the pride of Madame de Maintenon, which makes her rebel against the orders of Madame de Montespan, and recognise only the authority of the father to the entire exclusion of that of the mother. This was in accordance with the original contract. Madame de Maintenon considered that it was consistent with her dignity to be the servant of a king, but she would have felt it a degradation to be the servant of a mistress. Madame de Montespan not unnaturally regarded the question from another aspect, and thought that the parent had a right to be heard on the management of her children.

In the same letter in which Madame de Sévigné reveals the quarrels, she mentions that the King is scolded for having too much friendship for this lofty lady (*pour cette glorieuse*), but that the partiality was not expected to last. Last, however, it did, and, what was more, for some years continued to increase. Madame de Maintenon, so eager to please everybody, could not be indifferent to the good opinion of her sovereign. But she did not at first succeed. The belief that she was a blue-stocking had prejudiced him against her, and an accidental circumstance confirmed him in the notion. 'Madame d'Heudicourt,' she says, 'having innocently told him, on returning from a walk, that Madame de Montespan and I had talked before her in so elevated a strain that we got beyond her, he was so displeased that he could not help showing it, and it was some time before I could venture to come into his presence.' In speaking of her to Madame de Montespan he used to call her '*votre bel-esprit*', and it is true that she was ambitious to excel in conversation. 'My confessor,' she wrote in 1669, 'has ordered me to be dull in company to mortify the passion he detects in me of wishing to please by my understanding.' I obey ; but as I yawn, and make others

others yawn, I am sometimes ready to give up devotion.' The mistake of Louis XIV. was to imagine that her conversation was affected and pedantic. On the contrary, she had an extreme dislike of learned ladies, 'who,' she said, 'were never learned but by halves, and that the little they knew rendered them commonly proud, disdainful, talkative, and averse to solid things.' She taught orthography—then much neglected by the best educated persons—to her pupils at Saint Cyr, but cautioned them against attempting to attain to perfect correctness, lest it should wear the appearance of pretension. Her rule for style was to avoid circumlocution and far-fetched phrases, and her practice was in accordance with her theory. All her letters are remarkable for simplicity. The Duc de Saint Simon, notwithstanding his hostility to her, admits that 'her language was well chosen and naturally eloquent and concise.' The effect, he adds, was aided by an 'incomparable grace, and an easy and yet respectful manner.' Madame de Sévigné, who had been much in her society, says that it was 'truly delicious.'

Thus Louis only needed to be better acquainted with her to be disabused of his prejudices; and she of necessity came more in contact with him when the three children of whom she had charge were legitimated in 1673, and appeared openly at court. An event occurred in 1675 which enabled her to improve her position. Both Louis XIV. and his mistress were frequently visited by religious scruples. Madame de Montespan was accustomed to fast so rigorously in Lent, that her pittance of bread was doled out to her by weight; and, on the Duchess d'Uzès expressing her astonishment, she exclaimed, 'What! because I commit one sin, am I to commit every other?' When Passion-week arrived, she and the King were equally struck with remorse, and they agreed to a separation. After an absence of some months, the question was mooted whether she should return to the court, and Bossuet, with incredible weakness, advised the step. To avoid the awkwardness of exchanging their first greetings in public it was settled that she should have a preliminary meeting with the King, and to obviate the scandal of an entirely private interview, it was arranged that it should take place in the presence of a few selected witnesses. The penitents soon withdrew into a window-recess, and talked in whispers. The old passion was instantly revived. 'They made,' says Madame de Caylus, 'a profound bow to the company, and passed into another room. The Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Toulouse were the result.' But though Madame de Montespan resumed her old position, she never recovered her former influence. In the absence of the mistress the King had had recourse

recourse to the friend, who gained an ascendant which she kept to the last. ‘She is more triumphant than ever,’ says Madame de Sévigné, May 6th, 1676. ‘Everything is submitted to her empire.’

On the return of Madame de Montespan, the quarrels were renewed with greater violence than before. The discovery of the increased consideration accorded to the *gouvernante* was not likely to alleviate former jealousies. The King himself was made a party to their disputes; and he sometimes defended the mistress to the friend, but with the tone of a man who was apologising for the one who was in the wrong to the one who was in the right. These very bickerings must have assisted the growing favour of Madame de Maintenon. When her calm, equable, conciliating temper was contrasted with the wayward impetuosity and grasping disposition of Madame de Montespan, she must have appeared an Angel by the side of a Fury. A contemporary bishop said that her triumph was the victory of the spirit of goodness over the spirit of evil. With the view, as some conjecture, of withdrawing Louis from the society of the friend, the old mistress introduced a new candidate for his affection in the person of Mlle. Fontanges, a beautiful, weak, and insipid woman. The device failed, and Madame de Montespan endangered her own position without shaking for an instant the supremacy of her rival. She accused her one day of aspiring herself to be the mistress of the King. ‘He would then,’ said Madame de Maintenon, ‘have three.’ ‘He has three,’ replied the other; ‘me in name, that girl (Mlle. Fontanges) in fact, and you have his heart.’ Other schemes were tried with no better success. The old Duke de Villars was set to demand her in marriage; but she simply answered, that she had troubles enough without seeking them in a state which was the misery of three-fourths of the human race. An intrigue to destroy her credit with the King, and of which the particulars are unknown, was aided by the powerful talents of Louvois and Rochefoucauld, but it had no result. Worn out with the turmoil, Madame de Maintenon continued to talk of retiring, but never went. Weary work as it might be to walk the dull, uneasy, daily round, it was yet for her a magic circle of which she found it impossible to break the bounds.

The Dauphin was married in January, 1680, and Madame de Maintenon was appointed one of the tire-women of the Dauphiness. This lady had a profusion of hair, and Madame de Maintenon was the only person who could comb it without giving pain to her royal mistress. ‘You would hardly believe,’ she used to say, ‘how much a talent for combing heads contri-

buted to my elevation.' But the talent was general. With her rage for pleasing, whatever was to be done she was always the volunteer who stood forward to do it. Her new office removed her from her painful domestic contact with Madame de Montespan. They met in public, talked with vivacity, and to those who only judged by appearances seemed excellent friends. Yet the grudge and the jealousy were in no degree lessened by this outward truce. Once when they had to make a journey in the same carriage, Madame de Montespan said, as she seated herself, 'Let us talk as if there were no difference between us, but on condition that we resume our disputes when we return.' In both respects they kept to the bargain.

The release from the tempestuous humours of Madame de Montespan was coincident with fresh proofs of the partiality of the King. 'I hear,' writes Madame de Sévigné, in June, 1680, 'that the conversations of his Majesty with Madame de Maintenon only grow and flourish, that they last from six to ten, that his daughter-in-law sometimes pays them a short visit, that she finds them each in a great chair, and that when the visit is over they resume the thread of their discourse. The lady is no longer approached except with fear and respect, and the ministers pay the same court to her that others do to them.' 'As I have often said,' Madame de Sévigné remarks a month later, 'she has made him acquainted with a new country—I mean the commerce of friendship, and of conversation without duplicity or constraint.' This is doubtless the true explanation of the singular charm which she exercised over him. His ministers talked to him of business, his courtiers uttered insipidities, all alike overwhelmed him with flattery, and the greater part had some interest to promote. His mistresses, who alone could venture to be familiar with him, owed their privilege to a passion which deprived them of his respect. But Madame de Maintenon united perfect ease to steady principle—treated him as a man without offending the pride of the monarch; brought into prominence the moral part of his nature; and spoke to him of his feelings, his faults, and his trials, with the intelligence of a confessor and the winning gentleness of a woman. Picture a sovereign worn out with state affairs, intrigues, and ceremonies, possessed of a confidante who was always the same—always calm, always rational, equally capable to instruct and to soothe him; never divulging any secret to show the trust that was reposed in her; never presuming upon her power, or allowing any selfish motive to transpire, and there needs nothing more to explain why Louis XIV. should have sought the society of Madame de Maintenon, and should be found sitting with her daily in 1680 from six to ten.

The

The Queen encouraged the intimacy. When any insinuations were made to the disadvantage of the friend she was accustomed to reply, ‘The King has never been so kind to me as since he listens to her; I owe his affection to her influence.’ The change she had wrought in alienating Louis XIV. from his mistresses, and restoring him to the society of his wife, is described by Madame de Maintenon herself in a letter dated November, 1682. ‘The royal family live in a union which is most edifying. The King converses for whole hours with the Queen. The present she has made me of her portrait is the most agreeable circumstance which has happened to me since I have been at Court: it is to my mind an infinite distinction. Madame de Montespan has never had anything similar.’ Some one, pointing at the Court of Henry IV. to the Marchioness de Guercheville, who had been made a lady-in-waiting to the Queen, said to Malherbe, ‘See what virtue has done;’ to which Malherbe replied, in pointing to Madame de Luynes, who had been elevated still higher, ‘See what vice has done.’ The exultation of Madame de Maintenon was not only the exclamation of personal triumph, but a mode of expressing that this time virtue had received a tribute which was not accorded to vice.

A few months after the Queen had given this testimony of her gratitude she expired in the arms of Madame de Maintenon, July 30, 1683. Louis XIV. was affected by her death, but his sorrow was neither excessive nor prolonged. When the eldest of his children by Madame de Montespan died at the age of three, and the King observed the distress of her who had been the real mother of the infant in everything except bringing it into the world, surprised, perhaps, to witness grief for a being so young, he exclaimed, ‘She knows how to love; there would be some pleasure in being loved by her.’ Now he appeared to have no satisfaction in witnessing the emotions which testified regard for the departed. Four days after the death of the Queen, Madame de Maintenon, in her quality of attendant on the Dauphiness, joined the King at St. Cloud, when they all set out for Fontainebleau. The friend appeared with an air of deep affliction, and Louis XIV. rallied her upon her grief, and made it the subject of some pleasantries! There was a Madame Hérault, who lost her husband, and the Marshal de Grammont assumed a mournful countenance as a mark of condolence. ‘Alas!’ said the widow, ‘the poor man has done well to die.’ ‘Is that the way you take it?’ replied the Marshal. ‘By my faith then I care no more than you.’ ‘I will not swear,’ says Madame de Caylus, in relating the conduct of Louis XIV., ‘that Madame

de Maintenon did not answer him inwardly as the Marshal de Grammont answered Madame Héault.'

It is probable that the King had already notions in his mind which were not in keeping with the mourning countenance of Madame de Maintenon. Madame de Caylus, who was one of the party, relates that the favour of her aunt rose to its highest point during the sojourn at Fontainebleau, that she seemed violently torn by hopes and fears, and that at last her agitation was succeeded by a calm. The niece plainly intimates her belief that it was then that the marriage was agreed upon; but the ceremony is supposed not to have taken place till 1685, though M. Lavallée believes that it was performed in 1684. A mystery envelopes the whole transaction. Neither Louis XIV. nor Madame de Maintenon were ever known to speak of it, and the other persons who were privy to the proceeding were no less secret than the principals. There is an allusion to it in two letters of the bishop of Chartres, the director of Madame de Maintenon—one addressed to herself, the other to the King—but these were never intended to see the light. It is asserted by Saint-Simon, that the archbishop of Paris, who is supposed to have performed the ceremony, joined with Louvois in extorting a promise from their royal master, that he would not divulge a secret which they considered would dishonour him in the eyes of his subjects. Twice Madame de Maintenon is affirmed to have nearly won him over to declare the marriage. On the first occasion Louvois detected the design, and remonstrated with the King, who was about to retire to avoid his importunities. The minister threw himself on his knees, seized his Majesty by the legs to retain him, and presenting him with a sword, begged to be killed on the spot rather than survive to see his sovereign disgrace his crown, and die of confusion and regret. It is Saint-Simon who relates and applauds this tragic-comic story, which we suspect to be apocryphal. On the second occasion Louis XIV., he says, consulted Bossuet and Fénelon, who again dissuaded him from executing his design. During the life of the King it was convenient that the marriage should be tacitly acknowledged without being formally proclaimed. It prevented a thousand embarrassments and mortifications which would have arisen if the widow of Scarron had been installed as Queen. But what could be the motive of Madame de Maintenon for destroying all the documents and letters which would reveal the fact to posterity? If she believed the marriage to be already notorious, the precaution was useless; and if she thought to render it doubtful, was she content to leave it a disputed point in history as to whether she was his mistress

mistress or his wife? Louis XIV. could hardly have been so unmanly as to exact a pledge which might imperil her permanent fame ; and if he did, it is a blot upon her reputation that she should have stooped to such terms.

At the death of the Queen Louis XIV. was forty-five years of age, and Madame de Maintenon forty-eight. Her influence over the King was already fully established ; but, at her time of life, and with the notions of that period of the impassable gulf which separated the sovereign from his subjects, it is altogether unlikely that the notion of a marriage had ever entered her mind. Without adopting the language of Saint-Simon, who said that posterity would refuse to believe in the possibility of such a union, and who calls it ‘the profoundest, the most durable and unheard of humiliation,’ there was yet no one in France who would have supposed for an instant that sober esteem for a widow of forty-eight could have triumphed over the pride of the haughtiest of princes. The first thought, as the first suggestion of the project, came therefore, we doubt not, from Louis himself. As little can we doubt that she was dazzled by the offer, and, however she may have coquetted with it, that she secretly closed with it on the instant. Her original ambition was to convert the monarch. ‘When I began to see,’ she said at Saint-Cyr, ‘that it would not, perhaps, be impossible to contribute to the salvation of the King, I began also to be convinced that God had conducted me to the court for that purpose, and to this I limited all my views.’ She never abandoned the mission, though the dreams in which she had probably indulged—of making one of the most ambitious, worldly, and vainglorious sovereigns the model of a Christian prince—must have been quickly abated. Her sustained efforts to turn him to religion have brought upon her with posterity the odium of that famous and impolitic act of his reign—which took place in October, 1685, about the period of the marriage—the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The popular notion, as we have already stated, is, that Louis, old, weak-minded, and superstitious, was frightened by the bigotry of Madame de Maintenon into measures of persecution of which he would never otherwise have thought. Nothing can be more erroneous than every portion of this prevailing conception.

The King had been brought up by his mother, Anne of Austria, in the strictest notions of Spanish orthodoxy. He was punctilious in the performance of the rites of the church, ‘and would never fail,’ says Madame de Maintenon, ‘to observe a fast, but he could not comprehend that it was necessary to repent, and to love God instead of to fear him.’ She mentioned as an additional trait of his character that he thought he expiated his own faults

faults by being inexorable on those of others, which agrees with the description of Saint-Simon—that he believed himself an apostle because he persecuted the Jansenists. Not only did he look upon Protestantism as heretical, but he also regarded it as an act of rebellion against authority, offending equally his monarchical and his religious notions. Urged by this double motive he was barely twenty-four when he began to sanction numerous laws and measures for the restriction of the privileges which had been granted to the Huguenots. In 1662 an *Arrêt du Conseil* was issued, forbidding the burial of any person of the reformed religion, except at nightfall or daybreak. This was followed, up to the year 1671, by a variety of *arrêts*, prohibiting artisans from belonging to corporations unless converted ; Protestant tradespeople from having apprentices ; schoolmasters from teaching children anything beyond the first rudiments of knowledge ; and ordaining that not more than twelve persons should meet together for the purposes of worship.

In 1665 the report was for the first time circulated that the *Edict of Nantes* was to be revoked. On the 3rd of March of this year, Guy Patin, in a letter, expresses himself thus :—‘ It is said that to destroy the Huguenots the King is about to abolish the *Edit de Nantes* ;’ and a confirmation of this assertion is found in a memorial presented a century later to Louis XVI. by M. de Breteuil, in which he says,—‘ I have perused all the documents concerning them (the Protestants), *from the first project presented in 1669 for the Repeal of the Edict of Nantes* down to the Declaration of 1724.’ For some years a sort of lull may be noticed in the active measures of the Government, and religious controversy occupies the place of harsher tendencies ; but after the peace of Nymwegen, in 1678, the desire for Catholic unity again manifests itself with every mark of persistency and strong resolve. In 1679 the law was promulgated which condemned to banishment and confiscation of property every converted Catholic who returned to the reformed tenets ; and in the same year the mixed parliaments were suppressed. From 1679 to the close of 1680 numerous stringent measures were adopted, a few of which we will specify :—10th October, 1679, destruction of the Protestant church of St. Hyppolytus, and of several places of worship, under pretence of *contravention* to the law : 20th February, 1679, order that no Huguenot woman should exercise the profession of a midwife : 11th April, 1679, no tax-gatherer to be other than a Catholic : 18th November, 1680, a measure whereby every Catholic should have three years allowed him for the payment of his debts : statutes enacting that no Protestant minister should preach outside his own doors on the days when the bishop made his

his pastoral visit in any town or village ; that no Catholic should, under pain of exile, become a Protestant, or marry a Protestant wife ; that magistrates should be empowered to enter the dwellings of all who professed the reformed faith at the hour of death, and ascertain whether they were not willing to be converted to the Romish creed. More than twenty prohibitive edicts were issued between 1680 and 1684, whereby it was decreed, amongst other things, that no Huguenot should be a lawyer, doctor, apothecary, printer, or grocer. The manifest effect of these provisions was to close door after door against Protestantism, until the little that survived these rigorous enactments might be safely excluded the kingdom. The *Revocation*, when we examine all that preceded it, is thus nothing more than the inevitable supplement of what had been in progress for years. Now, whilst undertaking this indefatigable war against the Protestants, Louis XIV., who was only forty-two in 1680, was neither old nor devoted to Madame de Maintenon. He could require no persuasion to continue measures which he had long carried on of his own accord, and which were entirely in harmony with his natural temperament. He had the further motive to this course, that great as is the odium which now attaches to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it was then an eminently popular measure in France. Madame de Sévigné, Bussy-Rabutin, Mlle. de Scudery, La Fontaine, Arnauld, La Bruyère—every writer of the day, Saint-Simon excepted—applauds the suicidal step. The lower orders were as much more delighted than the instructed, as they were more ignorant and bigoted. Madame de Maintenon was carried along in the outermost and gentler currents of the vortex ; but she was so far from creating it, that all her natural tendencies were to tolerance and persuasion.

‘ I have received,’ she says, in a letter to her brother, Charles d’Aubigné, ‘ complaints against you which do not do you honour. You ill-treat the Huguenots, and seek the means and provoke the opportunities of doing so. That is not the conduct of a gentleman. Take pity on persons more unhappy than blameable ; they are at this moment plunged in an error—we were plunged in ourselves, and which no violence would ever have induced us to renounce. Henri IV. held the same faith, as well as many other great princes : do not, therefore, torment them. Men must be allured by gentleness and charity. We have our example in Jesus Christ, and I assure you these are the intentions of the King. Your business is to obey : that of making converts belongs to the bishops and priests, who must labour by instruction and by example. Neither God nor the King has given any souls into your keeping ; therefore sanctify your own, and be severe for yourself alone ! ’

The King sometimes reproached her with her want of zeal, and endeavoured

endeavoured in vain to induce her to send away her Huguenot servants :—

‘ I had several,’ she says, in one of her *Entretiens* at St. Cyr, ‘ and I tried by the most effectual methods I could devise to lead them back into the right road; but I never hurried them to abjure their error. On the contrary, I often proposed to them that they should attend the sermons of their ministers. The King wanted me to *force* them back into the bosom of the church ; but I always answered, “ Leave me free upon that point. I know what I am about ; pray let me be the mistress of my servants.” My conduct has hitherto been crowned with success.’

It was represented to the King that having been originally a Calvinist she retained much of the old leaven. He imbibed the idea, and said to her, ‘ I fear that the leniency you recommend to be shown to the Huguenots is prompted by some remains of attachment to your old religion.’ This, she states, compelled her to approve of much which inwardly she condemned. She professed that she groaned over the hardships inflicted on the reformers, but that if she intimated the least dissent she was accused of being a Protestant, and all the good she might be able to accomplish would be effectually stopped. It is here that we catch sight of the other side of the picture. Inflexible in many of her principles of right and wrong, her ardent desire to stand well with everybody, and especially with the King, made her pliant and temporising. When Louis XIV. persevered in frowning upon her friends or her opinions, she usually ended by adopting his views. Thus her continual declarations ‘ that the Protestants should be converted but not persecuted,’ did not prevent her from applauding, and cordially seconding, one of the most odious of the tyrannical measures in vogue—the carrying off children from their mothers to train them up in the Roman Catholic religion. She herself got her relation, the Marquis de Villette, dispatched upon a long sea voyage, that she might wean his sons and daughter in his absence from the faith of their father. The daughter, afterwards Madame de Caylus, relates that she was won by the promise that she should never be whipped, and that she should go every day to the Royal Chapel to mass, which she thought a beautiful spectacle. The treachery by which Madame de Maintenon possessed herself of the girl, and the motives by which she induced her to change her religion, are worthy of each other. The Marquis was indignant on his return ; but in vain he demanded that his children should be restored to him. He ended by becoming a Catholic himself ; and when the King spoke to him of his conversion, ‘ he answered too drily,’ says Madame de Caylus, ‘ that it was the only occasion of his life in which it had not been his object to please his Majesty.’ To us it seems that

he answered like a consummate courtier. ‘I do not ask you,’ the King used to say to the Protestants about him, ‘to abandon your faith, but for the love of me hear those that preach the Catholic truth.’ ‘It was rarely the case,’ remarks Madame de Maintenon, with wonderful *naïvete*, ‘that they were not convinced.’ The Marquis de Villette had sense enough to know that if the constraining power was in the request of the King, it was necessary to ascribe the conquest to the force of Catholic truth.

In the mean time, indefatigable as was Louis XIV. in putting down schism, he did not improve much in personal piety. Ten years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Madame de Maintenon gives this account, in a letter to the Cardinal de Noailles (1695), of the little progress she had made in the grand undertaking of her life :—

‘ I have so great a desire to describe to you the *enigmatical man* whom Divine Providence has, I believe, intrusted to our care, that I always forget a thousand details. To give the name of “*conversation*” to what passed between the King and me would be to miscall it entirely, for I could not extract from him a single word. I related to him something touching Saint Augustine, to which he listened with apparent pleasure. Upon that I distinctly told him I marvelled that he never wished we should read together works which whilst they instructed would interest him; I said it was a duty, but that probably the Père la Chaise (the King’s confessor) was opposed to it. His answer was, “I never speak to him of it; on the contrary, he proposes it to me.” I rejoined that I was the more astonished, as I had once seen him desirous of reading some passages of M. de Fénelon with me, and, after a prayer offered up together, had known him sufficiently impressed to make a general confession, but that, in four-and-twenty hours, all was over, and I had not since heard a word of religion from his lips. The only reason he vouchsafed me was this: “I am not of a persistent disposition” (*je ne suis pas un homme de suite*), meaning that his taste did not lead him to do the same thing long. The King, as you know, never says what is not true, therefore it certainly is *not* the Père la Chaise who dissuades him from the pious intercourse and community of prayer that I desire to have with him, and for which, indeed, I consented to give myself to him. But, that being the case, what are we to conclude? I can imagine no other influence. Remains then the fact that the King is afraid lest I should speak to him of his duty, and that he flies the light! If that is really so, what a misfortune!’

It is a remarkable instance of the kingly pride in which he had been nurtured, and of the difficulty he found in comprehending the barest rudiments of religion, that Madame de Maintenon states that he was shocked to be told that Jesus Christ spoke the language of the humble and the poor.

Of the general influence of Madame de Maintenon with the King, and the mode in which she exercised it, the Duke de Saint-Simon has drawn a vivid picture. Louis XIV. dreaded the imputation of being governed, and against no one was he more on his guard than his wife, just because she was commonly suspected of governing him. If any of his ministers appeared to favour her dependants, the jealousy of the monarch was immediately alarmed, and he would say sarcastically, ‘Such a one is a good courtier, it is no fault of his that he has not served such another, on account of his being the relation or friend of Madame de Maintenon.’ These rebuffs, Saint-Simon avers, rendered her extremely cautious and timid. Whatever requests were made to her, she affected never to interfere in public affairs or to ask any favour, but she did not the less obtain by craft what would have been denied to plain-dealing. She and the ministers entered into a league to support each other and to outwit the King. If she met with an inflexible and rebellious functionary, she had the art of gradually undermining his credit until a more supple instrument was appointed in his stead. The King transacted much of his business in her apartment, but she read or worked, appeared to take no interest in the proceedings, and rarely uttered a word. Her reliance was on the minister, with whom she had previously concerted everything. He showed the sovereign the list of candidates for places, and, if Louis did not select the person they wished, the minister would call his attention to other names, dwell on the advantages or disadvantages of each, perplex his mind with contending considerations, and drive him in his embarrassment to appeal to Madame de Maintenon. She in turn would plead incapacity, would commend first one and then another, and would at last contrive with an elaborate show of impartiality to give the preference to her adopted candidate. By these and similar artifices she disposed of nearly the whole of the preferment in France—‘had men, affairs, justice, favours, religion, all without exception in her hands, and the King and the state her victims.’

Such is the account of Saint-Simon, a writer as caustic as graphic, and who, being a great idolater of rank and long descent, was especially envenomed against the widow of Scarron for having presumed to marry Louis XIV. Such elaborate hypocrisy, such sustained deceit, is opposed to all the actions, professions, and writings of Madame de Maintenon, and every person who has studied her history in recent times has arrived at the conclusion that the narrative is inspired by malice and prejudice. There is every appearance that she spoke the truth when she declared that she had neither aptitude nor liking for
state

state 'affairs, and that even had it been otherwise, her direct interference was too much resented to permit her to do more than influence her husband through general maxims. That she may sometimes have solicited the interposition of the minister is extremely probable ; the rest is the inference of an enemy who interprets her conduct by the evil dispositions he is persuaded she possessed. Of all the lessons she impressed on the pupils at Saint-Cyr, there was none upon which she dwelt more emphatically than the duty 'of simplicity, or that of being sincere, frank, and the enemy of the least duplicity.' This was urged so frequently, that she complained at last that it had grown to be a jest among the girls, who would say 'Out of simplicity I take the best place, out of simplicity I praise myself.'

She was no hypocrite in anything. Her master foible was of another kind. From first to last she rises superior to all pretence, and strives invariably to be, not to seem to be, praiseworthy ; but at the same time she would have been dissatisfied that what she was should have remained unknown. Vanity, as we have seen, was the ruling principle of her conduct ; and much of the merit, and nearly all the pleasure of virtue, would have been lost in her estimation, if it had not been accompanied by renown. Most writers have vaunted her piety ; her writings, her conversation, her practice, were a perpetual testimony to it, and her notions upon the subject were excellent in the main ; but though we believe her to have been a good Christian, and to have tried sincerely to make herself a better one every day, it is in the intense and incessant desire to secure 'golden opinions,' and not in religion, that the *mobile* of her conduct will be found. She flattered herself that the wish to please men had been supplanted by the determination to think of nothing except pleasing God. Yet it is easy to be self-deceived as to motives, and her original frailty is for ever peeping out. ' You delight,' said Fénelon, ' to support your prosperity with moderation, from a feeling of blamable vainglory, and because you like to show that by your character you rise superior even to your position.' Her cousin Madame de Villette expressed sharply the same truth : ' You are determined to be renowned for your unparalleled moderation, and you make your family the victims of your passion for praise.' Her brother, Charles d'Aubigné, was a case in point. He applied to her again and again for preferment, honours, or money ; and though she at length obtained him a gratuity, she was careful to impress upon him what pain it had cost her to make the request. She herself was indifferent to such things, but it was because her passion for praise was stronger than her passion for wealth. ' I despised riches,' she observed of her earlier days, and

and it was equally true of her later ; ‘ I was elevated a thousand miles above considerations of interest ; I wanted honour only.’ The craving for the homage which disinterestedness brings made it a necessity to divulge her acts of self-denial. ‘ You will scold me,’ she remarked to Mlle. d’Aumale, as they drove to St. Cyr, ‘ and say I am very wrong ! Yesterday I might have had a hundred thousand francs a year, for the King spoke to me upon my position, and in a most pressing manner.’ ‘ Well, Madame, and what did you do ? ’ ‘ Nothing,’ replied Madame de Maintenon. ‘ I told the King not to trouble himself about me. If I had chosen, it is certain he would have contrived to benefit me largely ; but in so doing he would have annoyed and tormented himself, and that is not my business about him.’ In the same spirit, when in 1684 she had declined what was thought a very dignified office, she asked her niece, Madame de Caylus, who was then a little girl, ‘ Would you rather be the niece of Madame la Dauphine’s *dame d’honneur* than the niece of the person *who refuses to be so* ? ’ ‘ I replied without hesitating,’ says Madame de Caylus, ‘ that she who refused seemed to me infinitely superior to her who should accept. Madame de Maintenon, charmed with my reply, embraced me tenderly.’ She has well said of herself that she did right actions from a wrong motive, and that all her other passions were sacrificed to this hunger for esteem.

‘ Who knows,’ said one day this ‘ admired of all admirers,’ to whom incense was the breath of life, ‘ whether I am not punished by the excess of my prosperity ? Who knows whether, rightly interpreted, the language of Providence to me is not this : “ You have desired praise and glory—you shall have them to satiety.” ’ Weariness both physical and mental spread itself over her existence like a pall. ‘ Before I came to the Court,’ she said, ‘ at thirty-two I had never known what ennui was, but I have tasted enough of it since, and believe it would be insupportable if I did not believe that it was the will of God.’ Being in the place of a queen, she complained that she had not the liberty of a petty tradesman, and the description she has left of her ordinary existence at Versailles is a pitiable picture of

‘ Greetings where no kindness is, and all
The dreary intercourse of daily life.’

‘ I must take for my prayers and for mass the time when every one else is asleep, because, when once they have begun to visit me, I have no longer an instant to myself. M. Maréchal, the King’s surgeon, comes at half-past seven ; then M. Fagon, who is followed by M. Blouin, governor of Versailles, or of some one who sends to inquire how I am ; then M. Chamillard, or some minister—the archbishop—a general who is going to the army—and a number of others in succession, who only leave

leave me when the arrival of their superiors obliges them to withdraw. When the King enters, they must all go : he remains with me until he goes to mass. Observe that I am still in my night-dress ; for, had I dressed myself, I should not have had time to say my prayers. My chamber is like a church—the comings and goings are perpetual. The King returns after mass ; then comes the Duchess de Bourgogne, with her ladies, who remain while I dine. I am not then without anxiety, because I am watching to see if the Duchess behaves well to her husband when he is there, or that she does nothing unseemly. I endeavour to make her say something obliging to this person and that ; conversation must be kept up, and the company must be blended together. If an indiscreet word is spoken, I feel deeply for those whom it concerns, and I am uneasy as to how the observations of certain persons will be taken. In short, it is a stretch of mind that nothing can equal. The whole circle is round me, and I cannot even ask for drink. I say to them sometimes, " You do me much honour ; but I want a servant." Upon this all hasten to wait upon me, which is another species of embarrassment and importunity. At last they all go to dinner, and I should then be at liberty, if the Dauphin, who often dines early, to go out hunting, did not take this opportunity to visit me. He is very difficult to talk to ; as he says but little, I am obliged to furnish the conversation, and pay, as they say, in my own person. As soon as the King has dined, he comes back to my room with all the royal family, princes and princesses, and amuses himself there for half an hour ; then he departs, and the rest remain. I must still carry on the conversation, while my mind is full of cares as to what is passing at the army, where thousands are perishing, sometimes in the siege of a town, sometimes in a battle, and the mass of bad news which arrives every day on that and a thousand other matters puts a load upon my heart which weighs me down, and which I must conceal beneath a gay and smiling air. When the assembly breaks up, some ladies have always to speak to me in private, and take me into my little chamber to tell me their sorrows ; and this is done as much by those who do not like me, as by those who do. I am expected to serve them, and speak for them to the King. The Duchess de Bourgogne, also, often desires to converse with me *tête-à-tête*, so that God permits that the old lady should become the object of attention to everyone. They all address themselves to me ; they wish everything to pass through me, and He does me the service never to permit me to see my condition under its dazzling, but always under its painful aspect. When the King returns from hunting, he comes to me ; the door is shut and no one is admitted. Then I must share his cares and secret distresses, which are not few in number. Some minister arrives who often brings bad news ; the King sets to work, and if my presence is not wanted at the consultation, which is rare, I retire to a little distance, when I commonly say my prayers, for fear of not finding any other time. I sup while the King is still writing ; but I am anxious, whether he is alone or not. I am under constraint, as you see, from six o'clock in the morning, and am very weary. The King sometimes perceives it and says, " You are worn out, Madame—are you not ? Go to bed." I do so ; my women

come to me, but I see that they constrain the King, who puts a check upon himself not to talk while they are present; or there is still some minister, and he is afraid that the conversation will be heard, insomuch that I make such haste that I am frequently inconvenienced by it. At last I am in my bed—I dismiss my women—the King comes to my bedside and remains until he goes to supper; and a quarter of an hour before supper the Dauphin and Duchess de Bourgogne arrive. At ten, or a quarter past, everybody is gone; then I am alone, but the fatigues of the day often prevent my sleeping.'

Mlle. d'Aumale, who lived with her at Court, states that she often exclaimed with a sigh as her curtains were drawn, 'I can say nothing more than that I am utterly exhausted.' It is evident, however, from her own narrative of her day, that all the weariness she felt was not inherent in the situation, and that much of it grew out of the laborious effort to please everybody, instead of allowing to herself and others a little of that careless freedom which is the charm of society. The real part she played at Court, and which she had chosen for herself, is here disclosed; but to a woman of intelligence these days of tedious ceremonials, in which the mind was always being exerted without ever being interested, must at best have been vanity and vexation. A number of minute annoyances increased the discomfort. The King was inordinately selfish in his personal habits, and made everything bend to his will. However ill she might be, she had to accompany him in his journeys, and she went once to Fontainebleau when she was in a state that made it doubtful whether she would not die on the road. If she had headache, fever, or any other malady, her ears were still stunned with music, and a hundred lights flared in her eyes. She dreaded air, and the King could never have too much of it. He would come into her chamber when she was ill, and in a profuse perspiration from the remedies she had taken, and throw open all the windows in spite of the rawness of the night. His notions of good taste were another cause of this exposure. 'He thinks of nothing,' she wrote, 'except grandeur, magnificence, and symmetry. He prefers to endure all the draughts from the doors, in order that they may be opposite one another. At Fontainebleau I have a beautiful apartment, which is equally exposed to heat and cold, having a window the size of the largest arcade, without sash or shutters, because they would be an offence against symmetry. Do not suppose that I can put a screen before my great window; you must not arrange your room as you like, when the King visits it every day, but you must perish in symmetry.'

Louis XIV. died on the 1st of September, 1715. For thirty years, dating only from her marriage, had Madame de Maintenon led

led this dreary existence. The gloom deepened with time, the task became more arduous with age. The latter half of the long reign of the King was as disastrous as the former had been prosperous. His armies were routed, his finances were disordered, and, at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, a famine came to aggravate the distress. He showed a brave front in the midst of his perils, and the insolent pride of his earlier years was turned to dignified self-possession ; but, business transacted, his only resources were fêtes, journeys, and all the frivolities which lose their zest with time and sorrow, and upon the ‘old lady’ devolved the burthen of entertaining him. ‘What a punishment,’ she exclaimed, ‘to have to amuse a man who is no longer amusable !’ ‘I have seen her,’ says Mlle. d’Aumale, ‘weary, sad, and sick, divert the King by a thousand inventions for four hours together without repetition, yawning, or slander.’ But the interview over, she sunk exhausted with the effort.

When the King was seized with his mortal sickness Madame de Maintenon was eighty years old. Still she watched at his dying bed, and continued her religious exhortations. He three times bid her farewell.

‘The first occasion,’ she said, ‘he told me that his only regret was to leave me, but that we should shortly meet again. I begged him to think of nothing except God. The second time he asked my pardon for not having lived as kindly as he ought with me, that he had not made me happy, but that he had always loved and esteemed me. He wept, and asked if any one was present. I answered “No ;” and he said, “If it was known that I was thus moved on^o your account, no one would be surprised.” I went away for fear of doing him harm. The third time he said, “What will become of you ? for you have nothing.” I answered, “I am nothing ; think only of God,” and left him. When I had gone two steps I thought, in the uncertainty of the treatment I should receive from the Princes, that I ought to ask him to beg the Duke of Orleans to have some consideration for me. He did it in the way in which the Prince stated on the spot. “My nephew, I recommend Madame de Maintenon to you ; you know the consideration and esteem I have had for her ; she has given me good advice ; I should have done well to follow it ; she has been useful to me in everything, but, above all, for my salvation. Do everything she asks you for her relations, her friends, her allies ; she will not abuse the privilege. Let her address herself directly to you for everything she wants.”’

With all her opportunities she had amassed no money. She gave as fast as she received ; and in the brevet of the pension of 48,000 livres a year, which was granted her by the Regent Orleans, it is stated ‘that it was rendered necessary by her rare disinterestedness.’

About the time of her marriage with the King she induced him

him to found at Saint-Cyr, a village in the neighbourhood of Versailles, an establishment for the education of the daughters of the poor nobility. This princely institution, which contained 250 girls, was the delight of her sombre life. There were few days that she did not visit it, and all her leisure hours were spent in assisting in the management of the house, and the instruction of the governesses and the pupils. Here she had all that homage and honour for which she panted without their attendant inconvenience. When Louis became insensible, she immediately withdrew to this sanctuary. On the news of his death arriving at Saint-Cyr, one of the ladies announced it to her by saying, ‘Madam, all the house is at prayers in the choir;’ the widow raised her hands to heaven, and, weeping, went to join the congregation. In a letter, dated from her retreat, ten days after her husband had expired, she says, ‘I have seen the King die like a saint and a hero; I have quitted the world which I disliked; I am in the most agreeable retirement I can desire.’ The want of tenderness which she seems to have inherited from her mother, and which, with all her amiability, was a marked trait in her character, is conspicuous in the scene with the dying King, where his tears, his affectionate speeches, and his acknowledgment of his errors towards her, are only answered by the cold and laconic admonition to think of nothing but God. Her premature departure before the scene had closed has been much condemned, and it must be considered a proof that there was no sentiment of the heart to retain her the moment her duty was discharged. The same unimpassioned temperament is apparent in her letter. The ‘saint and hero,’ the ‘grand monarque,’ the husband of thirty years, is less to her ten days after his death than the feeling that at length she is released from her bondage, and breathes freely at Saint-Cyr. But it is late to begin to enjoy oneself at eighty years of age, and other cares pursued her in her retreat, and disturbed her peace.

On the 10th of June, 1717, she was visited by Peter the Great, who had expressed a desire to see her. He sat down by her bed-side, and asked her if she was ill. On her answering, ‘Yes,’ he inquired what was her malady, and she replied, ‘Extreme old age.’ He had the curtain drawn back that he might get a view of her face, and, having nothing more momentous to say to the widow of Louis XIV., who had lived so long and strange a life, and witnessed so many and such interesting events, he immediately withdrew. The malady of old age is one of which the symptoms make daily progress, and on the 15th of August, 1719, having arrived at its height, she calmly breathed her last.

ART. IV.—1. *The Forester; a Practical Treatise on the Planting, Rearing, and General Management of Forest Trees.* By James Brown, Forester, Arniston. 2nd edition. Edinburgh, 1851.

2. *The Forest Trees of Britain.* By the Rev. C. A. Johns, B.A., F.L.S. London, 1847.

3. *A History of British Forest Trees, indigenous and introduced.* By Prideaux John Selby, F.L.S., M.W.S., &c. London.

4. *First and Second Reports of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, under the Act of the 14th and 15th Vict., cap. 42.* London, 1852-1853.

TREES have a legitimate claim to be considered under various aspects—as living monuments of the past—as essentials in the rural landscape—as subjects for the physiologist's examination and research—for their utility when reduced to timber—and as a source of profit to the landowner and planter. From the reverence paid by men of old to such trees as were known contemporaries of their forefathers, long passed away, was perhaps derived the actual adoration paid to woods and groves. What more natural than that the oak, under which Jacob hid the strange gods of his household, which, three hundred years afterwards, shadowed the memorial pillar set up by Joshua, and under which, two centuries later, the men of Shechem made Abimelech king—what more natural than that this tree should be invested first with a conscious individuality, and finally be worshipped as a sentient deity which had influenced the heroes themselves whose deeds it had witnessed? Schismatic worship once introduced, the transition to the yet more degrading schism of performing religious rites to idol gods under ‘every green tree and every thick oak’ was easy. ‘It is natural,’ says Evelyn, ‘for man to feel an awful and religious terror when placed in the centre of a thick wood; on which account, in all ages, such places have been chosen for the celebration of religious ceremonies.’ Thus, among the Greeks, the oaks of Dodona were the exponents of the will of Zeus; every grove had its Dryad, and every tree its Hamadryad. The German tribes acknowledged their deity present in the gloomy depths of their forests; and our own Yule-log is but a corruption of the Celtic Yaoul, the Saturn of the Druids, who themselves took their name from some form of *drys*—an oak.

Trees enter largely into the poetic imagery of ancient writers, both sacred and profane. Among the earliest allegories extant are those of the trees anointing a king (*Judges ix.*), and the marriage of the cedar and thistle (*2 Kings xiv.*); the palm-

tree and the willow are acknowledged emblems of the righteous, evergreens generally of God's providential care: the degradation of a mighty monarch is typified by the felling of a tree (Daniel iv.), and 'to leave neither root nor branch' is equivalent to utter extermination.

The classic writers, whether they were alive to the charms of landscape scenery or not, were certainly not insensible to the individual beauty of trees; and even the sensualist Horace considered the enjoyment of his luxurious picnics heightened if the feast were spread beneath poplars and pines.

There are utilitarians in the present age who would, no doubt, encourage, if it were possible, the growth of timber already squared and cut into a convenient length for railway sleepers; but, thank Heaven, no oaken beams fetch a good price in the market till they have for a hundred years borne aloft unmutilated boughs, clothed as of yore with foliage for which there has been discovered no *succedaneum*. To make serviceable spars trees must pass through the various stages of their existence, and furnish matter for the contemplation of poet, painter, and naturalist.

Arboriculture is a modern science, and, from its nature, can only exist in a country whose wants are artificial, and the natural condition of whose territories is encroached on by a superabundant population. As long as the forests supply wood for firing and timber for building in sufficient abundance, men do not think of planting; but when once the balance of demand and supply is destroyed, the necessity for a new occupation arises. Dismantled forests must be restored, or, if the land on which they stood has been directed to purely agricultural purposes, it is time to inquire whether tracts of country hitherto unprofitably occupied may not be made to grow timber; and if so, what kinds of trees will flourish best in certain soils. From this need springs up the occupation of the nurseryman, and with it a system of planting, sheltering, pruning, draining, thinning, and the other appliances of the forester.

As is the case with most of the sciences, experiments—against which the *cui bono* cry was raised by 'barren spectators'—led to results which were not contemplated by their authors. Exotic trees were introduced into England as mere objects of curiosity, and, outliving their foster-parents, proved that both soil and climate were well adapted to their growth. The sycamore, for instance, was in 1640 'nowhere found wild or natural in our land, but only planted in orchards or walkes for the shadowe's sake.' Fifty years earlier, Gerard says,—'The great maple is a stranger in England, only it groweth in the walkes and places of pleasure of noblemen, where it specially is planted for the shadowe'

shadowe sake, and under the name of sycamore-tree.' It is now, however, so completely naturalised, springing spontaneously in the wildest places, that few persons suspect its foreign origin, and, even in the work which stands first at the head of this article, it is reckoned a native of Britain by a professed forester. With this exception, Mr. James Brown seems to be correct in his list of British trees.

Practically, the question whether this or that tree is indigenous to Great Britain is not worth deciding. In the present high state of cultivation few forests are allowed to form themselves naturally. The subjects for inquiry are, which are the most useful timber-trees to plant in such situations as cannot profitably be occupied by cereals or green crops? which are the best adapted for renewing dismantled forests which it is intended to restore? which for coppice-woods and for hedge-rows? Provided that they accept our hospitality and fatten on our substance, it is immaterial whether they are natives or aliens. The trees which chiefly fill our artificial forests are oak, ash, English elm, wych-elm, beech, sycamore, chestnut, lime, horse-chestnut, cherry, willows, and poplars—all deciduous trees; the evergreen firs, namely Scotch pine, Norway spruce, silver fir, pinaster, Austrian pine, and the deciduous larch. To these must be added, holly, maple, thorn, mountain ash, hazel, alder, and yew—trees inferior in size to those in the first list, but still of considerable importance.

Of the oak there are two species, *Quercus Robur* or *pedunculata*, and *Q. sessiliflora*. The former has its leaves on very short footstalks, and its fruitstalks elongated; the leaves of the latter are on rather long footstalks, and the fruit is sessile. Much difference of opinion exists as to which species produces the best timber. Early writers on the subject claim the superiority for *Q. Robur*, or the 'old English oak' as they call it, on the ground that it is of more rapid growth, has a cleaner stem and fewer knots, is more durable, and contains a larger proportion of heart-wood than the *Q. sessiliflora*, or Durmast oak. The latter, however, both grows faster and is much more handsome. Some recent authors maintain, indeed, that it is the true English oak, and account for the fact that it is now less common than its rival by the supposition that our forefathers, well aware of its superiority, diminished the supply by their extensive use of it. Until lately it was believed that the beautiful carved roof, more than three hundred years old, of Westminster Hall was constructed of chestnut. Recent examination has, however, proved that it is composed entirely of Durmast oak. The foundation on which the stone piers of London Bridge were laid consisted

of huge piles of timber of the same species, which, when taken up, were found to be perfectly sound, though they must have stood for upwards of six hundred years. The principal difference apparent to the eye between the timber of the two species is, that *Q. Robur* is plentifully furnished with medullary rays, called by carpenters ‘silver grain,’ of which the *Q. sessiliflora* is almost entirely destitute; and as in this respect it resembles the chestnut, we can understand why the wood of the one should often have been mistaken for that of the other. Mr. Brown gives a decided preference to *Q. Robur*, and rests his opinion on the fact that it is more difficult to saw. If it can be proved, however, that there are in existence sound specimens of Durmaṣt oak which have lasted three hundred years, some under water and some above, we will overlook the fault of its being easily worked when fresh cut.

Among trees of the fir tribe the larch occupies the foremost place. Of this there are two varieties, the red and the white, of which the latter is generally cultivated, as it attains a much larger size than the red. Occupying in its native state the chasms and ravines on the north side of the mountains of central and southern Europe, and habituated to tempests and cold, it flourishes at a considerable elevation among the mountains even of North Britain, requiring no nursing, and producing the finest timber when most exposed. The excellence of its wood was well known to the ancients; Pliny dilates warmly on its strength and durability; Tiberius used it in the construction of the famous bridge to the Naumachia, and the Venetians employed it not only in the construction of their palaces but in naval architecture. In modern times its value was brought into notice by the father of the late Duke of Athol, on whose estate some trees were cut down and found superior to any other of the fir tribe. His successor planted between the years 1764 and 1826 upwards of 14,000,000 ~~feet~~ inches, occupying a space of 10,324 imperial acres, the greater part of the land being worth, as pasture, not more than from ninepence to one shilling per acre. An extravagant estimate has been made of the expected profits of this undertaking; but besides the value of the full-grown trees the profits accruing from the sale of poles, and the superior condition of the land after the plantation has been thinned sufficiently to allow cattle to graze, must be taken into the account. There is no such improver of heath or moor pasture. The timber itself is said to be superior to foreign fir in the following respects: it is clearer of knots, more durable, even the dead branches being never found rotten; it is much less liable to shrink or split; it may be seasoned in a much shorter time;

time; it is tougher, of a better colour, and susceptible of a polish superior to that of the finest mahogany, and bears exposure to climate and moisture for many years without undergoing any change. Larch timber has also been much commended as a material for shipbuilding; but for this purpose we presume it has been found open to objection, since the Athol, a 28-gun frigate, built partially of larch at Woolwich in 1821, at a cost of 14,590*l.*, has since her first going to sea cost 29,563*l.* in repairs.

The average returns from properly managed plantations, inclusive of the proceeds derived from periodical thinnings, and deducting all expenses, appear to be on the final cutting of—

	per acre	£.	s.	d.
Spruce fir, at 80 years,	3	7	6
Scotch fir, at 80 years,	5	15	0
Oak, at 100 years,	5	0	0
Mixed hardwood, at 70 years,	6	14	0
Larch, at 60 years,	8	10	0

From this table it appears that the larch yields the largest profit of any description of tree, and in the shortest time. It is proverbial, in fact, that larch will buy a horse before oak will furnish the saddle. It must, however, be borne in mind that these calculations were made for localities naturally well adapted for the growth of the fir tribe. A conspectus of the relative value of the same kinds of timber in the richer lowlands would give a very different result. The most profitable trees to plant in any given locality, the demand for all kinds being equal, are those to which the soil, &c., are best adapted. Nor is mere quickness of growth to be alone considered. The timber must be marked by all the desirable properties which are characteristic of the kind; for there appears to be no crop which varies more in quality, and consequently in marketable value.

There are, in various parts of England and Scotland, extensive tracts of land bearing a merely nominal rental, which were, at a remote period, covered with forest; and a still greater number which, though perhaps they have never yet been shadowed by a tree, might, in a definite time, offer a solid remuneration to the planter. If it be asked whether there is any demand for the increased supply which such plantations would furnish, we may reply that it takes 2200 full-grown trees, or the matured crop of forty-four acres of woodland, to furnish timber for a single 74-gun ship. Of the quantity of timber used at the royal dockyards the Crown forests furnish little more than one-sixteenth; a small proportion of the remainder is derived from private estates,

estates, but by far the greater bulk comes from abroad. Every year is making a sensible difference in the extent of forest-land in most of the countries to which we look for supplies. Fields and gardens are everywhere encroaching on woods. The United States even now are dependent on Canada for useful timber, so that we shall shortly be reduced to this point, that either foreign states must plant for us, or we must grow for ourselves. We require, too, more arable land; but it is of little use to set steam-ploughs at work on mosses and heaths unless they are previously sheltered by trees. Of every hundred acres of bare hill-side which it is desired to reclaim, ten at least must be planted, in order to give shelter to the remaining ninety. There is many a common in England whose bleakness would by this means be converted into a genial climate; for forests both alter the condition of the climate above and the character of the soil below. Even within fifty miles of the metropolis we may encounter a series of hills, some of which shall be arid in summer, bare in winter, others smiling and park-like all the year round, and the sole reason for the difference is, that the latter belong to an improving landlord, the former to a churl who will not undertake a work of which he cannot reap the harvest into his own bosom.

The first points to be taken into consideration in the laying out of a plantation are the nature and capabilities of the soil, its condition as to moisture, and the degree of its exposure to cutting winds. On the solution of these three questions depend the sort of trees to be planted, the expediency of draining, and the amount of shelter which will be required. That a healthy plantation of low-priced timber growing in a congenial soil is to be preferred to a sickly array of starveling trees of a better sort is one of the axioms of forestry. It is equally an axiom that, if the soil be saturated with stagnant moisture, a complete system of drainage must be adopted. Unless this be done, all other labour will be thrown away. The general neglect of this precaution till within the last few years, is the cause why numerous plantations have been rendered worthless. The heart-rot, which has been so fatal to the larch, is ascribed by Mr. Brown entirely to the excess of pent-up moisture; and he states that he has brought back several young woods to health by drainage alone. The method which he recommends for ascertaining in what portions of the ground the process is necessary, is to dig holes a foot deep at intervals of twenty yards, and, where water gathers in them within ten hours, it is a conclusive proof that an outlet is required. The drains ought always to be open, for, if covered, though they may answer very well for a few years,

years, they will to a certainty be choked as soon as the roots have begun to search for nourishment. Not that these show any preference for closed over open drains, but the latter may be cleared as often as occasion requires, whereas any attempt to clear the former is equivalent to renewing the whole original process. This tendency of roots to make their way to drains and to creep along their course amounts to something approaching an instinct. One instance is mentioned by Mr. Brown, in which the roots of some large elm-trees planted ten feet outside a garden wall had passed under its foundation, travelled no less than thirty-five yards into the garden, and dipped their extremities into a well, the surface-water of which was eight feet below the level of the ground. At the end of 1853 a drain of 6-inch pipe, laid four feet deep, in the Regent's Park, and which had only been put down a single twelvemonth, was found to be completely choked by the roots of an Italian poplar which stood at a distance of twenty-five yards. The whole of this fibrous mass, which had already advanced six feet along the drain, proceeded from a solitary parent root that was not above three-eighths of an inch in diameter at the point where it entered.

The drains should be placed at intervals of from twenty-five to fifty feet. A less distance than twenty-five feet would make the hold of the trees in the ground insecure; a greater than fifty would be ineffective. Their breadth at the bottom should be sufficient to allow the free use of a common spade, and at the surface should be proportioned to the depth. Mr. Brown's rule is to make the width exceed the depth by a third. As the roots of oak-trees descend to the depth of two or three feet, it would be well in all cases if the drainage extended below this distance. But the depth, which, in ordinary sorts of land, is only desirable, becomes absolutely necessary in that which is kept constantly cold by the evaporation of surface moisture. In such a case there can be no healthy growth unless the evaporation be diminished by more completely relieving the saturated soil of its water than can be accomplished by shallow draining.* In exposed situations, again, unless there be deep drainage, the trees will be liable to be torn up by storms, for the roots will shrink from descending far into stagnant water, but readily enter a dry soil in search of moisture. Thus, the lower the water-level be reduced, the farther the trees will penetrate into the earth, and

* The water of the globe is incessantly being converted into vapour at all temperatures, low as well as high. In the process of conversion it absorbs heat, which must be derived from the surrounding parts, and the soil is thus chilled in proportion to the extent of the evaporation.

the firmer consequently will be their hold. The drains of wet or exposed oak-land should be four feet at least.

The young trees, in an extensive plantation, will begin to shelter one another as soon as they have made any advance in growth ; whereas the whole of a narrow belt will be exposed to the inclemency of the weather. If, however, there be another belt within them on the side away from the prevailing wind, though stunted themselves, they will screen their more fortunate neighbours. On this account it is advisable to make forty yards the lowest limit of a belt ; while a plantation destined to become a wood should never fall below a hundred yards in width.

Simultaneously with the draining, or prior to it, an artificial fence should be made, forming a boundary-line to the plantation, avoiding as much as possible straight lines, making all the salient curves in the most exposed parts, and allowing the line to recede wherever the ground in front is sheltered, but taking care that the plantation in the rear shall be sufficiently wide. These rules observed, the result will be that exposed hills will be crowned with plantations, and will afford protection to cattle and crops behind them, while hollow slopes, which are already to a certain extent sheltered, and adapted for tillage or pasturage, will be every year becoming more available. In certain cases a plantation may be made to descend over a knoll till it joins the level country, if, for instance, it will screen an adjoining hollow, or prevent an inclement wind from blowing up a chilly valley ; but in general the boundary-line should not wander far from the brow of the hill, in order that cattle may be able to repair to the uplands when the lower grounds are damp. Add to this that there are very few kinds of trees which do not ripen their timber in an elevated position better than in valleys. In the latter situation they may indeed grow more rapidly, but will prove far less serviceable. Rapidity and luxuriance of growth are, by the bounty of Providence, conjoined with excellence of quality only in the case of those vegetable productions which form the staple food of man and of the animals on which he is mainly dependent. The full ear and the heavy swathe, which have been stimulated by manure in the rich alluvium of the lowlands, make the nutritious loaf and the fattening truss of hay ; but timber, to be excellent in its kind, must harden slowly on the dry hill-side, where the cereals dwindle and the richest pasture is but a sheep-walk.

The use of the boundary-fence of a plantation is two-fold,—to protect the young trees from the inroads of cattle, and to shelter them from blighting winds. Where the former object alone is aimed at, a wooden paling or wire-fence may be adopted with advantage ;

advantage ; but if both purposes are to be kept in view, recourse must be had to something more substantial, and in this the planter will be guided by the custom of the country and the facility of procuring materials. In one place a rough stone dyke will be most available, in another a bank of turf ; here a dyke planted with furze, there a quickset hedge. If the last be selected, it will be rendered more efficacious though less ornamental by mixing beeches with the thorns, as these trees, when young, retain their withered leaves until spring, affording shelter to the plantation during the budding season, which is the period when their services are most needed. The young thorns, before being set, should be cut down to about four inches above the crown of the root ; but the beeches must be left whole. Both should be planted about seven inches apart, in the proportion of two thorns to one beech. After the young plants have made two years' wood, it is advisable to cut them all down to about nine inches of the surface, an operation which will have the effect of making them throw out numerous side branches. On the importance of keeping the fence clear from weeds it is impossible to insist too strongly ; it ought to be bushy down to the ground, but this it will never be if a mass of weeds exclude air and light from the base of the stems. The operation of clipping should be an annual one ; and since in the course of many years even the best fence will assume a loose overgrown appearance, owing to the smaller twigs being all cut away, the operation of *ribbing* must be resorted to. This consists of stripping a hedge of all its branches, except those which are interlaced laterally, and should be performed in March or April, in order that the young shoots, which will immediately start from the remaining stems, may not be checked by exposure to severe weather.

Draining and fencing having been looked to, we come now to the preparation of the soil which is to receive the young trees. Timber is a product essentially *ferâ naturâ* ; the hardest oak and the toughest ash that have ever been submitted to the handicraft of the shipwright and engineer were indebted for none of their good qualities to the tillage of the ground in which they grew. Rooks and dormice were the only planters at the time when the beams of Westminster Hall were threads of timber tottering under the weight of half a dozen leaves : ploughing and trenching did nothing for them. If the same high cultivation which now prevails in agriculture were applied to a forest-tree, cellular tissue would be elaborated in great abundance, and the tree would make a vigorous growth ; but the quantity of woody fibre, the bone and sinews of timber, would be proportionally small, and when felled and squared it would be as unfit

unfit for the carpenter's shop as a stringy turnip is for the table. When, however, trees are wanted as ornaments in parks and in the vicinity of houses, rapidity and exuberance of growth become desiderata. In such cases the operations of ploughing, trenching, and even manuring, may be adopted with advantage; and as the trees are not intended to be converted into timber, it matters little whether their heart-wood be compact or spongy.

It may be taken as a law in vegetable physiology that plants can only maintain a vigorous state of growth as long as a balance is preserved between the quantity of moisture absorbed by the roots and that transmitted into the air by evaporation. If the excess be on the side of the former the plant becomes overcharged with fluids, and a dropsical disease is superinduced: hence the necessity of draining. If, on the other hand, the demand exceed the supply, the plant is liable to perish from want of nourishment. That demand is greatest when a tree is in full foliage, when every leaf is pumping up its due modicum of water from the earth, and the service of no single rootlet can be spared without danger. Now, as it is practically impossible to remove a tree, however young, from the nursery beds without injuring or impairing the efficiency of its rootlets, it follows that to transplant a tree when it is in full leaf is to ensure its destruction; for not only is the demand then greatest, but the supply most limited, summer being both the season when leaves are green and when the ground is dry. On the contrary, in the period between the fall and spring, the ground is usually moist and the fluids of the tree stagnant. From November, therefore, to April is the universal planting season. Whether the wane of the old year be preferable or the opening of the new depends much on local circumstances. Foresters who have tried both give different verdicts, and each appeals to his own experience. If the ground intended to be planted be naturally dry, the former season should be preferred, as the young trees will not then be likely to suffer from want of moisture, and it is probable that the roots will have some time to make a start before frost sets in and suspends vegetation; but if naturally wet, planting may well be delayed until the spring months, and thus the tender rootlets will be spared the risk of rotting in a cold bath before they have recovered from the shock attending their removal. Under ordinary circumstances the period will be chosen when the greatest number of labourers can be called away from other agricultural pursuits.

Of the actual planting of forest-trees two different methods are in practice among foresters—the first, that of planting in *pits*; and the second, that of planting in *notches*. The method of planting in

in pits should be employed for all hardwood trees, for two-years' planted larches and Scotch firs, and for three-years' transplanted spruce firs. Pits for hardwood trees should be about sixteen inches square and fourteen deep; those for firs nine inches square and ten inches deep. These should all be prepared at least three months before they are used, exposure of the soil to the weather—air, light, moisture, and frost—rendering it better adapted to the requirements of the tender rootlets. In sheltered situations the young tree should be placed in the centre of the pit; but if the plantation be exposed, each tree should be carefully made to stand in one of the corners, in order that it may be supported by the adjacent sides against violent winds. In either case the finest particles of soil should be first thrown in. If the earth is lumpy or tenacious, it will not lie close to the rootlets, which become mildewed in consequence, and the tree either dies, or is thrown back in its growth for two or three years. There is nothing in planting which requires more care. When all the soil is filled in, but not before, it should be trampled down firmly to keep the tree in its place, and all be made snug by restoring the surface sod.

Trees of younger growth are usually planted by the process of *notching*, that is, by making with a spade two cuts in the ground crosswise; another similar cut is then made at right angles to one of the extremities of the cross; the spade is depressed and the cross opens, when the plant is inserted next the spade, and drawn along till it stands in the centre. Care must be taken afterwards that the cut or notch be properly closed by trampling.

An important consideration is the distance at which the young trees should stand from each other; and here, again, there is much variety of opinion—some foresters maintaining that they should not be put into the ground less than from six to eight feet apart, making about nine hundred young trees to the acre. This method, it must be allowed, is cheaper than closer planting; but the rising trees afford little shelter to each other, a long time must elapse before any pecuniary return can accrue from thinnings, and a very few deaths will cause awkward gaps. Mr. Brown, with much show of reason, recommends putting in the trees not closer than three feet, because, at any distance much less than this, the trees would come to no useful size before they would require to be thinned for the health of the plantation; and not more than five feet apart, because at distances beyond that there would be great loss of land by its not being occupied. Which of these extremes should be approached depends on the joint consideration of the character of the plantation, whether exposed or sheltered, and the probability of a demand for small timber.

timber-thinnings in the locality. In sheltered situations, or where there is no such demand, five feet will be found a convenient distance; but, in exposed districts, three feet may be made the limit, and on no account should it exceed four.

Our limits will not allow us to enter on the question of the soil and elevation to which each tree is peculiarly adapted; but we will proceed to sketch an outline of the measures to be pursued in planting, thinning, and pruning a wood destined eventually to consist of oaks. Whatever be the character of the district, it is indispensable that the plantation should at first comprise a large proportion of trees other than those which are intended for the permanent crop. Their services are required as nurses, and when they have fulfilled that office they are to be discarded. All that is wanted is that they should be hardier than the crop they are required to foster, that their habit should be such as to fit them for affording shelter, that they should neither send up suckers from their roots, nor, when cut down, be capable of shooting again. These properties belong in an eminent degree to the fir tribe.

The kinds of fir which are principally used for the purpose are the Scotch, the Pinaster, the Austrian, and the larch. Of these the Pinaster has long been employed in the formation of belts to shelter plantations from the sea blast; hence it is sometimes called *Pinus maritima*. Even in the most exposed situations it proves an excellent protector, never showing the least tendency to bend before the prevailing wind, or having its outer branches blighted; it is said, however, to be tender when planted in very elevated parts of the country inland. Equal to the Pinaster as a defence against the sea-breeze, and superior in hardness when planted in high inland districts, is the Austrian pine, which, strange to say, neither Mr. Johns nor Mr. Brown has mentioned even by name. It inhabits the mountain forests of the country from which it takes its name, where it prefers a deep, dry, calcareous sand; but will succeed in any soil, provided it be not wet. It is much valued in Austria, and its timber is said to surpass even the larch in resisting the injurious effects of alternate wet and drought. It is used by joiners, coopers, &c., and makes excellent fuel and charcoal. It was introduced into Britain in 1835 by Mr. Lawson, of Edinburgh, who raised it from seed in large quantities. Its good qualities have not been untested in England; a gentleman, well known in Cornwall as a zealous planter,* thus speaks of it:—

* I began to plant *P. Austriaca* in 1839, hearing that it would bear

exposure, and thinking that it might prove a valuable addition to our pines, in a county so exposed to sea-breezes as Cornwall. I have planted between 30,000 and 40,000, and find that no pine can rival it in thriving well in exposed situations. It is straighter in growth and tougher in texture than the Pinaster, though not equal to that hardy pine in rapidity of growth and fulness of foliage. When planted in a wet or badly-drained soil it uniformly fails, and becomes stunted and yellowish green; while pinasters growing with it are not affected. After twelve or fourteen years it generally loses somewhat of its richness of foliage, and is apt to throw out large lateral branches, which impoverish the leading shoots. At present I should be disposed to plant it alternately with the Pinaster, leaving the latter to form a thick external fence against the wind, and cutting it away where the Austriaca grows vigorously. In beauty and colour it does not equal the Scotch fir, and the foliage is coarser, but it will bear winds before which the Scotch fir quails. But I believe it will be found that neither the Pinaster nor the Austriaca will bear comparison in rapidity of growth and endurance of the force and blighting effect of winds from the sea, nor in brilliancy of foliage, with the *P. insignis*. This beautiful tree soon towers above those which have been planted many years before; and when the forests of California supply us with its cones on more moderate terms, it will probably become the staple pine of our forests.'

The Scotch fir is one of the hardest of our forest-trees—unable indeed to resist the sea-breeze, but growing freely at an elevation of 2000 feet. Its timber is available for a great variety of purposes, and possesses further the valuable property of being fit for use immediately when felled, the quality being actually improved by its being cut up at once. It will thrive in any soil provided it be dry or well drained, and from its habit is well qualified as a nurse for other trees.

The larch differs from these members of the fir tribe in being deciduous; nevertheless, from its extreme hardness, its upright growth, and numerous twigs, it affords an excellent defence to hardwood trees, and the young poles are valuable from their straightness and durability. It will flourish in any well-drained soil, especially that which is the poorest and most exposed, and in such situations it produces the best timber.

Let us suppose that a plantation of fifty acres is to be stocked with such firs and hardwood trees as will yield a fair return to the planter, and stand during the last fifty years of its existence as an oak wood. In a straight line, which runs from one extremity of the plantation to the other, there should be a row of oaks planted twenty feet apart, with an ash in the middle of the interval. Ten feet from each oak stands a sycamore, and at the same distance from each ash an elm, these last-named trees forming a second row parallel to the first, and so on throughout the whole wood, each hardwood tree being

being ten feet from its next neighbour. In the same lines, and between every two hardwood trees, stands a Scotch fir; and a row of the same firs, five feet apart, is extended throughout the plantation, half-way between every two rows of the hardwood trees, and having on either side of it a row of larches planted quincunx fashion. Thus, if an oak be taken as a centre in any part of the plantation, it will be found to stand twenty feet from the nearest oak, ten feet from an ash, ten feet from a sycamore, five feet from a Scotch fir, and three and a half from a larch. Or any hardwood tree may be taken as the middle point of the diagonal of a square, which has at each angle, situated five feet off, a Scotch fir, and in the centre of each side, three and a half feet off, a larch. All that is now required is to keep the plantation clear of weeds and long grass, an operation which should be performed towards the end of June, and a second time in August. The first object is to encourage the trees to root themselves firmly in the ground. A plant should never be required to do two things at once, or one, perhaps both, will be performed imperfectly, and the plant will suffer. On this principle it is a bad practice to prune a young tree severely when transplanted, while to cut it down to the roots is likely to be most pernicious. Leaves and roots have correlative duties to perform; if either of them is injured, the other sets about repairing the mischief; but if both be weakened at the same time, they are deprived of mutual help, and the result is that the plant often perishes in the effort to do more than its strength can accomplish. The only pruning that is advisable at the time of transplanting is to shorten all the larger branches that threaten to gain upon the top or leading shoot of the young tree.

At the expiration of five or six years, the young trees may be supposed to have established themselves thoroughly. At this stage of their growth it will be necessary to remove entirely the remainder of the branches which were previously shortened, and to take clean off all other branches that may have gained, or may have the appearance of gaining, upon the main shoot. At the same time any unhealthy plant which may not have succeeded well should be cut down to the ground; it will probably send out several new shoots from the collar or crown of the root, the strongest of which should be allowed to remain as the future tree, and the rest be cut away. These remarks apply exclusively to hardwood trees; the fir tribe abhor the knife.

About the eighth or ninth year it will probably be found that the hardwood trees and larches have begun to interlace their branches, which should be taken as an intimation that the former require a judicious course of pruning. All superfluous

fluous side branches must be lopped away close to the bole, and any intrusive branches of larch should be shortened back so as to allow free scope to the more valuable crop ; but no thinning should be attempted until the saplings are quite recovered from the mutilation they have undergone. In the course of another two years, under ordinary circumstances, the branches of the hardwood trees and larches will again be found to be in contact ; and now a process of thinning must be commenced. Such of the larches as have encroached on the hardwood trees so as to impede their growth must be cut down ; in some cases the removal of the one which is between the foster tree and the prevailing wind will be sufficient ; in other cases it will be necessary to remove two or even three. But as young trees conform to no fixed rule of growth, no fixed rule for thinning can be observed with advantage.

An annual examination now becomes necessary. In about fourteen years the larches will have disappeared ; and in about the eighteenth year the Scotch firs will begin to follow them, being felled immediately they are found to interfere with the hardwood timber. If at any period one of the latter is diseased, or affords no probability of making good timber, it should be taken away, and the nearest fir, a larch if possible, be allowed to rise in its place. By the time the plantation is twenty-five years old the hardwood trees will probably average twenty feet in height, with a diameter, at five feet from the ground, of four and a half inches, having abundance of leafy branches upon them for three-fourths of their length. In this state they may be allowed to remain for five years, when the remainder of the Scotch firs should be felled, not all together, but according as they press most on the hardwood trees. Those on the windward side will generally need first to come away, because the branches almost invariably extend to the greatest distance in the direction opposite to the prevailing wind.

When the wood is thirty years old, a beginning may be made of felling such of the hardwood trees as appear less likely than the rest to afford valuable timber ; and during the next five years the ash may be gradually appropriated, since they will now become serviceable for many rural purposes, especially for tool-handles. After another period of five years the sycamores will have disappeared ; and at the expiration of the fiftieth year the elms will also have been felled, and the wood will consist of oaks standing twenty feet apart. At sixty years of age some of these will be found to interfere with the perfect development of their neighbours ; and they may from time to time be removed, until there stand about fifty to an acre, which will in all probability be when they are about eighty

eighty years old. They may then be left till they are a hundred, at which age they will be suitable for any purpose for which large oak is required. Throughout the whole of this period, if it is intended to devote the land to agricultural uses, whenever a hard-wood tree is removed its roots should accompany it; for it is easier and less expensive to use the bole of a tree as a lever for lifting its own roots, than to grub up the latter when the land is about to be laid down for tillage. The only general rule for thinning that Mr. Brown thinks it safe to give is, that hardwood trees raised for timber should stand from each other a distance equal to about half their height; the fir tribe one-third of their height; and trees kept for park or lawn scenery, where it is an object to have spreading tops as well as massive trunks, a distance equal to their height.

In districts peculiarly adapted to the rearing of oaks, and where there is a demand for fir-poles of all ages, plantations may be advantageously formed of oaks and larches, the former to be planted nine feet apart, with a larch between every two oaks. Parallel with the row thus formed should stand a row of larches, distant four feet and a half from the row and from each other, and at the same distance another row of oaks and larches planted alternately. When the period of thinning commences, the nurses which stand next the oaks will first come away, and the larches standing in the centre of the squares formed by four oaks may remain until they have attained twenty-two years of age, or more, when they will furnish useful timber; or the oaks may stand four or five feet from each other, in rows twelve feet apart, with three rows of larches between them. As in the former case, the larches nearest the oaks must first be removed, and the intermediate one will have sufficient space to develop itself until it is thirty or thirty-five years of age.

General rules for pruning must be founded on known laws of vegetable physiology, and tested by experience. Mr. Brown's practical directions appear to be tolerably safe, though he fails sometimes in stating accurately his principles of action. For instance, he says:—

'The watery part of the sap, when it ascends into the leaves, is for the most part given off by them in the form of perspiration; that which remains at this point undergoes a change previous to its descent in the form of proper woody matter, which change is effected by the leaves inhaling *carbonic acid* and other gases, which enter into the composition of the returning sap; and in this manner there is a continual circulation of the sap in the tree.'

There is an error here in applying the term 'sap' to the watery

watery fluid which the roots, apparently without any power of choice, absorb from the soil ; nor does it ‘circulate,’ in the proper sense of the word, and in the way that the blood circulates in the animal frame ; nor is it again correct to say that ‘carbonic acid and other gases’ enter into the composition of the returning sap ; but a far more important error is the omission to notice the agency of *light*, on the presence or absence of which many of the phenomena that he describes in great measure depend.

The roots of trees are furnished with fibres more or less tufted, the cellular extremities of which absorb from the soil water, either pure or holding in solution certain portions of the salts with which the soil abounds. This fluid, while the tree is in an active state of growth, ascends through capillary tubes, arranged in circles round the pith, to the branches, along which it is transmitted to the leaves. The vessels through which this fluid is conveyed are not equally diffused over both surfaces of the leaf, but constitute the upper portion of the leaf-stalk, and, reaching the lamina or blade of the leaf, form a network of veins extending over its superior surface. Arrived at the edge of the leaf, they bend over, and having formed a second mesh of veins, exactly corresponding with the upper, and closely attached to it, unite at the leaf-stalk, of which they form the under portion, and descend between the inner bark and outer wood of the previous year. The leaf is thus composed of two networks of veins, the upper of which is filled with ascending fluid, the lower with descending. The interstices of the meshes are filled up with cellular matter ; and both the upper and under surfaces are covered by a thin skin or *cuticle*. The upper cuticle is abundantly furnished with minute perforations termed *stomata* (mouths), which have the power of transmitting fluid in the form of vapour to the air, and of inhaling and exhaling gases. The leaves, submitted to the action of heat, draw up from the soil, through the rootlets, any moisture with which the latter may be in contact, transmitting by far the largest portion to the atmosphere ; and as long as the demand and supply balance each other they retain their freshness. But if moisture be supplied to them for a long time in a larger quantity than they can dispose of, they become overcharged, and contract disease. If, on the other hand, the supply falls short of the demand, they flag, or fail in attaining their full size. Meanwhile, if *light* be present, they are stimulated to inhale from the atmosphere which floats around them carbonic acid gas, which they decompose into its primitive elements of *oxygen* and *carbon*. The carbon uniting with the juice retained in the leaf becomes green *sap*, and the oxygen is given off

pure to the air. But unless *light* be present, no carbonic acid is absorbed ; the leaves do not become green ; no true sap is generated ; and no healthy progress is made in the growth of the tree. Blanched vegetables, sea-kale, endive, celery, are leaves of these several plants shaded from light, and unnaturally mild in flavour, because they are deficient in carbonized juices. The true sap thus elaborated is returned by the veins, which traverse the under side of the leaf, to the twig or branch, where it is converted into cellular and woody tissues, and forms, conjointly with supplies from other leaves, a cylinder of wood enclosing the wood already formed, and thrusting out the previously formed bark, to which also it contributes a new layer, on the inside. Thus every crop of healthy leaves, duly stimulated by heat and light, and duly supplied with moisture and air, tends to increase the bulk of timber in a tree ; first in the small twigs, then in the branches, and finally throughout the whole trunk. It follows, then, that the leaf-bearing branch is not to be considered merely as an ornamental appendage to a tree, which may be discarded without affecting the welfare of the body corporate, but as one among many other members on the healthy existence of which the prosperity of the whole depends ; and that to deprive a tree of a leaf-bearing branch is to rob it of a portion of its digestive and respirative organs. Hence a *primâ facie* case is made out that *all pruning is bad* ; and so no doubt it is, as long as the planter's sole object is to rear the most luxuriant trees, preserving their natural habit. But this is not exactly the true state of the case, except where they are planted for ornament. It is the forester's business to produce on any given extent of ground the greatest quantity of useful timber ; and as his limits are circumscribed laterally, he will best attain his object by inducing his trees to extend themselves in the direction where his space is unlimited, namely, upwards, and to concentrate their energies in the production of a single solid trunk ; he therefore plants his trees as near together as is consistent with their healthy development, and encourages upward growth. Lateral expansion he discourages from the very beginning, knowing that, if he were to allow them to expend their strength in this direction, branches so formed would be of little value, even if they attained perfection ; but that in reality their efforts to reach this point would be expended in vain, because they would be shaded from the necessary amount of light by the surrounding and overshadowing foliage. This is the main secret of all forest pruning ; not, it must be remembered, of the pruning of fruit-trees ; for here an entirely different object must be kept in view, the production of fruit, and not of timber. Accordingly, at the time of planting, the forester cuts

cuts back all straggling branches ; and when the young trees have established themselves in their new homes he removes close to the bole all the branches thus shortened. Only a few leaves are thus lost to each tree, the scar is soon healed over, and no detriment is inflicted on the future timber. If, after this first pruning, the tree again shows a tendency to expand laterally, it is encouraged to rise by cutting away the few branches that persist in growing horizontally ; that is, in taking a direction where they would eventually sustain a lingering existence, alike unprofitable to the branch and its stock ; but no pruning of side branches is allowable if they can be encouraged to rise by the removal of an adjoining nurse ; and experience shows that the admission of light from above will often tempt the most obstinate branch to take an upward growth.

In the case of neglected plantations a different system of pruning must be pursued. Trees will here be found to have contracted an unprofitable habit of growth, perhaps from having been insufficiently nursed or the reverse, or perhaps from defective draining. Some will be stag-headed, and, as no pruning can improve these, the sooner they come away the better, provided that their removal can be carried into effect without unduly exposing the rest. Wherever lateral branches have extended themselves so far beneath the shade of other trees that they have been inadequately supplied with light, they will be found to be either dead or dying. As to dead branches, they are not only useless incumbrances to the tree, holding damp, generating rottenness, and affording harbour to numerous noxious insects, but they are positively pernicious to the sound timber from which they spring ; for, in the first place, their own diseased condition is likely to be communicated to the bole of the tree ; and secondly, a portion of their substance will gradually become imbedded in the solid timber of the trunk. The consequence will be, either that there will be a visible flaw in the shape of a cylindrical hole of equal diameter to the rotten member, or the defect will be skinned over by as many concentric circles of wood as have been formed since the bough fell off. With respect, therefore, to the propriety of immediately removing dead branches as close as possible to the trunk there can be no question. But as to the pruning of living but unhealthy and useless boughs, there exists among foresters a difference of opinion which we shall not attempt to reconcile, but content ourselves with stating our own conclusion. Retaining our antipathy to pruning, we cut away nothing that we can encourage to healthy growth, but when a branch must come away, we remove it if of small size with a clean cut close to the bole. The tree does not suffer from the loss, and the wound is soon

covered by new wood and bark. If, however, the condemned branch exceed three or four inches in diameter, the fluid destined to support the branch, being deprived of its accustomed outlet, would either originate a tuft of sapling twigs near the wound, or would stagnate in the sapwood of the trunk and superinduce decay. This mischief may be avoided by lopping off the bough at some distance from the bole, leaving if possible a portion of foliage to keep it alive, and subsequently, at the expiration of two or three years, cutting off the remainder close to the trunk ; thus substituting for one great shock two minor ones, each of which singly would not be more than equivalent to the removal of a small branch. The best season for pruning is from April to July both inclusive, May and June being especially appropriate ; for wounds inflicted at this time heal rapidly, and if the subjects are oaks the removed branches may be stripped of their bark.

In fir plantations, as we have already stated, no pruning should be allowed, as the operation injures both the health of the individual and the quality of the wood. If the trees are kept at a distance from each other equal to a third of their height, the lower branches, being deprived of *light* (more, certainly, on this account than from ‘want of free air,’ as Mr. Brown supposes), gradually die and fall off. Care, however, should be taken to remove the dead stumps as soon as possible, for, being resinous, they are not liable to rapid decay, and, becoming enclosed by the wood in course of formation, make the timber knotty.

In certain districts, where no great quantity of land can be devoted to the formation of woods, it is usual to plant trees in strips or belts ; and greatly, it must be confessed, do such plantations contribute to the beauty of the country, though the timber thus produced may be inferior to that derived from genuine woodlands. On this subject Mr. Brown gives most valuable advice :—

‘ Wherever it is found of importance to have a strip of plantation much under forty yards to shelter a part of an estate, let it be considered what sort of hardwood trees will thrive best as a permanent crop upon the land ; and if the soil be of a moderate quality, we will say a mixture of oak, ash, and plane [sycamore]. Let a row or line of these be planted immediately behind the fence, upon the most sheltered side of the strip, mixing them regularly, or plant one sort continuously for a certain distance, if that should be considered necessary, upon consideration of a variety of soil occurring in the line, and, having done this, make up the body of the strip with such trees as may be considered proper upon account of soil and situation, and of kinds that will be most likely to produce shelter quickly, and be profitable in the cutting down entirely as thinnings. Let such a strip of plantation be carefully managed, paying particular attention to the proper pruning of the line

line of hardwood trees behind the fence, keeping the others well off them as they advance ; and, in due time, they will make rapid progress, being situated upon the sheltered side. I may say that by the time they attain thirty years old they will be strong, spreading, vigorous, and hardy trees ; and at this stage, if the body of the strip have been kept rather thin of trees, in order to make the row of hardwood upon the sheltered side hardy by degrees, the whole of the trees in the strip, excepting themselves, may be cut down, and the hardwood alone left as a line of hedge-row timber.'—*Forester*, p. 34.

The advantages attending this method are, that instead of a belt of ill-conditioned drawn up trees, having no space to acquire dimensions which would recommend them for either beauty or profit, the proprietor supplies himself with a variety of useful thinnings, and, when all these are cleared away, finds himself owner of a row of handsome well-grown trees, which afford a far better protection to his fields than any belt could do, and occupy, too, much less space ; since by the time that the belt has been converted into a hedgerow the ground on which the nurse-trees stood may again be brought under the plough. But however the hedgerow be made it should be composed only of such trees as have a tendency to an upright habit, with the exception of the fir tribe ; for these trees, though little disposed to spread, thrive much better in masses than when standing alone, and extend their roots so near to the surface of the ground as to interfere with the operation of ploughing. Mr. Brown recommends the following as best adapted for this purpose :—oak, small-leaved elm, sycamore, Norway maple, birch, sweet chestnut, poplar, and willow. The worst are the ash and beech, the former not only because it is disposed to diverge into large limbs, but because, as Evelyn long ago observed, 'the roots will be obnoxious to the coulter, and the shade of the tree is malignant both to corn and grass when the head and branches over-drip and emaciate them.' The injurious effects of the ash on growing crops are, however, to be attributed not so much to its drip as to the agency of its roots ; these are remarkable for their tendency to take a horizontal direction, and being abundantly furnished with fibres, which approach closely to the surface, effectually check the growth of almost all other vegetation. The beech is objectionable, because it is of a diverging habit and impatient of pruning, and yet more from the undoubtedly mischievous effects of its drip. A grove of beeches in winter affords a more perfect picture of suspended animation than can be found elsewhere.

' Come again to this spot

when rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on,—

we shall look in vain for a carpet of herbage beneath its shade. Here and there a sickly holly has resisted the malignant influence of its drip, or a tangled bed of periwinkle has established itself, and grows on luxuriantly, unaffected by the prevailing cause of sterility: but with these exceptions the beech has appropriated the whole of the soil. Where it has attained the sway, it suffers no other verdure to exist. Consequently the ground, covered with decaying leaves at all seasons of the year, always presents the same appearance. As summer advances a few orchideous plants may be detected here and there, but not sufficiently numerous or striking in appearance to alter the character of the scene.'—*Forest Trees of Britain*, vol. i. p. 329.

The rearing of young trees for hedge-rows is a matter of some importance, and requires unremitting attention. They should be encouraged to throw out their arms laterally in a line with the hedge, and to extend as little as possible over the adjoining fields. With this view, they should be pruned a year before leaving the nursery-beds, and when transplanted, they should be lifted with a ball of earth.

'As the trees advance let them be regularly pruned, causing each of them to have ultimately a clean bole of from fifteen to twenty feet high, in order to allow the hedge under them to have free air [and light]; and, as the tops of the trees advance in breadth, their branches should be shortened well in, so as, when they have arrived at thirty years old, their side branches may not extend more than four feet over the fence upon each side. In order to keep them in this state, they should have their branches shortened in every two or three years; and even when they have attained full size, they should not extend more than seven or eight feet over the hedge upon each side.'—*Brown's Forester*, p. 289.

Meanwhile, the hedge itself should not be allowed to exceed three feet in diameter at bottom, nor four and a half in height; thus the adjoining land is but little encroached on, and a valuable shelter is afforded to the crop even when sown close to the hedge. The trees will certainly not be so ornamental as if they had been allowed, as is frequently the case, to extend fourteen or fifteen feet over the land; but, on the other hand, they will rob the growing crops of little light, and never present that hideous appearance which results from the custom of allowing a row of hedge-trees to attain a large size unchecked, and then to lop them mercilessly throughout their whole length, disfiguring the country, and materially injuring the timber.

The profitable laying out of coppice-woods is another subject on which Mr. Brown offers valuable hints. He recommends, for this purpose, ash, elm, oak, poplar, willow, chestnut, lime, mountain-ash, maple, sycamore, birch, alder, hazel, and bird-cherry, not

not planted indiscriminately, but each in the soil to which it is best adapted, and with a due regard to the average rate of growth in each. In bare, hilly districts, the soil of which is light and not above four inches deep, birch, mountain-ash, and hazel may be planted with advantage; lower down, and where the soil is somewhat deeper, maple, sycamore, oak, and chestnut may be employed; and in districts yet lower, where the soil is loamy, ash, elm, lime, poplar, and oak may be planted, not however promiscuously, but in successive masses, for the reason above hinted, that no one may interfere with another's growth, and because, when the period of felling arrives, each particular sort is more available, and will command a better price, if sold in a mass by itself. Scotch firs and larches should be employed as nurses, in the following proportions: in high, exposed parts, where the hardwood trees are liable to suffer from the effects of storms, about a third may be Scotch; in less exposed parts, a fourth; and where the ground is generally of a sheltered nature, the whole of the nurses may be larch. In damp loamy soil osier-beds may be formed, the plants being inserted in rows, varying in width according to the species of willow employed; and swamps and mosses may be devoted to the growth of alders and birches. The rules for thinning out the firs and larches are pretty much the same as for woods of timber-trees; pruning is useless, or worse. When the hardwood trees have attained a diameter of about five or six inches, which they will probably do in from fifteen to twenty years, the trees are to be cut over two inches from the ground. In the ordinary felling of timber, the trunk to be taken away is the main object of the woodman's care; but in cutting over a coppice, it is the stump that remains which demands his especial regard, as on this depends the future well-being of the coppice. This stump or stole then must be left in a condition as little mutilated as possible, and so trimmed as to be incapable of holding moisture. These two objects are attained by cutting with a saw somewhat less than half way through the stem, and then completing the cut from the other side; thus the tree will fall without stripping any bark from the stole, and the stole itself is afterwards pared away with an adze till its upper extremity acquires a nearly regular, convex form.

The transplantation of large trees belongs more to ornamental planting than to forestry, properly so called; but it may be convenient to some that we should notice it in passing. Mr. Brown devotes no less than forty pages to the subject. The fault of his excellent book, of which we have endeavoured to give a summary, is prolixity; and here he has outdone himself without, it appears to us, sufficient reason. The method which

which he describes is by no means a new one, differing only in detail from that adopted by Sir Henry Steuart, and thus briefly described in a Report of a Committee of the Highland Society, made in 1823. ‘The system appears to be to disturb the processes of nature in the growth of the tree as little as possible, and, when disturbed, to provide an efficacious remedy. It will naturally occur to the members of the Committee that it will be quite impossible to move the widely-extended roots of a twenty or thirty years old tree without injuring many, however carefully the earth were moved away ; besides, the labour of following out long roots would be immense. Add to this, that the nourishment drawn is almost entirely from the firm fibrous roots. Hence, the first operation is to cut off at a due distance the long horizontal roots, supply fresh mould, and allow, by waiting two or three years, the tree to form all round those fine fibrous roots that are to nourish it in its new situation. This, and the actual removal, is all that the tree suffers in being moved to a new situation ; and on this simple system Sir Henry seems the first who has succeeded in any extraordinary degree. . . . One of the leading points is the choice of the tree. A tree taken from the interior of a plantation will not succeed, nor one of which the branches and spray, as well as the bark and stem, are not all *properly prepared in due proportion.*’ The trees thus treated are described by the Committee as ‘growing in their new situations with extraordinary vigour and luxuriance.’ Others ‘were entirely in leaf when we examined them, and their foliage was of a healthy and deep green colour. Their branches were quite entire, and they stood firm and erect without prop or support.’ Again : ‘Seldom a twig or branch appears to decay in consequence of the operation ; thus the peculiar conformation and character of each tree is preserved. The above remarkable fact was clearly proved to us by viewing trees of various sorts in every stage of their progress, *from the first year to the tenth and upwards.*’ ‘What is more surprising is that no prop or support of any kind is ever used at this place to trees newly planted.’ ‘From Sir Henry’s explanation we gathered that the firmness or steadiness produced was chiefly owing to the selection of such subjects as had a certain weight and strength of stem ; and more especially to a new and peculiar method of *disposing* and *securing the roots underground*, at the time of removal, attended with such advantage in giving stability to the tree, that when it is placed in its new situation, and *before* the earth has been laid on the roots, a very considerable force might be applied without throwing it down or misplacing it.’ Sir Henry, being desirous of having a clump of trees in a certain part of his grounds, accomplished his object

object in a single season by transplanting trees of various sorts from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and filling up the interstices with stoles of copse or underwood. ‘This plantation,’ says the Committee, ‘which has all the natural luxuriance and wild richness of an old copse, intermingled with grove or standard trees, had been formed only four years; and we are confident that no less a time than from five-and-twenty to forty years, according to situation and climate, could have produced the same effect by the usual process of planting and thinning out.’

We proceed now to describe the method of transplanting large trees, as at present pursued, and have no objection to submit to Mr. Brown’s practical directions, which we doubt not are as good as those of any other exponent of Sir Henry Steuart’s system. In the first place, the tree selected for transplantation should be taken, if possible, from a light, porous, and shallow soil, because in such a situation the rootlets are likely to be abundant, and closer both to the bole and to the surface of the ground, and on all these accounts less liable to be injured by transplantation. Secondly, a tree growing in an exposed situation should be preferred to one standing in the middle of a wood, for the reason that in the former situation it will be found to be provided with a great number of lateral roots and but few descending ones. At a distance of two-thirds from the bole of the tree to the drip of the extreme twigs, dig a circular trench from two to three feet wide and of the same depth, cutting through with a sharp instrument all the roots that occur. This done, carefully remove from the ball surrounding the tree all the loose earth; undermine, in like manner, as many of the superficial roots as is practicable, and supply them with soil of a more stimulating nature than that which is taken away; then fill in the trench with poor earth, make a drain, if necessary, on the lower side to carry off superfluous moisture, and leave all alone for two years. In the mean while, the tree, deprived of all nourishment from the fibrous rootlets—which are most numerous at the extremities of its lateral roots—will suffer a check, but will soon endeavour to recover itself by forming new rootlets in the immediate neighbourhood of the bole. These, finding a congenial soil, will grow vigorously, and the tree will again be in a healthy state. It is now ready for removal, and this operation may be performed either by the old clumsy contrivance of lashing it to a pole fixed to the axle of a pair of wheels, and then pulling down the extremity of the pole, which, acting as a lever, raises the tree from the ground, and keeps it, roots and all, suspended over the wheels, and ready for removal; or by recently-invented machines.

machines.* Frosty weather may be chosen with advantage for this part of the process, as the ball of earth will then have little tendency to crumble away. Arrived at its new home, the tree is lowered into a pit previously prepared and manured with whatever soils are best adapted to its wants, due care being taken that it shall not suffer from drought during the time that must elapse before it has thoroughly established itself.

And now, having inquired into the most approved practice at present in vogue of draining, planting, pruning, thinning, or, in a word, rearing serviceable timber, let us turn to the Royal Forests, where, without doubt, we shall find all these measures admirably executed by well-paid and proportionally skilled officers. Let us transport ourselves in imagination to the New Forest, now no longer a tyrant's hunting-ground, and contemplate the monarchs of the wood, from whose hardy trunks are extracted those hearts of oak which are destined to carry to every navigable sea the terror of the English name. Here stands a well-defined grove of massive columns, not one in twenty of which betrays a flaw or symptom of decay, bearing aloft ponderous arms, leafy to the utmost twig, with nowhere a decayed branch or overshadowed bough, but all indicating many years' unremitting devotion to the noble art of forestry. But the sound of the woodman's axe suggests the painful idea that these glorious trees must fall in their turn, and we hasten across a ferny brake and through a promising plantation of saplings, in pursuit of the sylvan sound. No fear of a wet foot here: for, swampy though the ground once was, it is so traversed by well-cleared drains that the soil is always dry and warm, and the roots are encouraged to descend into the ground as freely as if they stood on the steep hill-side. We reach the spot where the work of devastation is in full swing. Brawny woodmen, under the direction of able inspectors, are employed in lopping off and tying up in faggots the branches of mighty giants whose naked

* Mr. M'Glashen's tree-lifter, which received, in March, 1854, the approval of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, and has since had its powers tested at Balmoral and St. Cloud, appears likely to drive all other competitors from the field. It consists of a stout frame, in which are inserted four or eight spades; these are driven obliquely into the ground, in such a way as to enclose the main roots of the tree, cutting them through in the descent. The tree, with its ball of earth, is then raised by screw power, and, a carriage being attached, is carried to its destination preserving its erect position. A sycamore in Cramond Park, 53 feet high, and measuring in circumference 5 feet 4 inches, was transplanted, with a ball of earth attached, weighing in all about 14 tons, by this apparatus in March, 1853, and in the same month of the following year was found to have made new tufted roots from 7 to 10 inches long.

carcasses lie bleaching in the summer sun, not felled, as we might expect sometimes to find them in private plantations, in such a way as to injure the fair proportions of their neighbours, but stretched with their branches, as near as can be, in one direction, and raised above the soil, though it is scarcely damp, by rollers and trestles. The Surveyor of the Navy, note-book in hand, is pointing out to the workmen the boughs which he wishes to have cut off with especial care and to be set aside as knee-timber. Hard by stands the Deputy-Surveyor, concluding with a couple of merchants a contract for the sale of bark, which has just completed the process of drying on temporary stages erected at a convenient distance from the scene of labour. To judge from the long faces of the merchants and his own pleased expression, he has concluded a bargain profitable to the Crown: for both parties know full well that bark dried in the royal forests is worth full twenty per cent. more than what is cured elsewhere, owing to the numerous appliances of Government and the skilful vigilance of its officers; and the merchants have found to their disappointment that Crown officers are as watchful for the public interest as for their own. In other parts of the forest accurately registered experiments are being made on the capabilities of different soils for growing oak, the relative merits of the several kinds of fir as nurses, the advantage or otherwise of pruning trees at the various stages of their growth, the expediency of digging deep or shallow, close or open, perpendicular or sloping drains. These are operations which we must not criticise too closely, for they are confessedly experiments, and would be worthless if they all succeeded alike. We will not visit the nurseries, for the Deputy-Surveyor has long been doubtful whether the original selection of a nursery-ground was a wise one, and, at his urgent entreaty, has obtained permission from the chief Commissioner to form a new one in an eligible site, and the necessary works are now in progress. What peculiarly characterises the Royal Forests is that no interference is needed from disinterested parties, no gratuitous advice is offered from without. Indeed, foresters intrusted with the management of private estates come hither from all parts of the United Kingdom to take practical lessons in their art.

This, surely, is not an overcharged picture of what a Royal Forest ought to be; what it is, and, we fear, is likely to remain, we may learn from the subjoined document, which was written about the year 1803, and recently verified by comparison with the original in Lord Nelson's writing:—

'The Forest of Dean, containing about 23,000 acres of the finest land in the kingdom, which I am informed is in a high state of cultivation of

of oak, would produce about 9200 loads of timber fit for building ships of the line every year; that is, the forest would grow in full vigour 920,000 oak-trees. The state of the forest at this moment is deplorable, for, if my information is true, there is not 3500 load of timber in the whole forest fit for building, and none coming forward. It is useless, I admit, to state the causes of such a want of timber where so much could be produced, except that by knowing the faults we may be better able to amend ourselves. First, the generality of trees for these last fifty years have been allowed to stand too long; they are passed by instead of removed, and thus occupy a space which ought to have been replanted with young trees. Secondly, that, where good timber is felled, nothing is planted, and nothing can grow *self-sown*: for the deer (of which now only a few remain) bark all the young trees. Vast droves of hogs are allowed to go into the woods in the autumn, and if any fortunate acorn escapes their search, and takes root, then *flocks* of sheep are allowed to go into the forest, and they bite off the tender shoot. These are sufficient reasons why timber does not grow in the Forest of Dean.

' Of the waste of timber in former times I can say nothing, but of late years it has been, I am told, shameful. Trees cut down in swampy places, as the carriage is done by contract, are left to rot, and are cut up by the people in the neighbourhood. Another abuse is, contractors, as they can carry more measurement, are allowed to cut the trees to their advantage of carriage, by which means the invaluable crooked timber is lost for the service of the Navy. There is also another cause of the failure of timber: a set of people called Forest Free Miners, who consider themselves as having a right to dig for coal in any part they please; these people, in many places, enclose pieces of ground, which is daily increasing by the inattention, to call it by no worse name, of the *Surveyors, Verderers, &c.*, who have the charge of the forest.

' Of late years some apparently vigorous measures were taken for preserving and encouraging the growth of timber in the King's forests, and part of the Forest of Dean has been enclosed; but it is so very ill attended to, that it is little, if anything, better than the other part.

' There is another abuse which I omitted to mention: trees which die of themselves are considered as of no value: a gentleman told me that in shooting on foot, for on horseback it 'cannot be seen, hid by the fern which grows a great height, the tree of fifty years' growth, fit for buildings, fencing, &c., is cut just above the ground entirely through the bark; in two years the tree dies, and it becomes either a perquisite, or is allowed to be taken away by favoured people.

' These shameful abuses are probably known to those high in power, but I have gathered the information of them from people of all descriptions, and perfectly disinterested in telling me or knowing that I had any view in a transient inquiry; but knowing the abuses, it is for the serious consideration of every lover of his country how they can either be done away, or at least lessened, perhaps a very difficult or impossible task.

' If

' If the Forest of Dean is to be preserved as a useful forest for the country, strong measures must be pursued. First, the *guardian* of the support of our Navy must be an intelligent honest man, who will give up his time to his employment; therefore he must live in the forest, have a house, a small farm, and an adequate salary.

' I omitted to mention that the expense of Surveyor of Woods, as far as relates to this forest, to be done away; verderer as at present; also, the guardian to have proper verderers under him, who understand the planting, thinning, and management of timber-trees; their places should be so comfortable, that the fear of being turned out should be a great object of terror, and, of course, an inducement for them to exert themselves in their different stations.

' The first thing necessary in the Forest of Dean is, to plant some acres of acorns; and I saw plenty of clear fields, with cattle grazing, in my voyage down the Wye: in two years these will be fit for transplanting.'

Such was the state of things in 1803, and, with the exception that some of the minor evils have been remedied, such it is in 1855, as any one who will take the trouble to read the blue-books on the subject will at once discover. The nursery-grounds selected without reference to soil or aspect, and undrained; the seed-beds filled with weeds, badly-grown oaks, and firs too old to bear transplantation; the young plantations perishing by acres in a single season from mismanagement, the middle-aged ones overgrown with moss and lichen; the trees, here drawn up to fishing-rods for want of thinning, there blasted or uprooted by sudden exposure; here pruned after the barbarous fashion in which hedge-row clms are lopped, there encumbered by rotten boughs, or stifled by an undergrowth of coppice; money annually expended in the purchase of beech timber, while the forest is overstocked with trees of the same kind which it would be a wise economy to give away; bark so spoilt in the drying as to be deteriorated to the extent of half its value; incompetent officials cutting down 4500 loads of timber to be sure of securing 2000, rarely meddling with a tree until it shows symptoms of decay, and selling, for 2*l.* 15*s.* a load, timber, for which private individuals can obtain *from the Admiralty 4l.* a load,—these are only a portion of the evils, which, as they are severally pointed out, the responsible officers admit and defend. The late Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Mr. Kennedy, did his utmost to rectify them, but found the existing system too strong for him; and the collisions which arose out of his strenuous but, perhaps, too impatient efforts have ended in his dismissal.

ART. V.—1. *Food, and its Adulterations; composing the Reports of the Analytic Sanitary Commission of the 'Lancet,' in the years 1851 to 1854 inclusive.* By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., Chief Analyst of the Commission. London, 1855.

2. '*There's Death in the Pot.*' By Frederick Accum. London, 1820.
3. *Des Falsifications des Substances Alimentaires et des moyens chimiques de les reconnaître.* Par Jules Garnier et Ch. Harel. Paris.
4. *Dictionnaire des Altérations et Falsifications des Substances Alimentaires, Medicamenteuses et Commerciales, avec l'indication des moyens de les reconnaître.* Par M. A. Chevallier. Paris.

A STORY is told of an European who, wishing to convince a Brahmin of the folly of his faith in interdicting, as an article of food, anything that once possessed life, showed him, by the aid of the microscope, that the very water which he drank was full of living things. The Indian, thus suddenly introduced to an unseen world, dashed the instrument to the ground, and reproached his teacher for having so wantonly destroyed the guiding principle of his life. We too have at home a Hindoo, in the shape of the believing British public, to whose eye Dr. Hassall nicely adjusts the focus of his microscope, and bids him behold what unseen villanies are daily perpetrated upon his purse and person.

The world at large has almost forgotten Accum's celebrated work 'Death in the Pot'; a new generation has indeed sprung up since it was written, and fraudulent tradesmen and manufacturers have gone on in silence, and, up to this time, in security, falsifying the food and picking the pockets of the people. Startling indeed as were the revelations in that remarkable book, yet it had little effect in reforming the abuses it exposed. General denunciations of grocers did not touch individuals of the craft, and they were consequently not driven to improve the quality of their wares. The 'Lancet' Commission went to work in a different manner. In Turkey, when of old they caught a baker giving false weight or adulterating the staff of life, they nailed his ear to the doorpost, 'pour encourager les autres.' Dr. Hassall, like a modern Al Rachid, perambulated the town himself, or sent his trustworthy agents to purchase articles, upon all of which the inexorable microscope was set to work, and every fraudulent sample, after due notice given, subjected its vendor to be pinned for ever to the terrible pages of the Commissioner's report. In this manner direct responsibility was obtained.

obtained. If the falsification denounced was not the work of the retailer, he was glad enough to shift the blame upon the manufacturer, and thus the truth came out.

A gun suddenly fired into a rookery could not cause a greater commotion than this publication of the names of dishonest tradesmen, nor does the daylight, when you lift a stone, startle ugly and loathsome things more quickly than the pencil of light, streaming through a quarter-inch lens, surprised in their naked ugliness the thousand and one illegal substances which enter more or less into every description of food that it will pay to adulterate. Nay, to such a pitch of refinement has the art of falsification of alimentary substances reached, that the very articles used to adulterate are adulterated ; and while one tradesman is picking the pockets of his customers, a still more cunning rogue is, unknown to himself, deep in his own !

The manner in which food is adulterated is not only one of degree but of kind. The most simple of all sophistications, and that which is most harmless, is the mixture of inferior qualities of the same substance. Indeed, if the price charged were according to quality, it would be no fraud at all, but this adjustment rarely takes place. Secondly, the mixture of cheaper articles of another kind ; Thirdly, the surreptitious introduction of materials which, taken in large quantities, are prejudicial to health ; and Fourthly, the admixture of the most deadly poisons in order to improve the appearance of the article ‘doctored.’

The microscope alone is capable of detecting at one operation the nature and extent of the more harmless but general of these frauds. When once the investigator, by the aid of that instrument, has become familiar with the configurations of different kinds of the same chemically composed substances, he is armed with far greater detective power than chemical agents could provide him with. It is beyond the limit of the test-tube to show the mind the various forms of animal and vegetable life which exist in impure water ; delicate as are its powers it could not indicate the presence of the sugar insect, or distinguish with unerring nicety an admixture of the common Circuma arrowroot with the finer Maranta. Chemistry is quite capable of telling the component parts of any article : what are the definite forms and natures of the various ingredients which enter into a mixture it cannot so easily answer. This the microscope can at once effect, and in its present application consists Dr. Hassall’s advantage over all previous investigators in the same field. The precision with which he is enabled to state the result of his labours leaves no appeal ; he shows his reader the intimate structures of a coffee-grain and of oak or mahogany sawdust ; and then

then a specimen of the two combined, sold under the title of genuine Mocha. Many manufacturers and retailers, who have been detected falsifying the food of the public, have threatened actions, but they all flinched from the test of this unerring instrument.

The system of adulteration is so wide-spread and embraces so many of the items of the daily meal, that we scarcely know where to begin—what corner of the veil first to lift. Let us hold up the 'cruet-frame, for example, and analyse its contents. There is mustard, pepper (black and cayenne), vinegar, anchovy and Harvey sauce—so thinks the unsuspecting reader—let us show him what else beside. To begin with mustard. 'Best Durham,' or 'Superfine Durham,' no doubt it was purchased for, but we will summarily dismiss this substance by stating that it is impossible to procure it pure at all; out of forty-two samples bought by Dr. Hassall at the best as well as inferior shops, all were more or less adulterated with wheaten flour for bulk, and with turmeric for colour. Vinegar also suffers a double adulteration; it is first watered, and then pungency is given to it by the addition of sulphuric acid. A small quantity of this acid is allowed by law; and this is frequently trebled by the victuallers. The pepper-caster is another stronghold of fraud—fraud so long and openly practised, that we question if the great mass of the perpetrators even think they are doing wrong. Among the milder forms of sophistication to which this article is subjected are to be found such ingredients as wheaten flour, ground rice, ground mustard-seeds, and linseed-meal. The grocer maintains a certain reserve as to the generality of the articles he employs in vitiating his wares, but pepper he seems to think is given up to him by the public to 'cook' in any manner he thinks fit. This he almost invariably does by the addition of what is known in the trade as P. D., or pepper-dust, alias the sweepings from the pepper-warehouses. But there is a lower depth still; P. D. is too genuine a commodity for some markets, and it is accordingly mixed with D. P. D., or dirt of pepper-dust.

A little book, published not long since, entitled 'The Successful Merchant,' which gives the minute trade history of a gentleman very much respected in Bristol, Samuel Budgett, Esq., affords us a passage bearing upon this P. D. which is worthy of notice:—

'In Mr. Budgett's early days,' says his biographer, 'pepper was under a heavy tax, and in the trade universal tradition said that out of the trade everybody expected pepper to be mixed. In the shop stood a cask, labelled P. D., containing something *very like* pepper-dust, wherewith it was usual to mix the pepper before sending it forth to serve

serve the public. The trade tradition had obtained for the apocryphal P. D. a place amongst the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition it was vended for pepper by men who thought they were honest. But as Samuel went on in life his ideas on trade morality grew clearer; this P. D. began to give him much discomfort. He thought upon it till he was satisfied that, after all that could be said, the thing was wrong; arrived at this conclusion, he felt that no blessing could light upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was night, but back he went to the shop, took the hypocritical cask, carried it out to the quarry, then staved it, and scattered P. D. among the clods, and slag, and stones.'

Would we could say that the reduction of the tax upon pepper had stimulated the honesty of other grocers to act a similar part to that of Mr. Budgett, but P.D. flourishes as flagrantly as ever; and if every possessor of the article in London were to stave his casks in the roadway, as conscientiously as did the 'Successful Merchant,' there would be hard work for the scavengers. In the days of Accum it was usual to manufacture pepper-corns out of oiled linseed-cake, clay, and cayenne pepper, formed into a mass, and then granulated: these fraudulent corns were mixed with the real, to the extent of 17 per cent. This form of imposition, like that of wooden nutmegs among our American friends, has, we are happy to say, long been abandoned. The adulterations we have mentioned are simply dirty and fraudulent, but in the cayenne-cruet we find, in addition, a deadly poison. Out of twenty-eight samples submitted to examination, no less than twenty-four were adulterated with white mustard-seed, brickdust, salt, ground rice, and *deal sawdust*, by way of giving bulk; but as all of these tend to lighten the colour, it is necessary to heighten it to the required pitch. And what is employed to do this? Hear and tremble, old Indians, and lovers of high-seasoned food—with RED LEAD. Out of twenty-eight samples, red lead, and *often in poisonous quantities*, was present in thirteen! Who knows how many 'yellow admirals' at Bath have fallen victims to their cayenne-crusts? Nor can it be said that the small quantity taken at a time could do no permanent mischief, for lead belongs to the class of poisons which are cumulative in their effects.

He who loves cayenne, as a rule is fond of curry-powder, and here also the poisonous oxide is to be found in large quantities. Some years ago a certain amiable duke recommended the labouring population, during a season of famine, to take a pinch of this condiment every morning before going to work, as 'warm and comforting to the stomach.' If they had followed his advice,

thirteen out of every twenty-eight persons would have imbibed a slow poison. Those who are in the habit of using curry, generally take it in considerable quantities, and thus the villainous falsification plays a more deadly part than even in cayenne pepper. Imagine a man for years pertinaciously painting his stomach with red lead! We do not know whether medical statistics prove that paralysis prevails much among ‘Nabobs,’ but of this we may be sure, that there could be no more fruitful source of it than the two favourite stimulants we have named.

The great staple articles of food are not subject to adulteration in the same proportion as many other articles of minor demand. We need scarcely say that meat is exempt so long as it remains in the condition of joints, but immediately it is prepared in any shape in which its original fibre and form can be hidden, the spirit of craft begins to work. The public have always had certain prejudices against sausages and polonies for example, and, if we are to believe a witness examined on oath before the Smithfield Market Commissioners in 1850, not without reason. It is a very old joke that there are no live donkeys to be found within twenty miles of Epping; but if all the asinine tribe in England were to fall victims to the chopping-machine, we question if they could supply the à-la-mode, polony, and sausage establishments. Mr. J. Harper, for instance, being under examination, upon being asked what became of the diseased meat brought into London, replied :—

‘ It is purchased by the soup-shops, sausage-makers, the à-la-mode beef and meat-pie shops, &c. There is one soup-shop I believe doing five hundred pounds per week in diseased meat; this firm has a large *foreign* trade (thank goodness!). The trade in diseased meat is very alarming, as anything in the shape of flesh can be sold at about one penny per pound, or eight pence per stone.’ * * * * ‘ I am certain that if one hundred carcases of cows were lying dead in the neighbourhood of London, I could get them all sold within twenty-four hours; *it don’t matter what they died of.*’

It must not be imagined that the à-la-mode beef interest is supplied with this carrion by needy men, whose necessities may in some degree palliate their evil dealings. In proof of this we quote further from Mr. Harper’s evidence. In answer to the question, ‘ Is there any slaughtering of bad meat in the country for the supply of the London market?’ he says—

‘ The London market is very extensively supplied with diseased meat from the country. There are three insurance-offices in London in which graziers can insure their beasts from disease: it was the practice of one of these offices to send the unsound animals dying from disease

to their own slaughter-houses, situate a hundred and sixty miles from London, to be dressed and sent to the London market. * * * Cattle, sheep, &c., are insured against all kinds of diseases, and one of the conditions is, that the diseased animal, when dead, becomes the property of the insurance company, the party insuring receiving two-thirds of the value of the animal and one-third of the salvage; or, in other words, one-third of the amount of the beast is sold for when dead.'

Upon being asked, 'Do you believe it is still the habit of this company to send up the diseased animals to London?' he replied—

'Yes, I do; until lately they were regularly consigned to a meat-salesman in Newgate Market of the name of Mathews. * * * The larger quantities are sold to people who manufacture it into soup, meat-pies, sausages, &c.'

We have no wish to destroy the generally robust appetite of the persons who visit such shops by any gratuitous disclosure, but we question whether the most hungry crossing-sweeper would look any more with a longing eye upon the huge German sausages, rich and inviting as they appear, if, like Mr. Harper, he knew the too probable antecedents of their contents. The only other preparations of flesh open to adulteration are preserved meats. Some years ago 'the Goldner canister business' so excited the public against this invaluable method of storing perishing articles of food, that a prejudice has existed against it ever since—and a more senseless prejudice could not be. Goldner's process, since adopted by Messrs. Cooper and Aves, is simple and beautiful. The provisions, being placed in tin canisters having their covers soldered down, are plunged up to their necks in a bath of chloride of calcium (a preparation which imbibes a great heat without boiling), and their contents are speedily cooked; at the same time, all the air in the meat, and some of the water, are expelled in the form of steam, which issues from a pin-hole in the lid. The instant the cook ascertains the process to be complete, he drops a plug of solder upon the hole, and the mass is thus hermetically sealed. Exclusion of air, and coagulation of the albumen, are the two conditions, which enable us to hand the most delicate flavoured meats down to remote generations,—for as long, in fact, as a stout painted tin canister can maintain itself intact against the oxidizing effect of the atmosphere. We have ourselves partaken lately of a duck that was winged, and of milk that came from the cow as long as eight years ago. Fruit which had been gathered whilst the free-trade struggle was still going on, we

found as delicate in flavour as though it had just been plucked from the branch. Out of the many cases of all kinds of provisions opened and examined by Dr. Hassall, scarcely any have been found to be bad. At a time when the graves of so many of our soldiers in the Crimea may be justly inscribed, ‘Died of salt pork,’ we cannot forbear to call attention to a neglected means of feeding our troops with good and nutritious food, instead of with the tough fibre called meat, from which half the blood-making qualities have been extracted by the process of boiling, whilst the remaining half is rendered indigestible by the action of salt, and poisonous by the extraction of one of its most important constituents. It would seem as if we were living in the days of Anson, who lost 626 men of scurvy, out of a crew of 961, before he could reach the island of Juan Fernandez, or of the still later cruise of Sir C. Hardy, who sent 3500 to hospital with this fatal disease, after a six weeks’ sail with the Channel fleet. It may be urged that the sailors have not sickened on salt pork; but while they have the necessary amount of potass, which the stomach requires to make blood, in the lime-juice served out to them, our troops were without this indispensable accompaniment, and consequently died. In the preserved meats, which are made up with potatoes and other vegetables, the needful potass exists, and such food may be forwarded to the Crimea as cheaply as the pernicious salt junk which is patronised by the Government.

Bread, the great blood-producer, claims particular attention. It often surprises persons who walk about the metropolis to find that prices vary according to the locality:—thus the loaf that costs in the Borough or the New Cut 7*d.* a quartern, is 10*½d.* at the West End. Can plate-glass windows and rent cause all this difference? Certainly not. We are glad, however, to find that many of the adulterations mentioned by our older writers have vanished with free trade. Prince and Accum mention plaster of Paris, bone-dust, the meal of other cereal grains, white clay, alum, sulphate of copper, potatoes, &c. All of these sophistications have disappeared with the exception of potatoes, which are occasionally employed when the difference between their value and that of flour makes it worth while for the baker or miller to introduce them. When we see a loaf marked under the market-price, we may rest assured that it is made of flour ground from inferior and damaged wheat. In order to bring this up to the required colour, and to destroy the sour taste which often belongs to it, bakers are in the habit of introducing a mixture called in the trade ‘hards’ and ‘stuff,’ which is nothing more than alum and salt, kept

kept prepared in large quantities by the druggists. The quantity of alum necessary to render bread white is certainly not great—Mitchell found that it ranged from 116 grains to 34½ grains in the four-pound loaf—but the great advantage the baker derives from it, in addition to improving the colour of his wares, is, that it absorbs a large quantity of water, which he sells at the present time at the rate of 2d. a pound. Out of 28 loaves of bread bought in every quarter of the metropolis, Dr. Hassall did not find one free from the adulteration of alum, and in some of the samples he found considerable quantities. As a general rule, the lower the neighbourhood, the cheaper the bread, and the greater the quantity of this ‘hards’ or ‘stuff’ introduced. We must not, however, lay all the blame upon the baker. This was satisfactorily shown by the Sanitary Commissioners, when dealing with the bread sold by the League Bread Company, whose advertisement to the following effect is constantly to be seen in the ‘Times.’

‘The object for which the above Company was established, and is now in operation, is to ensure to the public bread of a pure and nutritious character. Experience daily proves how much our health is dependent upon the quality and purity of our food, consequently how important it is that an article of such universal consumption as bread should be free from adulteration. That various diseases are caused by the use of *alum* and other deleterious ingredients in the manufacture of bread, the testimony of many eminent men will fully corroborate. Pure unadulterated bread, full weight, best quality, and the lowest possible price.’

Upon several samples of this *pure bread*, purchased of various agents of the Company, being tested, they were found to be contaminated with *alum*! Here was a discovery. The Company protested that the analyses were worthless; and all their workmen made a solemn declaration that they had never used any alum whilst in their employ. The agents of the Company also declared that they never sold any but their bread. The analyst looked again through his microscope, and again reiterated his charge, that alum their bread contained. It was then agreed to test the flour supplied to the Company, and three samples were proved to contain the obnoxious material. Thus we find that the miller still, in some instances, maintains his doubtful reputation, and is at the bottom of this roguery.

Our succeeding remarks will fall, we fear, like a bomb upon many a tea-table, and stagger teetotalism in its stronghold. A drunkard’s stomach is sometimes exhibited at total-abstinence lectures, in every stage of congestion and inflammation, painted up to match the fervid eloquence of the lecturer. If tea is our only refuge from the frightful maladies entailed upon

upon us by fermented liquors, we fear the British public is in a perplexing dilemma. Ladies, there is death in the teapot! Green-tea drinkers, beware! There has always been a vague idea afloat in the public mind about hot copper plates—a suspicion that gunpowder and hyson do not come by their colour honestly. The old Duchess of Marlborough used to boast that she came into the world before ‘nerves were in fashion.’ We feel half inclined to believe this joke had a great truth in it; for since the introduction of tea, nervous complaints of all kinds have greatly increased; and we need not look far to find one at least of the causes in the teapot. There is no such a thing as pure green tea to be met with in England. It is adulterated in China; and we have lately learnt to adulterate it at home almost as well as the cunning Asiatic. The pure green tea made from the most delicate green leaves grown upon manured soil, such as the Chinese use themselves, is, it is true, wholly untainted; and we are informed that its beautiful bluish bloom, like that upon a grape, is given by the third process of roasting which it undergoes. The enormous demand for a moderately-priced green tea which has arisen both in England and China since the opening of the trade has led the Hong merchants to imitate this peculiar colour; and this they do so successfully as to deceive the ordinary judges of the article. Black tea is openly coloured in the neighbourhood of Canton in the most wholesale manner.

Mr. Robert Fortune, in his very interesting work, ‘The Tea Districts of China and India,’ gives us a good description of the manner in which this colouring process is performed, as witnessed by himself.

‘Having procured a portion of Prussian-blue, he threw it into a porcelain bowl, not unlike a chemist’s mortar, and crushed it into a very fine powder. At the same time a quantity of gypsum was produced and burned in the charcoal fires which were then roasting the teas. The object of this was to soften it, in order that it might be readily pounded into a very fine powder, in the same manner as the Prussian-blue had been. The gypsum, having been taken out of the fire after a certain time had elapsed, readily crumbled down, and was reduced to powder in the mortar. These two substances, having been thus prepared, were then mixed together in the proportion of four parts of gypsum to three parts of Prussian-blue, and formed a light blue powder, which was then ready for use.

‘This colouring matter was applied to the teas during the process of roasting. About five minutes before the tea was removed from the pans—the time being regulated by the burning of a joss-stick—the superintendent took a small porcelain spoon, and with it he scattered a portion of the colouring matter over the leaves in each pan. The workmen then turned the leaves round rapidly with both hands, in order that

that the colour might be equally diffused. During this part of the operation the hands of the workmen were quite blue. I could not help thinking if any green-tea drinkers had been present during the operation their taste would have been corrected and I believe improved.

‘One day an English gentleman in Shanghai, being in conversation with some Chinese from the green-tea country, asked them what reason they had for dyeing the tea, and whether it would not be better without undergoing this process. They acknowledged that tea was much better when prepared without having any such ingredients mixed with it, and that *they never drank dyed tea* themselves, but justly remarked, that, as foreigners seemed to prefer having a mixture of Prussian-blue and gypsum with their tea to make it look uniform and pretty, and as these ingredients were cheap enough, the Chinese had no objection to supply them, especially as such teas always fetched a higher price.

‘I took some trouble to ascertain precisely the quantity of colouring matter used in the process of dyeing green teas, not certainly with the view of assisting others, either at home or abroad, in the art of colouring, but simply to show green-tea drinkers in England, and more particularly in the United States of America, what *quantity* of Prussian-blue and gypsum they imbibe in the course of one year. To 14½ lbs. were applied 8 mace 2½ candareens of colouring matter, or rather more than an ounce. To every hundred pounds of coloured green tea consumed in England or America, the consumer actually drinks more than half a pound of Prussian-blue and gypsum. And yet, tell the drinkers of this coloured tea that the Chinese eat cats and dogs, and they will hold up their hands in amazement and pity the poor Celestials.’

If the Chinese use it in these quantities to tinge the genuine leaf, how much more must the English employ in making up afresh exhausted leaves! That every spoonful of hyson or gunpowder contains a considerable quantity of this deleterious dye will be seen by any one who places a pinch upon a fine sieve, and pours upon it a gentle stream of water, when the tinging of the liquid will show at once the extent of the adulteration, and the folly of drinking painted tea. Assain tea, though not so inviting in colour, is free from adulteration. A word to the wise is enough.

Of fifty samples of green tea analysed by Dr. Hassall, all were adulterated. There is one particular kind which is almost entirely a manufactured article—gunpowder, both black and green—the former being called scented caper. Both have a large admixture of what is termed ‘lye tea,’ or a compound of sand, dirt, tea-dust, and broken-down portions of other leaves worked together with gum into small nodules. This detestable compound, which, according to Mr. Warrington,* who has analysed it, con-

* In an article upon the teas of commerce, which appeared in the ‘Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society’ for July, 1851.

tains forty-five per cent. of earthy matter, is manufactured both in China and in England, for the express purpose of adulterating tea. When mixed with ‘scented caper’ it is ‘faced’ with black lead; when with gunpowder, Prussian-blue; turmeric and French chalk give it the required bloom. Mr. Warrington states that about 750,000 lbs. of this spurious tea has been imported into Great Britain within eighteen months! Singularly enough, the low-priced teas are the only genuine ones. Every sample of this class which was analysed by Dr. Hassall proved to be perfectly pure. Here at least the poor have the advantage of the better classes, who pay a higher price to be injured in their health by a painted beverage.

The practice of redrying used-up leaves is also carried on to some extent in England. Mr. George Philips, of the Inland Revenue Office, states that in 1843 there were no less than eight manufactories for the purpose of redrying tea-leaves in London alone, whilst there were many others in different parts of the country. These manufacturers had agents who bought up the used leaves from hotels, clubs, coffeehouses, &c., for two-pence-halfpenny and threepence per lb. With these leaves, others of various trees were used, and very fine pekoe still flourishes upon the hawthorn-bushes, sloe-trees, &c., around the metropolis. As late as the year 1851 the following account of the proceedings of one of these nefarious manufacturers appeared in ‘The Times’:—

‘ Clerkenwell.—Edward South and Louisa his wife were placed at the bar before Mr. Combe, charged by Mr. Inspector Brennan of the E division with being concerned in the manufacture of spurious tea. It appeared from the statement of the Inspector that, in consequence of information that the prisoners and others were in the habit of carrying on extensive traffic in manufacturing spurious tea on the premises situate at 27½, Clerkenwell Close, Clerkenwell Green, on Saturday evening, at about seven o’clock, the witness, in company with Serjeant Cole, proceeded to the house, where they found the prisoners in an apartment busily engaged in the manufacture of spurious tea. There was an extensive furnace, before which was suspended an iron pan, containing sloe-leaves and tea-leaves, which they were in the practice of purchasing from coffee-shop-keepers after being used. On searching the place they found an immense quantity of used tea, bay-leaves, and every description of spurious ingredients for the purpose of manufacturing illicit tea, and they were mixed with a solution of gum and a quantity of *copperas*. The woman was employed in stirring about the bay-leaves and other composition with the solution of gum in the pan; and in one part of the room there was a large quantity of spurious stuff, the exact imitation of genuine tea. In a back room they found nearly a hundred pounds weight of redried tea-leaves, bay-leaves, and sloe-leaves,

leaves, all spread on the floor drying. . . . Mr. Brennan added that the prisoners had pursued this nefarious traffic most extensively, and were in the habit of dealing largely with grocers, chandlers, and others in the country.'

This poisonous, imitation green tea, 'so largely supplied to country grocers,' was no doubt used for adulterating other green teas already dosed with Prussian-blue, turmeric, &c. These have found their way into many a country home of small means. When the nephew comes on a visit, or the curate calls of an afternoon, the ordinary two spoonfuls of black are 'improved' with 'just a dash of green,' and the poor innocent gentleman wonders afterwards what it can be that keeps him awake all night.

We often hear the remark from old-fashioned people that we have never had any good tea since the monopoly of the East India Company was broken up: in this remark there is some truth and much error. There can be no possible doubt that the higher-priced teas have fallen off since the trade has been open, as the buyers of the Company were perfectly aware of the frauds perpetrated by the Hong merchants, and never allowed a spurious article to be shipped. On the other hand, the great reduction which has taken place in the price of the common black teas, both on account of the cessation of the monopoly and the reduction of the duty, has in a great measure destroyed the English manufacture of spurious tea from indigenous leaves. The extent to which this formerly took place may be judged from a Report of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1783, which states that no less than four millions of pounds were annually manufactured from sloe and ash leaves in different parts of England, and this, be it remembered, when the whole quantity of genuine tea sold by the East India Company did not amount to more than six millions of pounds annually.

If the better class of black and all green teas* are thus vilely adulterated, the reader may fancy he can at least take refuge in coffee—alas! in too many cases he will only avoid Scylla to fall into Charybdis. Coffee, as generally sold in the metropolis and in all large towns, is adulterated even more than tea. The Treasury Minute, which allowed it to be mixed with chicory, is at the head and front of the offending. In the year 1840 this celebrated Minute was issued by the sanction of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir C. Wood, the immediate consequence of which was that grocers began to mix it with pure

* Assam tea is the only exception to this rule, but very little of it is imported.
coffee

coffee in very large quantities, quite forgetting to inform the public of the nature of the mixture, and neglecting at the same time to lower the price. The evil became so flagrant that upon the installation of the Derby administration Mr. Disraeli promised to rescind this licence to adulterate ; but before the promise was redeemed, the administration was rescinded itself. Mr. Gladstone, upon his acceptance of office, loth, it appears, to injure the chicory interest, modified the original Minute, but allowed the amalgamation to continue, provided the package was labelled ‘Mixture of Chicory and Coffee.’ It was speedily found, however, that this announcement became so confounded with other printing on the label that it was not easily distinguishable, and in consequence it was provided that the words ‘This is sold as a mixture of Chicory and Coffee’ should be printed by themselves on one side of the canister. It may be asked what is the nature of this ingredient, that the right to mix it with coffee should be maintained by two Chancellors of the Exchequer during a period of fifteen years as jealously as though it were some important principle of our constitution ? Chicory, to say the best of it, is an insipid root, totally destitute of any nourishing or refreshing quality, being utterly deficient in any nitrogenized principle, whilst there are strong doubts whether it is not absolutely hurtful to the nervous system. Professor Beer, the celebrated oculist of Vienna, forbids the use of it to his patients, considering it to be the cause of amaurotic blindness. Even supposing it to be perfectly harmless, we have a material of the value of 8d. a pound, which the grocer is allowed to mix *ad libitum* with one worth 1s. 4d. If the poor got the benefit of the adulteration, there might be some excuse for permitting the admixture of chicory, but it is proved that the combination is sold in many shops at the same price as pure coffee. Analyses made by Dr. Hassall of upwards of a hundred different samples of coffee, purchased in all parts of the metropolis before the issuing of the order for the labelling of the packages ‘chicory and coffee,’ proved that, in a great number of cases, articles sold as ‘finest Mooha,’ ‘choice Jamaica coffee,’ ‘superb coffee,’ &c., contained, in some cases, very little coffee at all ; in others ‘only a fifth, a third, half,’ &c., the rest being made up mainly of chicory. Nothing is more indicative of the barefaced frauds perpetrated by grocers upon the public than the manner in which they go out of their way to puff in the grossest style the most abominable trash. The report of the Sanitary Commission gives many examples of these puffs and announcements, which, we are informed, are kept set up at the printers’, and may be had in any quantities. We quote one as an example.

‘JOHN

‘JOHN ——’S COFFEE,

‘*The richness, flavour, and strength of which are not to be surpassed.*

‘Coffee has now become an article of consumption among all classes of the community. Hence the importance of supplying an article of such a character as to encourage its consumption in preference to beverages the use of which promotes a vast amount of misery.

‘John ——’s coffee meets the requirement of the age, and, as a natural result, the celebrity to which it has attained is wholly unparalleled. Its peculiarity consists in its possessing that rich aromatic flavour, combined with great strength and deliciousness, which is to be found alone in the choicest mountain growths. It may, with perfect truth, be stated that no article connected with *domestic economy* has given such general satisfaction, and the demand for it is rapidly increasing.

‘John ——’s establishment, both for extent and capability, is the first in the empire.

‘Observe!

‘Every canister of John ——’s coffee bears his signature, without which none is *genuine.*’

At the end of this puff the analyst places the words—

‘*Adulterated with a considerable quantity of chicory!*’

More erudite grocers treat us to the puff literary, as in the following instance:—

‘Rich-flavoured coffees fresh roasted daily.

‘USE OF COFFEE IN TURKEY.

‘Sandys, the translator of “Ovid’s Metamorphoses,” and who travelled in Turkey in 1610, gives the following passage in his “Travailes,” page 51 (edit. 1657). Speaking of the Turks, he says, “Although they be destitute of taverns, yet have they their coffee-houses, which sometimes resemble them. There sit they chatting most of the day, and sip of a drink called *coffa*, of the berry that it is made of, in little china dishes, as hot as they can suffer it, black as soot, which helpeth, as they say, digestion, and procureth alacrity.”’

This pleasant sample of the puff indirect has also appended to it the naked sentence—

‘*Adulterated with chicory, of which not less than half the sample consists.*’

The worst kinds of adulterated coffee are to be found in that which is sold in canisters. The value of the tin envelope cannot be less than 2*d.*, and, as the coffee so sold is charged at the same price as that in a paper wrapper, it must be evident that a more extensive adulteration is necessary in order to make up the difference. Such, upon examination, proves to be the case, as it appeared—

‘That

' That the whole twenty-nine packages, bottles, and canisters submitted to analysis, with a single exception,* were adulterated.

' That in these twenty-eight adulterated samples the falsification consisted of so-called chicory, which in many instances constituted the chief part of the article.

' That three of the samples contained mangold-wurzel, and two of them roasted wheat-flour.'

We have said it often happens that the adulterations are adulterated. Chicory is an instance of it. The original fraud is found to have ramified in an endless manner; and Sir Charles Wood will, doubtless, be astonished to hear of the hideous crop of falsifications his most unfortunate order has caused to spring out of the ground.

Immediately the process of transforming chicory into coffee became legalized by the Government, that article came into very extensive consumption, and factories were set up especially for its secret manufacture. The reason for this secrecy may be gathered from the list of articles which are made to subserve the purpose—roasted wheat, ground acorns, roasted carrots, scorched beans, roasted parsnips, mangold-wurzel, lupin-seeds, dog's biscuits, burnt sugar, *red earth*, roasted horse-chestnuts,—and above and beyond all *baked horses' and bullocks' livers*. This statement rests upon the authority of Mr. P. G. Simmonds, in a work entitled 'Coffee as it is, and as it ought to be':—

' In various parts of the metropolis,' he says, 'but more especially in the east, are to be found "liver bakers." These men take the livers of oxen and horses, bake them, and grind them into a powder, which they sell to the low-priced coffee-shopkeepers, at from four-pence to six-pence per lb., horse's liver coffee being the highest price. It may be known by allowing the coffee to stand until cold, when a thick pellicle or skin would be found on the top. It goes farther than coffee, and is generally *mixed with chicory*, and other vegetable imitations of coffee.'

In confirmation of this horrible statement the Sanitary Commissioners of the Lancet state that, on analysis, this substance, which

' possessed a disagreeable animal smell, consisted of some imperfectly charred animal matter.'

The new regulation, enjoining grocers to sell coffee and chicory properly labelled as such, is, no doubt, observed in respectable shops, but in the low neighbourhoods the mixture as before is passed off for genuine Mocha. However, the purchaser has the means of protection in his own hands. If he prefers coffee pure, let him buy the roasted berry and grind it

* That sold by Messrs. Dakin of St. Paul's Churchyard.

himself;

himself; he will thus be sure of having the real article, and will get it in greater perfection than by purchasing it ready ground.

In close proximity to the tea and coffee pots stand the milk-jug and the sugar-basin. What find we here? A few years ago the town was frightened from its propriety by a little work entitled ‘Observations on London Milk,’ published by a medical gentleman of the name of Rugg, which gave some fearful disclosures relative to the manner in which London milk was adulterated. Dr. Hassall’s analyses go to show that, with the exception of the produce of the ‘iron-tailed cow,’ none of the supposed defilements really exist, and that the milkman is a sadly-maligned individual. Water is added in quantities varying in different samples from 10 to 50 per cent.; and in the more unfashionable parts of the town *all* the cream is abstracted to be forwarded to the West End. If milk *must* be adulterated in large towns, water is undoubtedly the most harmless ingredient; at the same time it will be seen what a fraud is perpetrated upon the public by selling milky water at 4d. a quart.

That the London milking-pail goes as often to the pump as the cow we have no manner of doubt. To bring the diluted goods up to a delicate cream colour, it is common to swing round a ball of annatto in the can; and other careful observers and writers upon the adulteration of food have detected flour, starch, and treacle. All medical men know that children are often violently disordered by their morning or evening portion,—an effect which could not come from the mere admixture of water—and we must confess that we ourselves believe the milkman to be a very wicked fellow.

We are afraid, if we look into the sugar-basin, we shall not find much more comfort than in the milk-jug. We refer here to the ordinary brown sugars, such as are generally used at the breakfast-table for coffee. It is scarcely possible to procure moist sugar which is not infested with animalculæ of the acari genus, a most disgusting class of creatures. In many samples of sugars they swarm to that extent that the mass moves with them; and in almost every case, by dissolving a spoonful in a wine-glass of water, dozens of them can be detected by the naked eye, either floating upon the liquid or adhering to the edge of the glass. Those who are in the habit of ‘handling’ sugars, as it is termed, are liable to a skin affection called the grocer’s itch, which is believed to be occasioned by these living inhabitants of our sugar-basins. Horrible as it is to think that such creatures are an article in daily use, we cannot charge the grocer directly with their introduction; the evil is, however, increased by

by the manner in which he mixes, or ‘handles,’ as it is termed in the trade, higher-priced sugars with muscovados, bastards, and other inferior kinds, in which the animalculæ abound. In addition to this foreign animal element, grocers sometimes mix flour with their sugar, and, if we are to put any credit in popular belief, sand; but of the presence of this gritty ingredient we have never seen any trustworthy evidence. Nevertheless we have said enough to show that the tea-dealer and grocer do their best to supply the proverbial ‘peck of dirt’ which all of us must eat before we die. Would that we were fed with nothing more deleterious or repulsive! Let us see, however, the base admixtures one is liable to swallow in taking—

A CUP OF TEA

or a

CUP OF COFFEE.

In the Tea.

If Green—

- Prussian-blue.
- Turmeric.
- China clay or French chalk.
- Used tea-leaves.
- Copperas.

If Black—

- Gum.
- Black lead.
- Dutch pink.
- Used tea-leaves.
- Leaves of the ash, sloe, hawthorn, and of many other kinds.

In the Milk.

- On an average 25 per cent. of water.
- Annatto.
- Treacle.
- Flour.
- Oxide of iron.
- And other unknown ingredients.

In the Sugar.

If Brown—

- Wheat flour.
- Hundreds of the sugar insect.

If White—

- Albumen of bullock's blood.

In the Coffee.

Chicory.

In the Chicory.

- Roast wheat.
- , acorn.
- , mangold-wurzel.
- , beans.
- , carrots.
- , parsnips.
- , lupin-seeds.
- , dog-biscuit.
- , horse-chestnuts.
- Oxide of iron.
- Mahogany sawdust.
- Baked horse's liver.
- , bullock's liver.

In the Milk.

- Water 25 per cent.
- Annatto.
- Flour.
- Treacle.
- Oxide of iron.
- And other unknown ingredients.

In the Sugar.

If Brown—

- Wheat flour.
- Hundreds of the sugar insect.

If White—

- Albumen of bullock's blood.

As we perceive the teetotallers are petitioning Parliament and agitating the towns for the closing of public-houses, we beg to present them, in either hand, with a cup of the above mixtures, with the humble hope that means will be found by them

them to supply the British public with some drink a little less deleterious to health, a little more pleasant to the palate, and somewhat less disgusting to the feelings. Some of the sugar impurities may be avoided by using the crystallized East Indian kind—the size of the crystals not permitting of its being adulterated with inferior sorts.

We shall not dwell upon cocoa further than to state that it is a still rarer thing to obtain it pure, than either tea or coffee. The almost universal adulterations are sugar, starch, and flour, together with red colouring matter, generally some ferruginous earth; whilst, as far as we can see, what is termed homœopathic cocoa is only distinguished from other kinds by the small quantity of that substance contained in it.

There is scarcely an article on the breakfast-table, in fact, which is what it seems to be. The butter, if salt, is adulterated with between 20 and 30 per cent. of water. A merchant in this trade tells the '*Lancet*' that 'between 40,000 and 50,000 casks of adulterated butter are annually sold in London, and the trade knows it as well as they know a bad shilling.' Lard when cheap also finds its way to the butter-tub. Perhaps those who flatter themselves that they use nothing but '*Epping*' will not derive much consolation from the following letter, also published in the same journal:—

'To the Editor of the Lancet.'

'SIR,—HAVING taken apartments in the house of a butterman, I was suddenly awoke at three o'clock one morning with a noise in the lower part of the house, and alarmed on perceiving a light below the door of my bedroom; conceiving the house to be on fire, I hurried down stairs. I found the whole family busily occupied, and, on my expressing alarm at the house being on fire, they jocosely informed me they *were merely making Epping butter*. They unhesitatingly informed me of the whole process. For this purpose they made use of fresh salted butter of a very inferior quality; this was repeatedly washed with water in order to free it from the salt. This being accomplished, the next process was to wash it frequently with milk; and the manufacture was completed by the addition of a small quantity of sugar. The amateurs of fresh Epping butter were supplied with this dainty, which yielded my ingenious landlord a profit of at least 100 per cent., besides establishing his shop as being supplied with Epping butter from one of the first-rate dairies.

'I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
'A STUDENT.'

If we try marmalade as a succedaneum, we are no better off—at least if we put any faith in 'real Dundee, an excellent substitute for butter,' to be seen piled in heaps in the cheap grocers'

grocers' windows. Dr. Hassall's analysis proves that this dainty is adulterated to a large extent with turnips, apples, and carrots: we need not grumble so much at these vegetable products, excepting on the score that it is a fraud to sell them at 7d. a-pound; but there is the more startling fact that, in twelve out of fourteen samples analysed, copper was detected and sometimes in large and deleterious quantities!

Accum, in his 'Death in the Pot,' quotes, from cookery-books of reputation in his day, recipes which make uninitiated persons stare. For instance, 'Modern Cookery, or the English Housewife,' gives the following serious directions 'to make Greening':—
'Take a bit of *verdigris the bigness of an hazel-nut*, finely powdered, half a pint of distilled vinegar, and a bit of alum-powder, with a little baysalt; put all in a bottle and shake it, and let it stand till clear. *Put a small teaspoonful into codlings, or whatever you wish to green!*'

Again, the 'English Housekeeper,' a book which ran through 18 editions, directs—'to make pickles green *boil them with half-pence*, or allow them to stand for twenty-four hours in copper or brass pans!' Has the notable housewife ever wondered to herself how it is that all the pickles of the shops are of so much more inviting colour than her own?—we will satisfy her curiosity a word—she has forgotten the 'bit of verdigris the bigness of a hazel-nut,' for it is now proved beyond doubt that to this complexion do they come by the use of copper, introduced for the sole purpose of making them of a lively green. The analyses of twenty samples of pickles bought of the most respectable tradesmen proved, firstly, that the vinegar in the bottles owed most of its strength to the introduction of sulphuric acid; secondly, that, out of sixteen different pickles analysed for the purpose, copper was detected in various amounts. Thus, 'two of the samples contained a small quantity; eight rather much, one a considerable quantity, three a very considerable quantity; in one copper was present in a highly deleterious amount, and in two *in poisonous amounts*. The largest quantity of this metal was found in the bottles consisting entirely of green vegetables, such as gherkins and beans.'

We trust after this the good housewife will feel jealous no longer, but rest satisfied that the home-made article, if less inviting and vivid in colour, is at least more wholesome. A simple test to discover the presence of copper in such articles is to place a bright knitting-needle in the vinegar, and let it remain there for a few hours, when the deleterious metal will speedily form a coating over it, dense or thin, according to the amount which exists. Wherever large quantities are found, it is wilfully

wilfully inserted for the purpose of producing the bright green colour, but a small quantity may find its way into the pickles in the process of boiling in copper pans. Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, the great pickle and preserve manufacturers in Soho, immediately they became aware, from the analyses of the 'Lancet,' that such was the case, in a very praiseworthy manner substituted silver and glass, at a great expense, for all their former vessels. The danger arising from the introduction of this virulent poison into our food would not be so great if it were confined to pickles, of which the quantity taken is small at each meal, but it is used to paint all kinds of preserves, and fruits for winter pies and tarts are bloomed with death. The papa who presents his children the box of sweetincats bedded in coloured paper, and enclosed in an elegant casket, may be corroding unawares the very springs of their existence. As a general rule it is found that the red fruits, such as currants, raspberries, and cherries, are uncontaminated with this deleterious metal, but owe their deep hue to some red colouring matter, such as a decoction of logwood, or infusion of beetroot, in the same way that common white cabbage is converted into red, by the nefarious pickle-merchant. The green fruits are not all deleterious in the same degree; there seems to be an ascending scale of virulence, much after the following manner:—Limes, gooseberries, rhubarb, greengages, olives—the last-mentioned fruit, especially those of French preparation, generally containing verdigris, or the acetate of copper, *in highly dangerous quantities*. The 'Lancet' publishes a letter from Mr. Bernays, F.C.S., dated from the Chemical Library, Derby, in which he shows the necessity of watchfulness in the purchase of these articles of food:—

'Of this,' he says, 'I will give you a late instance. I had bought a bottle of preserved gooseberries from one of the most respectable grocers in the town, and had its contents transferred to a pie. It struck me that the gooseberries looked fearfully green when cooked; and in eating one with a steel fork its intense bitterness sent me in search of the sugar. After having sweetened and mashed the gooseberries, with the same steel fork, I was about to convey some to my mouth, when I observed the prongs to be completely coated with a thin film of bright metallic copper. My testimony can be borne out by the evidence of others, two of whom dined at my table.'

It was fortunate that these three gentlemen used steel forks, which instantly disclosed the mischief; if they had chanced to use silver, all three might have fallen victims to these poisonous conserves.

But we are not yet at the worst. When Catherine de Medicis wished to get rid of obnoxious persons in an 'artistic' manner,

she was in the habit of presenting them with delicately made sweetmeats, or trinkets, in which death lurked in the most engaging manner ; she carried

‘ Pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket.’

Her poisoned feasts are matters of history, at which people shudder as they read ; but we question if the diabolical revenge and coldblooded wickedness of an Italian woman ever invented inuch more deadly trifles than our low, cheap confectioners do on the largest scale. We select from some of these articles of bonbonerie the following feast, which we set before doting mothers, in order that they may see what deadly dainties are prepared for the especial delectation of their children :—

• A FISH,

‘ Purchased in Shepherd’s Market, May Fair.

‘ The tip of the nose and the gills of the fish are coloured with the usual pink, while the back and sides are highly painted with that virulent poison arsenite of copper.’

• A PIGEON,

‘ Purchased in Drury Lane.

‘ The pigments employed for colouring this pigeon are light yellow for the beak, red for the eyes, and orange yellow for the base or stand. The yellow colour consists of the light kind of chromate of lead, for the eyes bisulphate of mercury, and for the stand the deeper varieties of chromate of lead or orange chrome.’

• A COCK,

‘ Purchased in Drury Lane.

‘ The beak of the bird is coloured bright yellow, the comb brilliant red, the wings and tail are variegated, black, two different reds, and yellow ; while the stand, as in most of these sugar ornaments, is painted green. The yellow of the beak consists of CHROMATE OF LEAD ; the comb and part of the red colour on the back and wings is VERMILLION ; while the second red colour on the wings and tail is the usual pink non-metallic colouring matter, and the stripes of yellow consist of gamboge : lastly, the green of the stand is MIDDLE BRUNSWICK GREEN, and, therefore, contains CHROMATE OF LEAD. In the colouring of this article, then, no less than three active poisons are employed, as well as that drastic purgative gamboge !’

• ORANGES,

‘ Purchased in Pilgrim Street, Doctors’ Commons.

‘ This is a very unnatural imitation of an orange, it being coloured with a coarse and very uneven coating of RED LEAD.’

• MIXED SUGAR ORNAMENTS,

‘ Purchased in Middle Row, Holborn.

‘ The confectionery in this parcel is made up into a variety of forms and devices,

as hats, jugs, baskets, and dishes of fruit and vegetables. One of the hats is coloured yellow with CHROMATE OF LEAD, and has a green hatband round it coloured with ARSENITE OF COPPER: a second hat is white, with a blue hatband, the pigment being PRUSSIAN-BLUE. The baskets are coloured yellow with CHROMATE OF LEAD. Into the colouring of the pears and peaches the usual non-metallic pigment, together with CHROMATE OF LEAD and MIDDLE BRUNSWICK GREEN, enter largely; while the carrots represented in a dish are coloured throughout with a RED OXIDE OF LEAD, and the tops with BRUNSWICK GREEN. This is one of the worst of all the samples of coloured sugar confectionery submitted to analysis, as it contains no less than *four deadly poisons!*

The painted feast contains then, among its highly injurious ingredients, ferrocyanide of iron or Prussian-blue, Antwerp-blue, gamboge, and ultramarine, and among its deadly poisons the three chrome yellows, red lead, white lead, vermillion, the three Brunswick greens, and Scheele's green or arsenite of copper. The wonder is that, considering we set such poison-traps for children, ten times more enticing and quite as deadly as those used to bane rats, that the greater number of youngsters who partake of them are not at once despatched, and so undoubtedly they would be if nurses were not cautious about these coloured parts, which have always enjoyed a bad name under the general denomination of 'trash and messes.' As it is, we are informed by Dr. Lethby that 'no less than seventy cases of poisoning have been traced to this source' within three years!

In France, Belgium, and Switzerland the colouring of confectionery with poisonous pigments is prohibited, and the vendors are held responsible for all accidents which may occur to persons from eating their sugar confectionery. It is absolutely essential that some such prohibition should be made in England. Arsenic, according to law, must be sold coloured with soot, in order that its hue may prevent its being used by mistake for other substances: how absurd it is that we should allow other poisons, quite as virulent, to be mixed with the food of children and adults, merely for the sake of the colour! All kinds of sugar-plums, confits, and 'kisses,' in addition to being often adulterated with large quantities of plaster of Paris, are always open to the suspicion of being poisoned. Necessity cannot be urged for the continuance of this wicked practice, as there are plenty of vegetable pigments which, if not quite so vivid as the acrid mineral ones, are sufficiently so to please the eye. Of late years a peculiar lozenge has been introduced, in which the flavour of certain fruits is singularly imitated. Thus we have essence of jargonel drops, essence of pine-apple drops, and many others of a most delicate taste. They really are so delicious that we scarcely like to create a prejudice against them; but the truth is great, and must prevail: all these delicate

essences are made from a preparation of ~~ether~~ and rancid cheese and butter.

The manufacturer, perhaps unaware of the cumulative action of many of his chemicals, thinks that the small quantity can do no harm. We have seen, in the matter of preserved fruits and sugar confectionery, how fallacious is that idea. But the practice of adulteration often leads to lamentable results of the same nature, which are quite unintentional on the part of their perpetrators, and which occur in the most roundabout manner. An instance of this is related by Accum, which goes directly to the point. A gentleman, perceiving that an attack of colic always supervened upon taking toasted Gloucestershire cheese at an inn at which he was in the habit of stopping, and having also noticed that a kitten which had partaken of its rind was rendered violently sick, had the food analysed, when it was found that lead was present in it in poisonous quantities. Following up his inquiries, he ascertained that the maker of the cheese, not finding his annatto sufficiently deep in colour, had resorted to the expedient of colouring the commodity with vermillion. This mixture, although pernicious and discreditable, was not absolutely poisonous, and certainly could not account for the disastrous effects of the food on the human system. Trying back still further, however, it was at last found that the druggist who sold the vermillion had mixed with it a portion of *red lead*, imagining that the pigment was only required for house-paint. 'Thus,' as Accum remarks, 'the druggist sold his vermillion, in a regular way of trade, adulterated with red lead, to increase his profit, without any suspicion of the use to which it would be applied; and the purchaser who adulterated the annatto, presuming that the vermillion was genuine, had no hesitation in heightening the colour of his annatto with so harmless an adjunct. Thus, through the diversified and circulatory operations of commerce, a portion of deadly poison may find admission into the necessities of life in a way that can attach no criminality to the parties through whose hands it has successively passed.' The curious aspect of this circuitous kind of poisoning is that it occurs through the belief of each adulterating rogue in the honesty of his neighbour.

If we could possibly eliminate, from the mass of human disease, that occasioned by the constant use of deleterious food, we should find that it amounted to a very considerable percentage on the whole, and that one of the best friends of the doctor would prove to be the adulterator. But even our refuge fails us in our hour of need; the tools of the medical man, like those of the sappers and miners before Sebastopol, often turn out to be worthless. Drugs and

and medical comforts are perhaps adulterated as extensively as any other article. To mention only a few familiar and household medicines for instance: Epsom salts are adulterated with sulphate of soda; carbonate of soda with sulphate of soda—a very injurious substitute. Mercury is sometimes falsified with lead, tin, and bismuth; gentian with the poisonous drugs aconite and belladonna; rhubarb with turmeric and gamboge; cantharides with black pepper; and cod-liver and castor oils with common and inferior oils; whilst opium, one of the sheet-anchors of the physician, is adulterated to the greatest extent in a dozen different ways. Medical comforts are equally uncertain. Thus potato-flour forms full half of the so-called arrowroots of commerce; sago-meal is another very common ingredient in this nourishing substance. Out of fifty samples of so-styled arrowroot, Dr. Hassall found twenty-two adulterated, many of them consisting *entirely* of potato-flour and sago-meal. One half of the common oatmeals to be met with are adulterated with barley-meal, a much less nutritious substance—an important fact, which boards of guardians should be acquainted with. Honey is sophisticated with flour-starch and sugar-starch. And lastly, we wish to say something important to mothers. Put no faith in the hundred and one preparations of farinaceous food for infants which are paraded under so many attractive titles. They are all composed of wheat-flour, potato-flour, sago, &c.,—very familiar ingredients, which would not take with anxious parents unless christened with extraordinary names, for which their compounders demand an extraordinary charge. To invalids we would also say, place no reliance on the Revalentas and Ervalentas advertised through the country as cures for all imaginary diseases. They consist almost entirely of lentil-powder, barley-flour, &c., which are charged cent. per cent. above their real value.

Of all the articles we have touched upon, not one is so important as water. It mixes more or less with all our solid food, and forms nine-tenths of all our drinks. Man himself, as a sanitary writer has observed, is in great part made up of this element, and if you were to put him under a press you would squeeze out of him 8½ pailfulls. That it should be furnished pure to the consumer is of the first importance in a sanitary and economic point of view. We are afraid, however, that but feeble attempts have been made to secure this advantage to the metropolis. At present London, with its two and a half millions of population, is mainly supplied by nine water companies, six of which derive their supply from the Thames, one from the New River, one from the Ravensbourne, and a third from ponds and wells. Besides this supply, which ramifies like a network over the whole metropolis,

polis, we find dotted about both public and private wells of various qualities. We do not intend to follow Dr. Hassall into his microscopic representations of the organic matter, vegetable and animal, by which the customers of one company can compare the water served to them with that dealt out to others, and thus at a glance assure themselves that they have not more than their share of many-legged, countless-jointed, hideous animalculæ, which look formidable enough to frighten one from ever touching a drop of London water, but shall content ourselves with giving the general characteristics of the whole of them. With one exception they were all of a hardness ranging from 11 to 18 degrees. This hardness depends upon the earthy salts present, such as sulphates and bicarbonates of lime and magnesia. They were also to some extent saline, as all the salt used in the metropolis ultimately finds its way into the Thames, or great sewer-stream. Not long ago two, at least, of these six Thames water companies procured their supply within a short distance of the mouths of great drains, and all of them resorted to the river at different points below Battersea, or that portion of it which receives the drainage of the metropolis, and is consequently crowded with animal and vegetable matter, both living and dead, and thick with the mud stirred up by the passage to and fro of the penny steamers. The violent outcry made, however, by the Board of Health, induced two of these companies to carry their feed-pipes as high as Thames Ditton and Kew Bridge. Next year all the companies taking their supplies from the Thames will be compelled to go at least as high as Kingston, and to submit them to a process of filtration; but even at this point the river is in some degree sewage-tainted, and the chemically-combined portion of baser matter cannot be removed by any filter.

The impurities of the Thames are not all we have to deal with—its hardness must cost the Londoners hundreds of thousands a-year in the article of soap alone. The action upon lead is also marked; hence we find poisonous carbonates of that metal held in solution. Plumbers are well aware of this fact, and frequently meet with leaden cisterns deeply corroded. This corrosion may arise from either chemical or voltaic action. The junction of lead and solder, or iron, immersed in water impregnated with salts or acid of any kind, will cause erosion of the metal. A familiar instance of this is seen in the rapid manner in which iron railings rust away just where they are socketed in the stonework with lead. The presence of a piece of mortar on the lead of a cistern may even set up this action, and result in giving a whole family the colic.

The pumps of the metropolis are liable to even more contamination

nation than river-water, inasmuch as the soil surrounding them is saturated with the sewage of innumerable cesspools, and with that arising from the leakage of imperfect drains. Medical men entertained the opinion that the terrible outbreak of cholera in Broad Street, Golden Square, last year, arose from the fact that the people in the neighbourhood were in the habit of visiting a public pump which was proved to be foul with drain-water, and the handle of which was taken off to prevent further mischief. Some of these public pumps appear to yield excellent water—cold, clear, and palatable; but the presence of these qualities by no means proves that they are pure. The bright sparkling icy water issuing from the famous Aldgate pump, according to Mr. Simon, the city officer of health, owes its most prized qualities to the nitrates which have filtered into the well from the decaying animal matter in an adjoining churchyard.

The porter and stout of the metropolis have long been famous. The virtues of the latter drink are celebrated all over the world; and a Royal Duke, not many weeks ago, ascribed the great mortality among the Guards in the East to the want of their favourite beverage. No doubt, the pure liquor, as it comes from the great brewers, is wholesome and strengthening, but it no sooner gets into the possession of the publicans than, in a great majority of cases, the article is made up. A stranger would naturally suppose that the foaming tankard of Meux's entire which he quaffs at the ' Marquis of Granby ' has an identical flavour with that at the ' Blue Boar,' where the same brewer's name shines resplendent on the house-front:—not a bit of it: one shall be smooth, pleasantly bitter, slightly acid, and beaded with a fine and persistent froth; the other, bitter with the bitterness of soot, salt, clammy, sweet, and frothing with a coarse and evanescent froth. The body of the liquor is undoubtedly the same, but the variations are all supplied by the publicans and sinners. We do not make *éneutes*, as they are continually doing in Bavaria, on account of our beer, but we have strong feelings on a matter of such national importance; and the wicked ways of brewers and publicans have been made over and over again the subject of parliamentary inquiry. The reports of various committees prove that in times past porter and stout were doctored in the most ingenious manner, and so universally and unreservedly, that a trade sprang up termed brewers' druggists, whose whole business it was to supply to the manufacturers and retailers of the national beverage ingredients for its adulteration; nay, to such an extent did the taste for falsifying beer and porter extend, that one genius, hight Jackson, wrote a handbook to show the brewers how to make Beer

Beer without any Malt or Hops at all! Accum has preserved, in his now antique pages, some of the recipes in vogue in his day. The boldness with which our fathers went to work is amusing; for instance, Mr. Child, in his ‘Practical Treatise on Brewing,’ after having made his non-professional reader aghast by mentioning a score of pernicious articles to be used in beer, remarks in the mildest possible manner,—

‘That, however much they may surprise—however pernicious or disagreeable they may appear, he has always found them requisite in the brewing of porter, and he thinks they must invariably be used by those who wish to continue the taste, flavour, and effervescence of the beer. And, though several acts of Parliament have been passed to prevent porter brewers from using many of them, yet the author can affirm, from experience, he could never produce the present flavoured porter without them. *The intoxicating qualities of porter are to be ascribed to the various drugs intermixed with it.* It is evident some porter is more heady than others, and it arises from the greater or less quantity of stupefying ingredients. Malt, to produce intoxication, must be used in such large quantities as would very much diminish, if not totally exclude, the brewer’s profit.’

It is clear from this extract that Mr. Child considered the end of all successful brewing was to make people dead-drunk at the cheapest possible rate, regardless of consequences. Among the ingredients that Mr. Morris, another instructor in the art of brewing, tells us are requisite to produce a popular article are—*coccus indicus* and beans, as intoxicators; *calamus aromaticus*, as a substitute for hops; *quassia* as a bitter; *coriander-seeds* to give flavour; *capsicums*, *caraway-seeds*, *ginger*, and grains of *paradise*, to give warmth; whilst *oyster-shells* are recommended to afford a touch of youth to old beer, and *alum* to give a ‘smack of age’ to new; and when it is desired to bring it more rapidly ‘forward,’ the presiding *Hecate* is told to drop sulphuric acid into her brew; by this means an imitation of the age of eighteen months was given in a few instants. Even the ‘fine cauliflower head,’ which is held to be the sign of excellence in stout, was—and, for all we know, still is—artificially made by mixing with the article a detestable compound called ‘beer-headings,’ composed of common green vitriol, alum, and salt, and sometimes by the simple addition of salts of steel. That these articles were commonly employed we have the evidence of the Excise department, which published a long list of such ingredients seized by them on the premises of brewers and brewers’ druggists.* Many of these glaring adulterations are probably no

* It will be scarcely necessary to say that the great London brewers have never laid themselves open to the suspicion of having adulterated their liquor.

longer

longer in general use, although, from the evidence given before a recent committee of the House of Commons, it is believed that sulphuric acid, salt of steel, sulphate of iron, and *coccus indicus* are still resorted to by the smaller brewers, especially those living in the country—a belief very much strengthened by the very odd taste we sometimes find in ales and porters, and which is certainly not derived from malt and hops. The common method of adulterating the national liquor is by mixing water with it; this is done almost universally by the publican, and to a very extraordinary extent. A comparison between the percentage of alcohol to be found in a given number of samples of porter and stout, procured from what is termed brewers' taps or agents, with that existing in a similar number of samples purchased of publicans, proves this fact in a very convincing manner. Dr. Hassall informs us that with regard to the stouts

'the alcohol—of specific gravity 796, temperature 60° Fahr.—contained in the former samples ranged from 7·15 per cent. the highest, to 4·53 the lowest; whereas that of the stouts procured from publicans varied, with one exception, from 4·87 per cent. to 3·25 per cent.'

The same difference of strength also existed between the various samples of porter procured from the two sources; the amount of alcohol in that obtained from the taps varying from 4·51 per cent. to 2·42 per cent., whereas that purchased of publicans ranged from 3·97 per cent. to 1·81 per cent. The mixture of water, of course, reduces the colour, to bring up which both burnt sugar and molasses are extensively used; and, in order that 'the appetite may grow with what it feeds on,' tobacco and salt are copiously added by the publican. Beer, porter, and stout, are also liable to be contaminated by the presence of lead. The universal use of pumping-machines, and the storing of the casks in the cellars, sometimes at a considerable distance from the bar, necessitates the use of long leaden pipes, in passing through which the liquid, if 'stale' or sour, oxidates a portion of the lead. This fact is so well known both to public and publican, that the first pot or two drawn in the morning is generally set aside, as, from having lain all night in the pipe, it is justly considered injurious. The liberality of the barmaid in thus sacrificing a portion of the liquor is more apparent than real. The reader has, perhaps, noticed that most public-house counters are fitted up with metal tops, in which gratings are inserted to drain off all the spilt liquor, drainings of glasses, heel-taps of pots, &c.; down these gratings goes 'the first draught' with its dose of oxide of lead. The receptacle below, which contains all this refuse, together with that at the bottoms of barrels, the publican either returns

returns to the brewer, or empties it himself into half-filled casks.

The public were very needlessly alarmed some two or three years ago by a statement made by M. Payen, a celebrated French chemist, that strychnine was being made for England, where it was used in the manufacture of the bitter-beer of this country. This statement was copied by the ‘Medical Times,’ and from thence finding its way to Printing-house Square, became generally diffused, to the horror and discomfiture of pale-ale drinkers, and not without reason, when it is remembered that one-sixth of a grain of this poison has been known to prove fatal, and a very much smaller quantity, daily taken, to have the effect of inducing tetanic spasms, and of otherwise seriously injuring the nervous system. We are happy to be able to state that the lovers of Bass and Allsopp may quaff their tonic draught in future without any fear of such terrible results ; the bitterness of pale-ale has been found, on analysis, to be entirely due to the extract of hops. Furthermore, this beverage, when selected from the stores of the brewers or their agents, has universally proved to be perfectly pure. We say, from the stores of the Burton brewers, or their agents, because there is no absolute certainty of procuring the article genuine from any other source. The label on the bottle is no sure guarantee, for used bottles, with their labels intact, are, in many instances, re-filled by publicans with an inferior article, and sold, of course, at the price of the real. We have good reason to believe that this trick is very often practised in a variety of instances, to the manifest injury of the public and brewers.

Wine is far too wide a subject to be treated here. The great mass of ports at a cheap and moderate price are made up, it is well known, of several kinds, and doctored according to cost. There is one compound, however, which particularly claims our attention, ‘publicans’ port.’ We are all of us familiar with the announcement to be seen in the windows of such tradesmen, ‘Fine old crusty port, 2s. 9d. a bottle;’ and the extraordinary thing is, that upon opening the sample we often find that *it is* crusted, and that the cork is deeply stained. How can they afford to sell an article bearing the appearance of such age and quality at so low a price ? The answer is simple : wine, crust, and stained cork are fabricated. There is a manufactory in London, where, by a chemical process, they get up bees-wing to perfection, and deposit it in the bottles so as exactly to imitate the natural crust ; here corks are also stained to assume any age that is required. The wine itself contains a very little inferior port, the rest being composed of cheap red French wine, brandy, and logwood as a colouring matter, if required. The port-wine sold over the bar at 3d.

a glass

a glass—and we are assured that this article is making its way in preference to gin in the low neighbourhoods, one gin-palace, to our knowledge, selling a butt a week over the counter—is an inferior article even to this, and its taste is quite sufficient to prove that only an infinitesimal portion of it ever came from Oporto.

London gin, under a hundred names, is notoriously a compound. Most people flatter themselves that its peculiar flavour is due to the admixture of sugar and juniper berries alone. It is, however, a much more elaborate concoction than the public imagine. Those accustomed to the unsweetened West Country gin think the London article only fit to drink when raw, and in many cases they are right; for the publican and inferior spirit-dealers, like milkmen, are great customers of the pump. It appears that some of the samples examined by the analyst contained only half as much alcohol as was present in others; and as the gin of commerce is never above proof, it follows that these specimens were scarcely as good as 'stiff' gin-and-water. So much for the pure spirit; now for the fancy-work or 'flavourings.' The quantity of sugar in the samples examined ranged from 3 oz. 4 drms. 23 grains, to 13 oz. 4 drms.; two of them contained oil of cinnamon, or, more probably, of cassia; seven contained Cayenne pepper, some of them in very large quantities; and most of the samples contained combined sulphates; whilst there is good authority for stating that sulphate of zinc, or white vitriol, is often used. The very 'beaded bubbles winking at the brim,' which are considered to be a proof of the strength of the article, are produced artificially. Mr. Mitchell, in his 'Handbook of Commerce,' states that this is done by adding a mixture compounded of alum, carbonate of potash, almond-oil, sulphuric acid, and spirits of wine. 'The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them.' One would think that it would be to the interest of the trade to keep their illicit practices 'dark:' but the publican has his 'Handbook' to teach him how to adulterate spirit as well as beer. For instance, in a little work on Brewing and Distilling, written by a Mr. Shannon, the following recipe is given:—

'To reduce unsweetened Gin.'

A tun of fine gin	252 gallons.
Water	36 "

Which added together makes 288 "

The doctor is now put on, and it is further reduced with water 19 "

Which gives 307 gallons.

'This

‘ This done, let one pound of alum be just covered with water, and dissolved by boiling; *rummage* the whole together, and pour in the alum, and the whole will be fine in a few days.’

We wonder that Mr. Gough, the great temperance advocate, never armed himself with one of these recipes, in order to convince people of the noxious liquids they are invited to drink under the most inviting names. In every quarter of the town we see gin-palaces seizing upon the corner houses of the streets, just as scrofula seizes upon the joints of the human frame, and through their ever open doors streams of squalid wretches are continually pouring in and out; could they be informed that they enter to gulp oil of vitriol, oil of turpentine, and sulphuric acid, among other acrid and deleterious compounds—that the tap of the publican spouts corroding fire, like that which leaped up from the wooden table at the command of Mephistopheles, in Auerbach’s cellar, they would feel inclined to exclaim with Siebold to the fiend:—

‘ What, Sir, how dare you practise thus
Your hocus-pocus upon us?’

Gin, it appears, is almost exclusively doctored in this highly deleterious manner, although all spirits are open to sophistication, but especially brandy, which, on account of its price, pays well for the trouble. Mr. Shannon, deeply versed in the ‘art and mystery’ of the trade of the publican, informs us that brandy should be ‘made up’ for ‘retail’ by the addition of 10 per cent. of flavoured raisin wine, a little of the tincture of grains of paradise, cherry-laurel water, and spirit of almond-cake: ‘add also 10 handfuls of oak sawdust, and give it *complexion* with burnt sugar.’

If we can give the dram-drinker little comfort, we can at least reassure the smoker. ‘Everybody says’ that common cigars are made out of cabbages, and tobacco has always been suspected of containing many adulterations. These charges have been made however at random, and the result of chemical analysis and examinations by the microscope has proved that this article of daily consumption is remarkably pure. The carefully-searching microscope of Dr. Hassall has not succeeded in finding any other than the genuine leaf among forty samples of manufactured tobacco, neither were there any sophistications discovered, with the exceptions of salt, sugar, and water. An inquiry into the specimens of the rolled and twisted article was equally consoling to the maker and chewer; now and then, it is true, the Excise officers make seizures in the warehouses of the tobacco manufacturers, of dock, rhubarb, coltsfoot, and other leaves, but to a very insignificant extent, considering the value of the article and the heavy duty upon it.

He who, like Byron, prefers the naked beauties of the leaf in the shape of a cigar, will be equally gratified to hear that such a thing as adulteration scarcely exists in this form of tobacco—at least, not when purchased in the shops. Even if we descend to a penny ‘Pickwick,’ we find nothing in it but the pure leaf. Out of fifty-seven samples examined, only one was sophisticated, and that, apparently from its contents, by accident. The only adulterated samples discovered at all, were exactly where we might have expected to have found them, in the possession of a hawker at Whitechapel. These, on examination, turned out to be made up of two twisted wrappers or layers of thin paper, tinted of a bistre colour, while the interior consisted entirely of hay, not a particle of tobacco entering into their composition. The second example of a spurious cigar was purchased at a review at Hyde Park. It consisted externally of tobacco-leaf, but was made internally of hay. Our readers are familiar enough with the fellows who vend these fraudulent articles, made to sell and not to smoke; they are generally to be found at fairs and races, or any crowded place in the open air, where they can escape speedily from their victimized customers. There is a class of men who make a very good livelihood in the metropolis by perambulating the streets and looking out for ingenuous youths. Towards such they furtively approach, and, like the tempter of old, whisper in their ear of forbidden fruit. The unwary are constantly taken in by one of these serpents, in the shape of a sailor straight from the docks, who intimates, in a hurried manner, that, if we wanted any ‘smuggled cigars,’ he has just a box to sell cheap round the corner. In general these worthies need not fear the exciseman, as the article they have to sell does not come under the name of tobacco at all.

If, however, cigars are not open to the charge of being adulterated, they are the subject of innumerable frauds, inasmuch as those of English manufacture are passed off as foreign ones. Thus the so-called Bengal cheroots are *all* home-made imitations of Chinsurah cheroots. In order to pass them off as the genuine article they are sold in boxes, branded and labelled in exact imitation of those sent from India. It may be asked why such cigars, if made out of the tobacco leaf, are not as good as those of Eastern or Spanish manufacture? The real reason is, that the tobacco loses much of its fine flavour and aroma by packing and keeping; otherwise the English cigar would be equal to any other. The old impression that the Manilla cheroot is impregnated with opium would not appear to be correct from the investigations of Dr. Hassall, who has failed to discover that narcotic in any of the specimens which he tested for it.

We

We have to mention one preparation of tobacco of which we cannot speak quite so favourably as of the others. Snuff is, we are sorry to say, vilely adulterated, and some kinds poisonously. The law allows the use of salt and water and lime-water in its manufacture, a privilege which the snuff-makers take advantage of to increase its weight, all moist snuffs averaging full twenty-five per cent. of water. If these were the only adulterations to the titillating powder, no harm would be done; but we have positive evidence afforded us in the report of the '*Lancet*' Commission, that, in addition to ferruginous earths, such as red and yellow ochre, no less than three poisonous preparations are also introduced into it—chromate of lead, red-lead, and bi-chromate of potash! When a man taps his snuff-box, and takes out a pinch, he little dreams that he is introducing an enemy into his system, which in the long-run might master his nerves and produce paralysis; nevertheless it is an undoubted fact. Many persons have been deprived of the use of their limbs through a persistence in taking snuff adulterated with lead in less proportions than that found in the samples examined by Dr. Hassall. Bi-chromate of potash is a still more deadly poison. M. Duchâtel of Paris found that dogs were destroyed by doses of from one twenty-fifth of a grain to one five-hundredth of a grain. We have heard of inveterate snuffers keeping this comfort open in their waistcoat pockets, and helping themselves by fingers'-full at a time; if their snuff contained anything like the proportion of deleterious ingredients now to be found in the same article, 'dropped hands' and colic would soon have cured them of this dirty and disagreeable habit.

It is not our purpose to follow further the trail which Accum and others, and more lately and particularly Dr. Hassall, have discovered for us; before closing the pages of the latter gentleman's report, however, from which we have drawn so largely, we cannot avoid stating that the community is under the greatest obligation to both himself and the editor of the '*Lancet*'—to the one for the energy with which he pursued this subject, and to the other for his singular boldness in rendering himself liable for the many actions which the publication of the names of evil-doers was likely to bring upon his journal, a liability which Dr. Hassall has since taken upon himself by the reprint of the report under his own name. This report is, in fact, as far as it goes, a handbook to the honest and fraudulent food-dealers in the metropolis; and every man who values wholesome aliment, and thinks it a duty to society to support the honest tradesman in preference to the rogue, should procure it as a valuable work of reference. We have not followed the author into personalities,

as no further purpose could be served by so doing ; but we have shown enough to convince the public that the grossest fraud reigns throughout the British public commissariat. Like a set of monkeys, every man's hand is seen in his neighbour's dish. The baker takes in the grocer, the grocer defrauds the publican, the publican 'does' the pickle manufacturer, and the pickle-maker fleeces and poisons all the rest.

It remains to be seen whether the Government is able and willing to take steps to stay this gigantic evil and national dis-honour. Mr. Scholefield has, we see, given notice of a motion for the appointment of a committee of inquiry into this long-standing and organized system of public robbery ; and we trust he will obtain that support his motion deserves. As guardian of the revenue, the Government is deeply interested in this question, independently of the view it must take of its moral aspect, for the Excise is without doubt cheated to the extent of hundreds of thousands a year by the same unlawful practices which demoralise a large portion of the community, and defraud and deceive the remainder.

ART. VI.—1. *La Vérité sur l'Empereur Nicolas, Histoire intime de sa Vie et de son Règne.* Par un Russe. Paris, 1854.

2. *Le Tsar Nicolas et la Sainte Russie.* Par Ach. Gallet de Kulture. Paris, 1855.

'THE Emperor Nicholas died to-day at twenty minutes past noon.' Such is the news which the electric telegraph conveyed on the 2nd of March to all the capitals of Europe. Arriving suddenly, and without any explanation relative to the disease which preceded his death, the intelligence gave rise to the inevitable suspicions which were suggested by the fate of several of the predecessors of the Czar.. But it soon became known that the proud and powerful autocrat who was removed at such a critical moment had in truth died, like a common citizen, of a neglected cold. It would be at present impossible to delineate in its full proportions the life of a sovereign whose reign has been filled with such important events ; but we may sketch the general features of his character, and record such details of his last moments as we have reason to believe authentic.

A multitude of works have appeared since the outbreak of the war on both the Czar and his kingdom ; but, with few exceptions, they have been the productions of extravagant panegyrist, angry detractors, or hasty and ignorant compilers.

Nothing

Nothing is gained either among nations or individuals by calumniating those with whom we chance to be at enmity ; and there is as little wisdom in assuming that there is only a single system in politics—our own—which can give stability to a government. The Emperor Nicholas himself fell into the mistake. After the events of 1848, which had shaken or overturned all the other thrones of the Continent, he falsely imagined that a military despotism could alone be fixed on an immoveable basis; and seeing himself the autocrat of a boundless empire, he imagined he could be equally the arbiter of Europe. From the intoxicating pride which was engendered on this occasion—the belief in the weakness of surrounding nations, and in the might of Russia—it is probable that the projects proceeded which have resulted in putting his dreams to the test of war. On the other hand, we should have avoided at least some of our difficulties if we had despised less that autocratic rule, which, sacrificing everything to a single end—the support of military power—is found armed at every point against the attacks of nations who erroneously thought that they could organize armies in a day.

The Emperor Nicholas, who was nineteen years younger than his brother, Alexander I., was born on the 6th of July, 1796. On the 13th of July, 1817, he married the Princess Louise Charlotte, daughter of Frederic William III. of Prussia, and sister of the present king. According to the Russian usage, she changed her name on her marriage, and took that of Alexandra Feodorowna. On the 29th of April, in the following year, she gave birth to the Prince, who, under the name of Alexander II., has just ascended the throne. Her accouchement was not without danger ; and the Emperor Nicholas, then Grand Duke, wrote a letter on the occasion to Augustin, the metropolitan bishop of Moscow, in which the joy of the happy father, and of the husband relieved from apprehension, are beautifully allied with the liveliest sentiments of religion :—

‘ Most Holy Prelate,—I have seen with the fear of a weak mortal, but with the hope of a faithful Christian, the most decisive moment of my life approach. Uncertain of what Providence had reserved for me, I had strengthened my soul by a religious vow, and I awaited with resignation the will of God.

‘ It has pleased Divine Providence to make me taste the happiness of being a father ; He has deigned to preserve both the mother and the son. The expression of gratitude, which is not necessary to Him who searches the heart, becomes indispensable for a heart which is penetrated with it.

‘ The vow, which I shall be eager to fulfil, is to erect a chapel to the honour of Alexander Newski in the Church of the New Jerusalem. It is

is the humble offering of a happy father, who confides to the Almighty his most precious good, the destiny of his wife and of his son.

"Your Eminence will be my aid and my guide in the accomplishment of a vow so dear to my heart. May fervent prayers for the mother and the son be addressed to Heaven at the foot of that altar raised by the gratitude of a father! May the Almighty prolong their days for the happiness and service of the Sovereign, for the honour and good of their country!"

The princess who inspired him with such tender fears never ceased to exercise a salutary influence. Although his attentions are said to have been profusely bestowed upon other women, the esteem and admiration of the husband remained her undivided possession. On all occasions of importance their affection was conspicuous. When the military insurrection broke out in St. Petersburg, after the death of Alexander, the new Czar repaired with his wife to the chapel of the palace before putting himself at the head of the regiment of Horse Guards to give battle to the insurgents in Isaac-square, and joined in prayer with her for the safety of the empire. While the engagement lasted, the Empress, who could hear the incessant discharges of cannon, remained prostrate, imploring heaven for the preservation of her husband, who, when victory had declared itself, returned to throw himself into her arms and offer up thanks with her on his knees for his complete success. This desire to be together in trying conjunctures, which is one of the most certain signs of attachment, was manifested anew during the last two years. In spite of a disease of the lungs, which for several seasons past has forced her to exchange the rigorous winter of St. Petersburg for some milder climate, the Empress would not leave her husband alone in his trials, and to this affectionate resolve he owed the consolation of having by his death-bed the companion of his life. In former days, when she was absent for her health, the Emperor has posted through Europe to surprise her in her winter quarters. Ten years ago she had a country-house at the gates of Palermo, and the door of her chamber being opened one morning with an unusual noise, the Czar entered, having travelled incognito from Russia for the mere gratification of the interview. We recall these circumstances because it has latterly been supposed that the despot whose will was law, and who, out of the millions of his subjects, made every man tremble against whom he turned his indignation, was a sort of ogre in his household whom no one approached without trepidation. Not only was he affectionate to his family, but he was a kind master to his domestics, who were, it is needless to add, warmly attached to him. Loving theatrical trappings

and pomp in public, where his principal aim was to produce an effect, his private habits were simple and primitive.

Ambition and vanity apart, the life of an autocrat, who is master of a great empire, and who is obliged to communicate motion to the complicated machine of the state by the activity of his mind and the energy of his will, is immensely more laborious than that of a constitutional prince who governs through his ministers. It is difficult, indeed, to comprehend how any man can endure, whatever may be his physical, moral, and intellectual powers, the excess of labour which, in Russia, devolves upon the sovereign. At once the dictator and sole responsible agent throughout the whole extent of his empire, the Emperor Nicholas was continually in motion. He was incessantly compelled to visit the remotest points of his dominions to inspect his armies, his fleets, and his fortresses ; to cause roads to be made or canals to be cut ; and to ascertain if the orders he had given were executed—a thing very difficult to secure in a country where official corruption and venality are all but universal. Nearly every one tries to gain the imperial favour by false demonstrations of probity and zeal, and every one tries equally to derive the utmost possible advantage from his post. The Czar was determined to play his overwhelming part with high distinction, according to the national idea, which dates at least from Peter the Great, and perhaps beyond ; and the events of his reign bear testimony to his grasping ambition and untiring activity. The war with Persia in 1826, and with Turkey in 1828, advanced the southward frontiers of the empire, and added large provinces in Asia to his overgrown states. The conflict with Poland in 1831 strengthened his authority at home, which, for a short period, had been shaken ; while the recent occupation of Hungary was designed to re-establish in Germany the ascendant which he had momentarily lost by the commotions of 1848. The diplomatist-in-chief of his country, as well as the organizer and supreme director of its enormous armies, he never ceased, during the thirty years of his reign, at every revolution which agitated Europe, to maintain the cause of legitimacy. For eighteen years he carried on with Louis Philippe a noiseless but incessant struggle, which in some shape or other would have broken out into action if the good sense of the other Governments of Europe had not put a bridle upon this giant of the north. It is but too well known with what infinite art Muscovite diplomacy, assuming all masks and taking all tones, has succeeded in paralysing during the present crisis a great part of Germany, and in arresting hitherto the motions of Austria, always announced and always delayed. Though this restless interference and wily tact may be national, it was personified in

Nicholas,

Nicholas, who, with unwearied tenacity, and prodigious activity, directed the moves and dictated the despatches.

The same strong will made itself felt in every department of the government. It is to Nicholas that Russia owes the code of her laws, which appeared in 1832 in fifteen volumes, 4to., and was enlarged by a supplement of sixteen volumes in 1851. Notwithstanding its faults, and the irremediable defect inherent in the constitution of the country, which makes all law subordinate to the will of the Czar, it is a vast boon to a people who were previously only possessed of a few rude enactments, and a sort of preamble, digested by Catherine with the aid of the most distinguished of the French encyclopædistes, Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert, who cried it up throughout Europe as a marvel, while it was scarcely mentioned in Russia.

To add to the material prosperity of his dominions was another constant object of the Emperor's care. To enlarge his fleets, to multiply his ports and means of maritime commerce, to improve the communication between every portion of his states, to establish railroads and the rapid conveyance of intelligence, insomuch that our news from the Crimea has always come to us more quickly through St. Petersburg than by the direct route; to secure new outlets for Russian products by treaties with China, the Mahomedan powers of Asia, the states of Germany, and even with America,—such are a part, and only a part, of the results which Nicholas secured. If we consider that while he was carrying on these vast and varied schemes he had to apply himself unceasingly to preserve the balance between the two great parties of the empire—the old Russian and the German; that it was to him the peasants and serfs resorted to get their wrongs redressed;* that it was he who nominated to all civil and military functions throughout the entire extent of his territories; that to him alone the Russian nobles had to address themselves to obtain a foreign passport, of which he himself determined the duration; that it was he who settled the manner in which a poor prisoner was to be conducted to Siberia, and who sometimes (it is said) had the severity to add with his own hand to a sentence of transportation the words *on foot*; that when he applied himself to the question of public instruction, he went so far as to regulate the length of the rod with which the children were to be chastised,—when we recollect that he who descended to these and a thousand other minutiae in the cabinet, passed a considerable portion of his day abroad reviewing his soldiers; that he was always the

* It is they who, in consequence, have given him the name of *Gadusar*, or Great Judge.

first on the spot if a fire of any importance broke out; that he used to be seen in winter in the streets of St. Petersburg superintending the breaking of the long pendent icicles which, to the great danger of the passers-by, are frequently detached from the roofs; when we contemplate the immensity of these multifarious occupations, it is impossible not to feel a sort of vertigo at the frightful ambition which condemns an emperor of Russia to greater fatigue than is imposed in any country in the world upon the worst convict who expiates his crimes by bodily toil.

Yet all we have enumerated was not sufficient to exhaust a diligence so absorbing. Unlike his brother Constantine, who used to say that *learning to read made people stupid*, Nicholas had applied himself with perseverance and success to the cultivation of his mind. He was possessed of various information, and had read much. Music, mathematics, and military architecture had been his favourite studies, and he had even paid attention to theology, a pursuit which was not without its political use to a sovereign who was the lay pontiff of his country. He is said to have assisted the Russian poet Nestor Koukolnik in the composition of some of his pieces, and to have condescended to aid in the construction of ballets. It is at least certain that he was passionately fond of dramatic entertainments, and constantly made his appearance behind the scenes. The Comte de Villemar, a French Legitimist who has lately published some particulars respecting the Czar, relates an anecdote connected with his theatrical propensities which affords a lively illustration of one of the foibles of his character.

'The frequenters of the Vaudeville at Paris, when it was in the Rue de Chartres, can doubtless still remember an actress remarkable for her corpulency, her animation, and her piquancy—Madame Bras, who left Paris to seek her fortune in Russia, where she was well received, particularly by the royal family. The Emperor Nicholas I. was fond of visiting the actors in the green-room during the play, and used to thee-and-thou the women. On entering one evening the women's green-room, he found Madame Bras alone. A slight malicious smile as he entered played over her lips. The Emperor remarked it, and said, "Bras, what made thee laugh on my coming in?" "A feminine folly, Sire," she replied, "which passed through my mind, and which I beseech your Majesty to excuse me from communicating, though I protest there was nothing in it to offend your Majesty, whom I respect as I ought." "I believe it," replied the Emperor, with his usual dignity, "which is the reason why I want to know the cause of your laugh." "Sire," answered Madame Bras, "since you order it I will confess that, as I saw your Majesty come in, I could not help saying to myself that your person is devilishly well adapted to your line of characters" (*qu'elle a diablement le physique de son emploi*). Though

the compliment savoured a little of the vulgar player, it infinitely flattered the Emperor, who laughed at it with the affability which was habitual to him when conversing with the French actresses ; and on the following day he sent a beautiful pair of diamond bracelets to the vivacious truant from the theatre of the Rue de Chartres.'

It may readily be imagined that the man who attached such importance to the effect produced by his physical advantages in the eyes of spectators must have thought still more of the opinion entertained of his power, his character, and the resources of his mind. Accordingly it is stated that he had formed a collection of all the works and pamphlets, and even of the numberless newspaper articles published in all languages, in every quarter of the globe, in which he was spoken of either favourably or the reverse. This curious collection consisted at his death of several hundreds of volumes and portfolios. The princes of the Medici family, who reigned for near two centuries in Tuscany, had the same habit. They used every method, including even assassination, to get possession of manuscript works in which their history was traced ; and though the narrative was rarely favourable to them, the whole collection was religiously preserved in their secret archives, where it may be seen at this day. Among them is a packet sealed with the seal of Cardinal Hippolytus de' Medici, nephew of Leo X., and the tasteful translator of the second book of Virgil's '*Aeneid*', and bearing this endorsement in his own handwriting,—‘ Beard torn by me from the muzzle of that dog of a traitor Jean Luc Orsino in the Pope's ante-chamber.’ All Tartars are not born in the north of Asia. Among the numerous recorded anecdotes of the violence of temper displayed by the Emperor Nicholas there is nothing to equal this.

Endowed with such rare qualities, the late Czar must be admitted to have been an extraordinary man. But in spite of all that his followers could say or do to satiate his extravagant vanity, and gratify the boundless pride which possessed him in the latter years of his life, posterity will never place him among the great men to whom they were pleased to compare him. Enthusiast as he was for everything connected with material grandeur, moral grandeur, without which there can be no true greatness, was almost entirely wanting in him. He was able, like Gengis Khan or Attila, to set millions of soldiers in motion ; he was able to show to astonished Europe Russia bristling with a girdle of cannon, from Sebastopol to Archangel, and from Cronstadt to Kamtchatka ; he was able, in his far-reaching musings on the destinies of his race, to imagine, as so many other ambitious men had done before him, that he was predestined to become the conqueror

queror of the world. He probably pictured in his wild and measureless dreams of dominion the grandeur of all the nations of Sclavonic origin united under a single government; but he only prepared himself for his mighty mission by military despotism; and the sole means of action he contemplated were force and fraud. As to the liberty and dignity of man, as to those elevated sentiments of heart and mind which ennoble human nature, he not only neglected to cultivate them among his people, but opposed them throughout his life by the most violent and merciless means. Every religious denomination was proscribed except his own, and the Bible was rigorously banished from his dominions. To close Russia against all liberal ideas, no matter how moderate, to prevent the faintest discussion and criticism of the acts of authority, to bear down all resistance, and subjugate and mould sixty millions of men until the harshest military despotism should appear a natural and almost an indispensable thing, to substitute his own will for Right, and, as a necessary consequence, to think himself infallible—these were the principles which filled his mind as his blood did his veins, and made the very pulse of his life. By the exercise of a power so unlimited a man runs the risk of becoming mad with pride, but can never be great or good. His system resolves itself into a species of deification of himself, and of an insulting opinion of the rest of mankind. If the theory itself was flagrantly false, he who cherished and acted upon it could be little better than a huge delusion.

But while we utterly condemn the policy of the Czar in seeking only the material grandeur of Russia to the entire exclusion of her moral and intellectual development, we cannot admit, what some writers have asserted, or insinuated, that he did any great violence to the feelings of the bulk of his people. When the pretended republicans of St. Petersburg rose in insurrection in 1825 against their new emperor, their cry was not for liberty, but ‘Long live Constantine!—that is to say, long live the most furious Tartar that ever issued from the forests of Scythia. If we investigate closely the sentiments even of the Russians who have been civilised by long intercourse with the Western nations, they will be found, with few exceptions, imbued with the Imperial belief that all the tribes of Sclavonic race are to be united under Muscovite rule, and to effect the conquest of the world. The nation, almost to a man, are firm, we may say fanatical, believers in this destiny. But with them, as with the Emperor, it is a military ascendancy, a triumph of the sword, that is meant, and not a moral ascendancy, of which very few among them have any idea. In truth it is difficult in a country like ours to comprehend the extent

extent of the subserviency to the Czar. M. de Kulture, after speaking of the gallantry of Nicholas, and naming several of the ladies to whom he is reported to have addressed—we do not know whether to say his homage or his orders—continues thus:—

“And does the Czar never experience resistance in the object of his caprice herself?” asked I of the lady, who was amiable, witty, and virtuous, as far as it is possible to be so in Russia, and who gave me those details.

“Never,” . . . she answered, with an expression of the greatest surprise. “How could it be possible?”

“But take care,” said I, “lest your answer authorize me to turn the question against yourself.”

“The solution would be less embarrassing than you think. I would say the same as everybody else. *Besides, my husband would never pardon me if I refused.*”

We leave to M. de Kulture the responsibility of this conversation, but it is in direct refutation of his doctrine that the Russian people detest the despotism of the Czars, that they are anxious for progress, and that the Emperor Nicholas forced on the present war to escape an impending revolution at home.*

It was well known to many that the Czar had latterly grown old in look, that his once erect and martial stature betrayed a stoop, and that his proud countenance, in spite of every effort at concealment, sometimes bore the traces of restlessness and care. This was the tribute paid by human nature, less to advancing age than to the constant abuse, by this imperial Hercules, of his physical and intellectual powers. Above all, it was due to the

* The Emperor Nicholas has often been reproached with that alliance of mysticism with politics which frequently seems to take the form of the most consummate hypocrisy. But this is another of the qualities which belong to him in common with his subjects. The same amalgamation is found generally among the Slavonic nations, even with those who, like the Poles, are opposed to the government of the Czar. Every one acquainted with Slavonic literature knows the name and writings of Mickiewicz, the national poet of Poland, who was proscribed by the Russian government, and who settled in Paris. In 1846 M. Cousin, then Minister of Public Instruction, established in the Collège de France a professorship of Slavonic literature for the express purpose of appointing him to it. Mickiewicz, whose object was Polish propagandism, wished to give a religious sanction to his political designs, and he determined to make his lectures conducive to this double end. These *ex cathedra* politico-religious doctrines assumed the most fantastic forms. Canticles were sung at the Collège de France. His auditors—ladies as well as gentlemen—made at particular times the sign of the cross, and falling on their knees embraced one another. M. Guizot, who was then Prime Minister, requested Mickiewicz to call on him, in the hope of persuading him to give up these mummeries. But the Slavonic Professor was much scandalized at the suggestion, and, after having expounded summarily the foundations of his new religion, which was to effect the enfranchisement of all the Slavonic nations, he concluded by stating that the only thing wanting to insure success was a rather respectable *Messiah*—a dignity which he eagerly pressed upon M. Guizot.

intolerable

intolerable labours imposed upon him by the conflict with the most powerful nations of Europe; and the prostration was the greater that he was not supported by success. In war, as well as in diplomacy, at Inkermann as at Vienna, his reputation for invincibility and infallibility had received a serious shock. He was subject both to gout and bilious attacks—the latter a disease which is almost inseparable from violent temperaments—and these were almost invariably renewed at each reverse he experienced and every obstacle he encountered. They were the more formidable that he rather treated sickness as a serf who was forced to bend to his will, than as a master to be managed with address. A narrative which Dr. Mandt gave orally at Breslau, in 1852, and which we print from the report of a person who heard it, throws no little light upon the disposition of the Emperor, the wretched alarm in which autocrats live whose despotism can only be limited by assassination, upon the violence of temper and brutality of manners engendered by servile obedience, and the agreeable position in which those are placed who wait upon men who are ready to revenge upon their officials the inevitable operation of the laws of nature.

'The constitution of the Emperor is excellent, but, as he treats it like an enemy, and in spite of his age does not deny himself any excess, he often shakes this magnificent edifice. At the period of which I am speaking he suffered from an obstinate indisposition, of which the cause remained unknown. My enemies, my friends, and, above all, my brother physicians, took advantage of this to charge me first with want of foresight, then with ignorance, and ultimately with poisoning.* At that critical juncture I was summoned by the Grand Duchess Helen, who received me with a countenance at once cold and stern. She inquired how the Emperor was, and, without waiting for an answer, added that she was forewarned, and would abandon that august health neither to ignorance, if there were ignorance, nor to treason, if there were treason! She then motioned to me to retire. On reaching home I was summoned to wait upon her husband, the Grand Duke Michael; his agitation* was extreme, and he rushed towards me. I remained motionless, and instead of strangling me, as I expected, he contented himself with putting his fist in my face, exclaiming "Traitor!" I respectfully begged that he would give me the means of repelling an odious accusation by acquainting me with the error which had suggested it. "You act the virtuous man!" he exclaimed; "you play the philosopher, the stoic, but I will not suffer myself to be deceived by this jugglery. The health of the Emperor is in your hands; you are answerable to me for it with your life. On

* Dr. Mandt stated that his foreign birth, his Prussian education, and his supposed liberal ideas had made him many enemies.

the day of that precious health being endangered, your learned head would only adhere to your shoulders by a thread. Not a word, Sir; understand, and go!" and I withdrew, pursued by his threats. In my absence the Emperor had sent for me. I found him alone, stretched upon an easy-chair, his lion-like head weighed down by suffering, his colour leaden, his air gloomy. He cast on me a penetrating glance, and, after some minutes of a chilling silence, inquired how I found him. I felt his pulse, which was strong and agitated; his tongue was bad, his general state alarming. "Well, Sir?" said the Emperor; he always used to call me by my name, and this alteration boded no good. "Sire, your Majesty has oppression and fever; it will be necessary to take an emetic." At the word emetic the Emperor raised his head abruptly—"An emetic! you never prescribed one to me before." * I went into the laboratory adjoining his study, and soon after returned with the dose; it was not long before it acted, but I was not satisfied with the result. Another emetic appeared to me necessary, and, after it had taken effect, the Emperor raised his pallid countenance, and said to me, in a tone of suppressed wrath, "Is that all?" "No, Sire, for I must have bile." "That is to say, you must have my bowels. Be it so; but remember this—I *will* have" (and he pronounced the word *will* in a manner to give it a threatening meaning) "*I will have this one produce an effect.*" Fully sensible of the danger and responsibility, I, at all risks, trebled the dose; the vomiting was instantaneous and complete. He inquired whether I was satisfied. "Your Majesty is completely out of danger," answered I, and we parted. On the following day I found the Emperor standing up, and strong. "Do you know, Mandt," said he, "that yesterday, while you were administering the medicine to me, I believed I was poisoned?" "I knew it, Sire!" "You knew it,—and you had the courage to advise me to take an emetic!" "The state of your Majesty required it." "But if it had operated ill, what would your enemies have said? for you have enemies, and they are numerous." "They would have asserted subsequently what they insinuated previously,—they would have called me Mandt the Poisoner." "And that thought did not stop you?" and here he held out his hand to me.'

In spite of the rigours of the winter, which was almost insupportable at St. Petersburg, the Emperor Nicholas did not cease to brave the inclemencies of weather, to review the troops, to go on the ice to inspect the fortifications of Cronstadt, in a word to develop every means of resistance to an attack which grew increasingly formidable. Amidst the tempest which he had raised he sacrificed to the exigencies of war the family affections

* The rumour that he was poisoned had reached the Emperor, and, when Dr. Mandt suggested the remedy which would have been used in such a case, it gave a colour to the suspicion. The Czar, being privy, perhaps, to the threats that had been uttered by the Grand Duke Michael, may have inferred that the physician, after committing or conniving at the crime, was eager to save his master, that he might save himself.

to which he was always so sensible, and for the second time sent his two younger sons to Sebastopol—the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Grand Duke Michael. His second son, the Grand Duke Constantine, whose vigorous character is reflected in the varying lines of his expressive countenance, was sent across the snows to act at points nearer home as the energetic interpreter of the Imperial will. The Grand Duke Alexander alone remained at the side of his father, who for several years had been instructing him in the management of affairs. The mild and regular features of the reigning Czar appear to indicate a character less imperious and inflexible than his father's; but his language has not, since he ascended the throne, been in keeping with his physiognomy. He married in 1841 the Princess Maria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. Her solid and reflective character left an impression of coldness and reserve on the Imperial family, whose sentiments of affection are very strong and expansive. 'We will love her so much,' said the Empress when the Czar complained of this chilliness of manner, 'that we shall force her to love us.' The charming prophecy was realized, and Nicholas ended by adoring his daughter-in-law. He was usually present at the meals of his grandchildren, and on review-days he used to show the two eldest with pride to the Imperial Guard, dressed, one as a grenadier of the regiment of Pawlowski, and the other as a grenadier of the regiment of Preobajenski.

Notwithstanding the ravages of the influenza at St. Petersburg, none of the Imperial family were attacked until the Emperor Nicholas showed symptoms, on the 14th of February, of the prevailing disease. His physicians wished him to abandon his out-of-door labours; but he paid no attention to the recommendation. To all remonstrances he merely answered that he had something else to do than to take care of himself. For more than a year past, however, he had manifested occasional uneasiness on the subject, remarking that he had attained, and even passed, the number of years which God grants to those of his race, and that his end was not far distant. He particularly demanded to be subjected to a regimen which might preserve him from corpulency, of which he had a singular dread. About the 18th of February, Dr. Mandt, who had not hitherto felt any serious alarm, thought that a second physician should be summoned. The Emperor treated the request with levity, but consented that his physician in ordinary, Dr. Karell, should be consulted. On the 19th of February, by Dr. Mandt's order, the Emperor kept his bed. The Empress was also confined to her room; and as her apartment and that of her husband were on different floors, the august invalids had no direct communication.

munication. The state of the Emperor grew daily worse; he no longer slept; his cough was incessant, but still repose was intolerable to him. A review of a corps of infantry of the Guard, which was about to proceed to Lithuania, had for some time been announced; in spite of the most intense frost he declared his resolution of holding the review on the 22nd. ‘Sire,’ said one of his physicians, ‘there is not in the whole army a military surgeon who would permit a common soldier to quit the hospital in the state in which you are, for he would be sure that his patient would re-enter it still worse.’ ‘Tis well, gentlemen,’ answered the Emperor; ‘you have done your duty, now I am going to do mine;’ and upon this he entered the sledge. In passing along the ranks of his soldiers his air of suffering and continual cough betrayed his condition. On his return he said, ‘I am bathed in perspiration.’ Before going home he called upon Prince Dolgorouki, the Minister of War, who was ill, and, more prudent for him than for himself, he urged him not to go out too soon. He passed the evening with the Empress, but complained of cold and kept on his cloak.

The imprudence of the Emperor brought on a severe relapse, and from that time he remained in his little working cabinet, whence for some days he continued to issue orders respecting the defence of Sebastopol, and the other emergencies which arose. His uneasiness and depression were much increased by the unsuccessful attack of Russia against the Turks at Eupatoria; and on the 1st of March his powerful intellect was shaken and some delirium was observed.

When hope seemed to be at an end the Empress, who had quitted her own apartment to attend upon him, prevailed on herself, by a violent effort, to propose to her husband to receive the Sacraments. At the beginning of Lent he commenced the religious exercises of the season, and from Monday to Thursday inclusive had daily been present at divine service. Yet, notwithstanding his weakness, he would not sit down, although requested to do so by the Archpriest Bajanoff. Advancing disease compelled him to suspend his attendance. The Empress availed herself of this circumstance. ‘Since,’ she said, ‘you have been unable to complete your religious duties during the past week, and to receive the Sacraments, would you not do so now? Although the state of your health presents no danger, yet many examples show us the consolation which God sends to the sick through the Holy Communion.’ ‘No,’ he replied, ‘I cannot approach so great a mystery in bed and undressed. It will be better when I can do it in a suitable manner.’ The Empress said nothing, but he soon remarked that she was in tears. ‘Do you weep?’

wEEP?' said he. She answered that she did not. A few minutes afterwards she commenced repeating the Lord's Prayer in a low voice. On her uttering the words, 'Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' the Czar exclaimed, 'For ever, for ever, for ever.' 'Why,' he added, 'do you pray?' 'I pray,' she responded, 'for the recovery of your health.' 'Am I then in danger?' 'No,' was her reply; for she had not the courage to speak the truth. 'You are much agitated and fatigued,' remarked the Emperor, 'go and take some rest.' The Empress then retired.

About three o'clock in the morning the Emperor addressed Dr. Mandt in these terms: 'Tell me candidly what my disease is; you know that I have always enjoined you to forewarn me in time if I fell seriously ill, in order that I might not neglect the duties of a Christian.' 'I cannot conceal from your Majesty,' said the physician, 'that the disease is becoming serious; the right lung is attacked.' On this the Emperor asked, 'Do you mean to say that it is threatened with paralysis?' The doctor replied, 'If the disease do not yield to our efforts, such may indeed be the result, but we do not yet observe it, and we still have hopes of seeing you restored.' 'Ah,' said the Emperor, 'now I comprehend my state; now I know what I have to do.'

The Emperor dismissed his physician and summoned the hereditary Prince. He calmly imparted to him his hopeless condition, adding, 'I trust you have not yet said, and will not say, anything to your mother. Send for my confessor.' The Archpriest Bajanoff was already in the Palace. The Empress entered at the same moment, and, when the archbishop began the prayers which precede confession, the Emperor gave his blessing to her and his son, who was kneeling by his bedside, and they then withdrew.

The confession completed, the Emperor made the sign of the Cross and said, 'I pray the Lord to receive me into his bosom.' According to his desire, the communion was administered to him in presence of the Empress and the Czarowitch, and he received it in the full possession of his consciousness, with pious compunction and perfect resignation. Having recited the whole *Credo* with tolerable firmness of voice, he next sent for the Czarevna, the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaïewitch, the Grand Duchesses Alexandra-Josephowna, Marie-Nicolaïewna, Helene-Pavlovna, and his grandchildren, all of whom were sitting in the adjoining apartments. He announced to them with firmness his approaching end, took a separate leave of each, and gave them his blessing. The words which he uttered at that solemn moment will remain graven in the hearts of all who heard them. The Empress exclaimed, 'Oh God! could I not die with you?'

He

He said, 'You must live for them,' and, turning towards the Czarowitch, he thus continued : ' You know that all my anxiety, all my efforts had for their object the good of Russia ; my desire was to labour till I could leave you the Empire thoroughly organized, protected from all danger from without, completely tranquil and happy ; but you see at what a time and under what circumstances I die. Such, however, seems to be the will of God. Your burden will be heavy.' The Czarowitch in tears answered him, ' If I am destined to lose you, I have the certainty that above also you will pray to God for Russia and for us all, and you will ask His aid that I may be able to sustain the burden which He will have imposed upon me.' The Emperor then said, ' Yes, I have always prayed for Russia and for you all. There also I will pray for you. Do you,' said he, addressing the entire circle which surrounded him, and pointing to the Empress, ' remain always as hitherto closely united by family love.'

The Emperor afterwards sent for Count d'Adlerberg (the Comptroller of his Household), Count Orloff, and Prince Dolgorouki, the Minister of War. He thanked them in affecting terms for their faithful services and tried devotion, recommended them to his successor, gave them his benediction, and bid them farewell. He next wished to see his domestic servants, and the old grenadiers of the palace, and addressed words of consolation and encouragement to each of them. To Madame Rohrbeck, First Bedchamber Woman to the Empress, he said, ' I fear that I have not sufficiently thanked you for the care which you took of the Empress when she was last ill ; be to her for the future what you have been in my lifetime, and salute my beautiful Peterhoff the first time you go thore with her.' Then, addressing the Czarowitch and Count d'Adlerberg, he gave his last orders concerning his obsequies ; selected himself the apartment of the ground-floor of the palace where his mortal remains were to be laid out, as well as the position of his tomb in the cathedral of the Apostles Peter and Paul. He ordered that his funeral should be conducted with the least possible display, without a splendid catafalque, or magnificence of ornaments when he was laid in state, in order to avoid an expenditure which could ill be spared from the requirements of the war.

It was he himself who wished that his approaching death should be announced by telegraph to Moscow and Warsaw. While he was occupied in these mournful duties, with the same firmness as he would have engaged in full health in the government of his empire, it was announced that the son of Prince Menschikoff had arrived with letters from his father. He refused to take notice of them, saying, ' Could even that attach me again to earth ? ' It seemed that from that time he considered

sidered himself to have abdicated, and to have resigned all his power into the hands of his successor. The day before, the Emperor had kept his eldest son for several hours alone near his bed to give him his last directions. His second son, the Grand Duke Constantine, had been present during a part of the interview. Two or three times in the course of that last and solemn conversation the Duke Alexander, strongly impressed with what his father said, went into the next room to write down, on the spot, the exact words which he had heard. On the 2nd of March, at noon, after having remained for more than an hour without being able to articulate a syllable, and scarcely able to breathe, Nicholas recovered for a few minutes the power of speech, but could only recommend his son Alexander to thank the garrison of Sebastopol in his name. Nearly the last words he articulated were in French, '*Dites à Fritz* (his brother-in-law, King of Prussia) *de rester le même pour la Russie et de ne pas oublier les paroles de papa.*'

The dying Emperor still preserved his consciousness when the confessor began the prayers for those in the agony of death, and he repeated them after him with a weak but calm voice. Speech soon failed him—he made a sign for the holy father to approach, pressed his hand, kissed the cross suspended about the confessor's neck, and gave it to be understood, by motions of his eyes and hands towards the Empress and his successor, that he was praying for them. Up to the last moment he did not relinquish the hands of his wife and his heir, and, while still pressing them, he expired at twenty minutes past noon.

Thus ended the life of the Emperor Nicholas, on a bed of hay and having for a coverlet a soldier's cloak; showing in his last moments, in presence of impending, and, till lately, unexpected death, a stoical resignation and an empire over himself for which the violence of his temper had not prepared us; taking a last leave of his family, his friends and servants, with an affection, and even tenderness, which would have been remarkable in a man of the mildest nature, yet able to tear himself from these emotions to dictate to his son his last instructions, and to open to the inheritor of his power the deepest secrets of his policy. These secrets Alexander II. alone knows, and it is by his conduct that Europe must learn them. Notwithstanding the differences of character and position, it is questionable whether this successor, placed at the head of a proud and powerful nation, would be able, if he were willing, to renounce the policy which his father, we are confident, did not cease to inculcate upon him as long as he retained the power of uttering one single word.

ART. VII.—*The Life and Writings of Addison.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. London. 1852.

STEELE and Addison are among the first ghosts met by Fielding in his delightful *Journey from this World to the next.* A remark from the spirit of Virgil having a little disconcerted the bashful Joseph, he has turned for reassurance to the spirit most familiar and best known to him on earth, when at once Steele heartily embraces him, and tells him he had been the greatest man up in the other world, and that he readily resigned all the merit of his own works to him. In return Addison gives him a gracious smile, and, clapping him on the back with much solemnity, cries out ‘Well said, Dick.’ Fielding was here laughing at the claim set up by Addison’s associates, when they would have struck down his old fellow labourer’s fame, to add to the glories of his own. What Steele said so well for his friend, and ill for himself, in the other world, had already been more than broadly hinted in this, in Mr. Tickell’s celebrated preface.

Nevertheless, Steele’s fame survived that back-handed blow. What the living Addison himself foretold came true; and, out of party contentions so fierce that no character escaped them unsullied, side by side, when those contentions ceased, his friend’s and his emerged.* Though circumstances favoured somewhat the one against the other, there had come to be a corner for both in almost all men’s liking; and those ‘little diurnal essays, which are extant still,’ kept also extant, in an equal and famous companionship, the two foremost Essayists of England. A more powerful hand than Mr. Tickell’s now strikes them rudely apart. A magnificent eulogy of Addison is here built upon a most contemptuous depreciation of Steele; and if we are content to accept without appeal the judgment of Mr. Macaulay’s *Essay*, there is one pleasant face the less in our Walhalla of British Worthies.

For ourselves we must frankly say Not Content, and our reasons shall be stated in this article. Not, we dare say, without partiality; certainly not without frank and full allowance for the portion of evil which is inseparable from all that is good, and for the something of littleness mixed up with all that is great. In one of his most charming essays Steele has himself reminded us that the word *imperfection* should never carry to the considerate man’s heart a thought unkindler than the word *humanity*;† and we shall also think it well to remember, what with not less wisdom on another occasion he remarked, as to the prodigious

* *Spectator*, No. 101.

† *Tatler*, No. 246.

difference

difference between the figure the same person bears in our imagination when we are pleased with him, from that wherein we behold him when we are angry.* Steele we think eminently a man to write or speak of in the mood of pleasure.

But first let Mr. Macaulay speak of him. Introducing him as a person only entitled to distinction as one of the chief members of the small literary coterie to which Addison was the oracle, and deriving from that fact his claim to present recognition, he describes him in general terms as one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. He admits his temper to have been sweet, his affections warm, and his spirits lively; but says that his passions were so strong, and his principles so weak, that his life was spent in sinning and repenting, in inculcating what was right and doing what was wrong. Hence, we are told, though he was a man of piety and honour in speculation, he was in practice much of the rake and a little of the swindler; but then again he was so goodnatured, that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him; and even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him when he dic'd himself into a spunging-house, or drank himself into a fever. Among the rigid moralists here referred to we must presume was Joseph Addison, whose strict abstinence from drink is so well known; but the *Essayist* is careful to add that the kindness with which that rigid moralist regarded his friend was '*not unmixed with scorn.*' ●

So much the worse for Addison, if that be true; for very certainly he succeeded in concealing it from his friend, and we imagine, indeed, from every one but Mr. Macaulay. True, no doubt, it is, that so consummate a master of humour could hardly have it always under control; and that the most intimate of his associates would not be spared the pleasant laugh which was raised in turn against all. But Pope, from whom we derive the fact that he would now and then 'play a little' on the extraordinary regard which Steele evinced for him, also informs us how well it was always taken; and that anything of contempt ever passed from one to the other, is most assuredly not to be inferred from any published record. The first characteristic thing that Pope noted in Addison, that he was always for moderation in parties, and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party-man, marks the source of whatever disagreement they had; and he who, on that very ground of party, lavished upon Steele the most unsparing and unscrupulous abuse, and whose old intimacy with both friends had opened fo

* *The Theatre*, No. 26.

him the secrets of their most familiar hours, never thought of using against him such a formidable weapon as he would have found in Addison's contempt.

Before their final rupture, Swift had to answer Steele's reproach that he had spoken of him as 'bridled by Addison,' and he does this with a denial that frankly admits Steele's right to be jealous of the imputation. Throughout his intimate speech to Stella, whether his humour be sarcastic or polite, the friendship of Steele and Addison is for ever suggesting some annoyance to himself, some mortification, some regret; but never once the doubt that it was not intimate and sincere, or that into it entered anything inconsistent with a perfect equality. When he wishes to serve the one, and is annoyed that the other receives the overture coldly (22nd October, 1710); when he suspects the one of preventing the other's visit to Harley (15th November, 1710); when he treats a service to the one as not less a service to the other (14th January, 1710-11); when he reproaches the one as ungrateful for what he had done for the other (15th January, 1710-11); when he calls himself a fool for spending his credit in favour of both (16th March, 1710-11); and when he has promised my Lord Treasurer never again to speak for either (29th June, 1711); he shows you, still, that he is speaking of an intercourse upheld by the strongest attachments, and into which, whatever the respective merits of the men, there could have entered no element of '*scorn*'.

It is quite true, however, that some coldness and estrangement did grow between Steele and Addison as time went on, though to the last it was never so complete as Mr. Macaulay would wish to convey. To this, and its causes, we shall have to advert hereafter; but in connexion with it we have so express and affecting a statement from Steele himself, only six months after his friend's death, and in reply to a coarse assailant whom it silenced, that as to the general fact it leaves no doubt whatever. There never, he says,* was a more strict friendship than between himself and Addison, nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing; the one waited and stemmed the torrent, while the other too often plunged into it; but though they thus had lived for some years last past, shunning each other, they still preserved the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare; and when they met, 'they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other.' As

* *The Theatre*, No. xii., Feb. 9, 1719-20.

to the substance or worth of what thus divided them, Steele only adds the significant hope that, if his family is the worse, his country may be the better, for the mortification he has undergone.

There is something in that. When a man is indiscreet, it is not beside the matter to inquire what passion it is that urges him to indiscretion. It may be the actual good of others, or it may be a fancied good for himself. Mr. Allworthy did so many kindnesses for so many people that he made enemies of the whole parish ; and it will perhaps generally be found that the man who cares least for his neighbours is very far from the least likely to pass for good-natured among them. It will not do to judge off-hand, even between the impetuosity which plunges into the torrent, and the placidity which waits upon the brink. Each temperament has its advantages, within a narrow or a more extended range ; and where the passion for public affairs has been so incorrigible that it refused to take regard of its own or others' convenience in its manifestations, we must not too hastily resolve to take part either against the hostility it provokes, or with the sympathy it repels. So much, before passing in review Steele's actual story, it will be well to keep in mind ; though there can be no manner of doubt that his course, whether in other respects ill or well taken, put him at grave disadvantage with the world.

Even in regard to this, however, there is no need to take any special tone of pity ; and too much stress has perhaps been laid on Addison's own regrets in the matter. It was when the good Mr. Hughes thought he saw an opportunity, on the sudden cessation of Mr. Steele's *Guardian*, to get Mr. Addison's services for a little scheme of his own, and, with many flourishes about the regret with which all the more moderate Whigs saw their common friend's thoughts turned entirely on politics and disengaged from pursuits more entertaining and profitable, had propounded his plan for a *Register*, that Mr. Addison, civilly surrendering the glory of working with Mr. Hughes, proceeded merely upon his correspondent's hint to speak of Steele in language often quoted, and used against him by Mr. Macaulay. 'I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself ; but he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him in this particular will have no weight with him.' Formerly, as now, these expressions have been pointed to a sense not exactly intended by them. Taken with what induced them, and read as they were written, they are certainly unmixed with *scorn*.

There is pity in them, to be sure ; and there is what Mr. Macaulay

aulay calls the ‘ trying with little success to keep him out of scrapes ;’ and there is the ‘ poor Dick,’ which has been so lavishly repeated since, with a feeling and for a purpose far less worthy. For no man so much as Steele has suffered from *compassion*. It was out of his bitter experience he called it shrewdly the best disguise of malice, and said that the most apposite course to cry a man down was to lament him. Mr. Macaulay is incapable of malice, even if the motive for it were in this case conceivable ; but he cannot bring himself to state a virtue in Steele which he does not always extenuate with its equal vice or drawback. We much fear there are few characters that would stand this kind of analysis,—very few in which the levelling circumstance might not be detected, that more or less brings down the high, the wise, the strong, and the fortunate to the lower level with their fellow-men. An ill mending of the matter it would be, indeed, to extenuate vice itself as a set-off to the extenuation of virtue ; but both have need of a more considerate reflection than they are generally apt to receive, in connexion with such a life as we shall shortly retrace. For not a few years of that life, we dare say, Captain Steele might have pleaded, with Captain Plume, that for all his exuberance of spirits he was yet very far from the rake the world imagined. ‘ I have got an air of freedom,’ says Farquhar’s pleasant hero, ‘ which people mistake in me, just as in others they mistake formality for religion.’ It is a kind of mistake committed in many forms ; and Pope was hinting at it when he remarked that whereas, according to La Rochefoucauld, a great many virtues are disguised vices, he would engage, by the same mode of reasoning, to prove a great many vices to be disguised virtues. Steele had said the same thing several years before in his *Christian Hero*, when he remarked that there can really be no greater love of self than to love others, nor any more secure way to obtain good offices than to do them.

Not that any such modes of reasoning may sufficiently excuse a life spent, if what Mr. Macaulay tells us be true, in sinning and repenting, in inculcating what was right and doing what was wrong. A profitless life to himself, beyond a doubt, if such indeed was Steele’s ; but suggestive also of the remark, that, since the wrong that was done has passed away, and the right that was inculcated remains, others may decidedly have profited though he did not. For ourselves, holding with the philosophy which teaches us that depravity of disposition is less pardonable than any kind of frailty of passion, we know of no offence against virtue so grave as to speak of it in disparagement ; and no worse practice in regard to vice than the systematic praise and recommendation of it. With the latter, at least, no one has ever

been so reckless, in our day or even in his own, as to charge Richard Steele. He had a real love and reverence for virtue, Pope told Spence. He had the best nature in the world, and was a man of almost boundless benevolence, said Young. Lady Mary Montagu lived much with all the wits, and knew no one with the kind nature of Steele. It is his admitted weakness to have yielded to the temptation which yet he never lost the strength to condemn ; but we know who has said that, if at all times to do were as easy as to teach what is good to be done, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. Let us add that even Addison himself could not always do both ; and that, if the strict rule were applied universally, never to accept unreservedly what is good in a man, and praise it accordingly, without minute measuring-off of what may also be condemned for evil, with detraction at least equal to the praise, there would be altogether an end at last to all just judgments, and a woful general confusion of right and wrong. That Addison had not Steele's defects—that Steele's defects, graver though they may have been, were yet not those of Addison—should surely be far from matter of complaining with us, since in no small degree it has served to contribute to the more complete instruction and entertainment of the world. There is a wise little paper in which Steele has pursued so closely an argument resembling this, that we may adapt it to our own use. We may stigmatise it as not less a want of sense than of good nature to say that Addison has less exuberant spirits than Steele, but Steele not such steady self-control as Addison ; for that such men have not each other's capacities is no more a diminution to either, than if you should say Addison is not Steele, or Steele not Addison. The heathen world, as Mr. Bickerstaff reasons the matter, had so little notion that perfection was to be expected from men, that among them any one quality or endowment in a heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength, but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. Those wise heathens were glad to immortalise any one serviceable gift, and to overlook all imperfections in the person who had it. But with us it is far otherwise. We are, only too eager to reject many manifest virtues, if we find them accompanied with a single apparent weakness.

Nor does the shrewd Mr. Bickerstaff end the argument here. He discovers in it the secret why principally it is that the worst of mankind, the libellers, receive so much encouragement. ‘The low race of men take a great pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects, and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand

a thousand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great person any one fault.' It would not be easy to express more perfectly than in these few words the danger of those extremes of depreciation to which Steele more than any man has been subjected. It is our firm belief that, whatever his improvidence may have been, he was incapable of a dishonourable action. It will not be difficult to show, in the sketch we shall presently give of his career, how little avoidable in his circumstances were not a few of his embarrassments and troubles. We wish it were possible to doubt that the life to which only *he* was warranted in applying the modest expression that it was 'at best but pardonable,' was not better than ninety-nine hundredths of theirs who would be apt to pass the harshest judgments upon it. It was at least the life of a disinterested politician and patriot, of a tender husband, of an attached father, of a scholar, a wit, a man of genius, a gentleman. But the wit and genius brought with them their usual penalties ; and the world, not content that their exercise should have enlarged the circle of its enjoyments, and added enormously to human happiness in various ways, must satisfy its vulgar eagerness to find feet of clay for its image of gold, and give censorious fools the comfort of speaking as ill as may be of their benefactor.

And so the inquisition, far worse than Torquemada's, is opened. Circumstances of life the most minute, nor any longer intelligible without the context that has perished, are dragged into monstrous prominence. Relations the most intimate are rudely exposed. Letters are printed without concealment, though written in the confidence of a privacy so sacred that to break it in the case of ordinary men would be to overturn society altogether. And if the result should finally show that the man who has taught us all so well what our own conduct should be, had unhappily failed in such wisdom for the guidance of his own, the general complacence and satisfaction are complete. Silly world ! as even Swift can find it in his heart to say ; not to understand how much better occupied it would be in finding out that men of wit may be the most, rather than the least, moral of mankind. Unlucky man of wit, who, in the teeth of his earnest warning, that only he who lives below his income lays up efficient armour against those who will cover all his frailties when he is so fortified, and exaggerate them when he is naked and defenceless,* goes incontinently and lives above his own income, and gets himself rated as 'a swindler.'

Nor does Mr. Macaulay's disparagement of Steele take only

* *The Tatler*, No. 180.

the

the form of such harsh and quite unwarrantable expressions. It extends from his moral to his intellectual character ; and we are not permitted to believe that a man could write excellent *Tatlers* who was not able to pay his tavern-bills with unvarying punctuality.

In forming his most celebrated literary project, we are told, Steele was far indeed from seeing its consequences ; and Mr. Macaulay proceeds to give us his own description of the aim and design of the *Tatler*. Suggested by Steele's experience as *Gazetteer* (to which he was appointed, not by Sunderland at the request of Addison, as Mr. Macaulay says, but by Harley at the request of Maynwaring, as both Swift and Steele himself inform us), it was to be on a plan quite new, and to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Mr. Macaulay thinks it immaterial to mention that *De Foe's Review*, with not a few points of resemblance, had already for five years travelled by the country posts on those days ; but indeed the resemblance could hardly be expected to suggest itself, with such a low opinion of Steele's purpose in the *Tatler* as he seems to have formed. It was to contain, he says, the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. 'The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this.' Mr. Macaulay's manifest object is to convey the impression that the *Tatler* had no real worth until Addison joined it.

Now the facts are, that, with the exception of very rare occasional hints embodied in papers indubitably by Steele, and of the greater part of one essay which appeared in May and of another published in July, Addison's contributions to the *Tatler* did not begin until his return from Ireland in the middle of October, 1709, when eighty numbers had been issued. If, therefore, what Mr. Macaulay would convey be correct, Steele's narrow and limited design must have lasted at least so long ; and that which gives the moral not less than the intellectual charm to these famous essays, which turned their humour into a censorship of manners at once gentle and effective, and made their wit subservient to wisdom and piety, could not have become apparent till after the middle of the second volume. Up to that time, according to Mr. Macaulay, Steele must have been merely compiling news, reviewing theatres, retailing literary gossip, remarking on fashionable topics, complimenting beauties, pasquinading

quinading sharpers, or criticising preachers, and could not yet have entered the higher field which the genius of Addison was to open to him. Nevertheless this is certain, that in dedicating the first volume of the work to Maynwaring he describes in language that admits of no misconstruction, not only his own intention in setting it on foot, but what he calls ‘the sudden acceptance,’ the extraordinary success, which immediately followed; and he further explains the character of his design as precisely that attempt ‘to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour,’ which Johnson marks as its happy distinguishing feature, and the very drift of all its labour in teaching us the minuter decencies and inferior duties, in regulating the practice of our daily conversation, in correcting depravities rather ridiculous than criminal, and in removing, if not the lasting calamities of life, those grievances which are its hourly vexation.

But the papers themselves are before us, if we want evidence more conclusive. Where are the commonplaces described by Mr. Macaulay? How shall we limit our selection of examples in disproof of the alleged compiling, gossiping, complimenting, pasquinading? Why, as we turn over the papers preceding that number 81 which must be said to have begun the regular contributions of Addison, there is hardly a trait that does not flash upon us of the bright wit, the cordial humour, the sly satire, the subtle yet kindly criticism, the good nature and humanity, which have endeared this delightful book to successive generations of readers. There is, indeed, not less prominent at the outset than it continued to the close, the love of theatrical representations, and no doubt actors are criticised and preachers too; but we require no better proof than the very way in which this is done, of the new and original spirit that entered with it into periodical literature. In both the critic finds means of detecting countless affectations; and no one acquainted with the Pulpit of that day need feel surprise at the hints he gives of the service the Stage might render it, or that Mr. Betterton should have borrowed from Mr. Bickerstaff the answer to Sancroft’s question—why it was that actors, speaking of things imaginary, affected audiences as if they were real; while preachers, speaking of things real, could only affect their congregations as with things imaginary? ‘Why, indeed, I don’t know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary.’ An admirable paper to the same effect among

among the early *Tatlers* is that wherein he tells us that in tragical representations of the highest kind it is not the pomp of language, or the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought that touches sensible spirits, ‘but something of a plain and simple nature which breaks in upon our souls by that sympathy which is given us for our mutual good will and service.’* And he illustrates his position by the example of Macduff when he hears of the murder of his children, and of Brutus when he speaks of the death of Portia.

There is no criticism of Shakspeare in that day at all comparable to this of Steele’s, at the outset and to the close of the *Tatler*. With no set analysis or fine-spun theory, but dropped only here and there, and from time to time, with a careless grace, it is yet of the subtlest discrimination. He ranks him as high in philosophy as in poetry, and in the ethics of human life and passion quotes his authority as supreme. None but Steele then thought of criticizing him in that strain. The examples just quoted, for instance, are used as lessons in art, but also as experiences for patience under actual sorrow; and he finely adds, that it is in life itself exactly as at one of his plays, where we see the man overwhelmed by grief yet struggling to bear it with decency and patience—‘we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses.’

In this mode of eliciting, not merely canons of taste, but moral truths and rules of conduct, from the plays he sees acted, or the books he has been reading, Steele enriched his earliest and his latest *Tatlers* with a style of criticism which he must be said to have created. Nor is he satisfied with less than the highest models; delighting not more to place the philosophy above the poetry of Shakspeare, than to discover the sweetness and grace that underlie the majesty of Milton. The sixth *Tatler* begins the expression of his reverence for the latter poet, and not till the last line of the last *Tatler*, on which Shakspeare’s name is imprinted, does it cease in regard to either. It was he, and not his friend, who, in that age of little faith, first raised again the poet of Paradise; his allusions to him, from the very commencement, are incessant; and a *Tatler* of but a few days earlier than that just quoted contains not only the noble lines in which Adam contemplates the sleeping Eve, but, by way of comment on its picture of manly affection made up of respect and tenderness, throws out this delightful remark. ‘This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something

* *Tatler*, No. 68; and see No. 47.

more generous than friendship itself ; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interests in the possession of it.'

At a time in no way remarkable for refinement, Steele's gallantry to women, thus incessantly expressed in *The Tatler* to the last, was that of a Sir Tristan or Sir Calidore ; and in not a small degree, to every household into which it carried such unaccustomed language, this was a ground of its extraordinary success. Inseparable always from his passion is the exalted admiration he feels ; and his love is the very flower of his respect.' But as, unhappily, a woman's education was then sunk to the lowest ebb, there is also no subject to which he has occasion so often and so eagerly to return, as a comparison of the large amount of care bestowed on her person with the little given to her mind. You deliver your daughter to a dancing-master, he says in one of these papers, you put a collar round her neck, you teach her every movement, under pain of never having a husband if she steps, or looks, or moves awry ; and all the time you forget the true art which 'is to make mind and body improve together, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture.' As he says in another paper to the like effect, a woman must think well to look well.* He is never weary of surrounding her form with hosts of graces and delights ; in her mind, how unused and uncultivated soever, he yet always recognises a finer and more delicate humanity ; and all the fascinating things ever uttered in her praise by poet or romancer must yield to what is said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings' in the 49th *Tatler*. 'Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, and *to love her is a liberal education.*' C

As we have turned to this charming passage, we meet another of his illustrations from Shakspeare, in which, rebuking the author of a new tragedy for relying too much on the retinue, guards, ushers, and courtiers of his hero to make him magnificent, 'Shakspeare,' he exclaims, 'is your pattern. In the tragedy of Cæsar he introduces his hero in his night-gown.' The resemblance of Addison's 42nd *Spectator* to this 53rd *Tatler* need not be pointed out ; and we shall be excused for saying, with all our love and respect for Addison, that he might with good effect have taken, now and then, even a hint of conduct as well as of criticism from his friend. As to modes of dying, for example. The 11th *Tatler*, with a truth and spirit not to be

* No. 212 ; and see No. 248.

surpassed,

surpassed, remarks that any doctrine on the subject of dying, other than that of living well, is the most insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. A tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he discovers a plot, or says a fine thing upon his exit; but in real life, and by noble spirits, it will be done decently, without the ostentation of it. Commend me, exclaims Steele, to that natural greatness of soul expressed by an innocent and consequently resolute country fellow, who said, in the pains of the colic, ‘If I once get this breath out of my body, you shall hang me before you put it in again.’ Honest Ned! And so he died.

And what hints of other characters, taken from the same portion of the *Tatler*, need we, or shall we, add to honest Ned’s, in proof that Steele did not wait for Addison’s help before stamping his design with the most marked feature that remained with it? The difficulty is selection. Shall we take the wealthy wags who give one another credit in discourse according to their purses, who jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills; and who, with unmoved muscles for the most exquisite wit whose banker’s balance they do not know, smirk at every word each speaks to the other?* Shall we take the modest young bachelor of arts, who, thinking himself fit for anything he can get, is above nothing that is offered, and, having come to town recommended to a chaplain’s place but finding none vacant, modestly accepts that of a postilion?† Shall we introduce the eminent storyteller and politician, who owes the regularity and fluency of his dulness entirely to his snuff-box?‡ Shall we make acquaintance with the whimsical young gentleman, so ambitious to be thought worse than he is, that, in his degree of understanding, he sets up for a freethinker, and talks atheistically in coffee-houses all day, though every morning and evening, it can be proved upon him, he regularly at home says his prayers?§ Shall the well-meaning Umbra take us by the button, and talk half an hour to us upon matters wholly insignificant with an air of the utmost solemnity, that we may teach ourselves the charity of not being offended with what has a good intention in it, by remembering that to little men little things are of weight, and that, though our courteous friend never served us, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it?|| Or, while Mr. Bickerstaff thus teaches us that impotent kindness is to be tolerated, shall Mrs. Jenny Distaff show us that impotent malice is not, and

* *Tatler*, No. 57.

+ *Tatler*, No. 52.

‡ *Tatler*, No. 35.

§ *Tatler*, No. 77.

|| *Tatler*, No. 37.

that

that society should scout the fool who cannot listen to praise without whispering detraction, or hear a man of worth named without recounting the worst passage of his life? *

Shall we follow into Garraway's or the Stock Exchange those two men, in whom so striking a contrast appears of plain simplicity with imposing affectation, and learn that the sort of credit which commerce affects is worthless, if but sustained by the opinions of others and not by its own consciousness of value? † Shall we let the smallest of pedants, Will Dactyle, convince us that learning does but improve in us what nature endowed us with; for that not to have good sense with learning is only to have more ways of exposing oneself, and to have sense is to know that learning itself is not knowledge? ‡ Shall the best-natured of old men, Senecio, prove to us that the natural, and not the acquired man is the companion; that benevolence is the only law of good breeding; that society can take no account of fortune; and that he who brings his quality with him into conversation, coming to receive homage and not to meet his friends, should pay the reckoning also? § Shall we listen to Will Courtly, saying nothing but what was said before, yet appearing neither ignorant among the learned nor indiscreet with the wise, and acknowledge, so long as Will can thus converse with the wittiest without being ridiculous, that, if ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, good-breeding must be its opposite expedient of putting wise men and less wise on equality? || Shall we make ourselves easy in the company of Sophronius, who, when he does a service, charms us not more by his alacrity than, when he declines one, by his manner of convincing us that such service should not have been asked? ¶ Or shall we fidget ourselves in a room with Jack Dimple, who, having found out that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation makes his own entirely artificial, meditates half an hour in the ante-room to get up his careless air, and is continually running back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness? **

Such are among a few of the characters and essays which, while Mr. Macaulay would represent the *Tatler* as yet given up to sheer commonplace, with a prodigal wit and exuberant fancy Steele was pouring out upon its readers. We touch but slightly these few, and only hint at their purport and design; entering

* *Tatler*, No. 38.

† *Tatler*, No. 48.

‡ *Tatler*, No. 58; and see No. 197.

§ *Tatler*, No. 45.

|| *Tatler*, No. 30.

¶ *Tatler*, No. 21. . . . ** *Tatler*, No. 21.

into

into no more detail than may carry with it the means of outweighing an assertion advanced on authority too high to be met by mere assertion of our own. We leave fifty things unnamed, and take from those named only a sentence here and there: but is it not enough? Not to speak of what will better be described hereafter of social colouring and individual expression, have we not here what gave life to the *Tatler*? Have we not the sprightly father of the English Essay, writing at the first even as he wrote to the last; out of a true and honest heart sympathizing with all things good and true; already master of his design in beginning it, and able to stand without help, if the need should be? In his easy chair we shall hereafter see Mr. Bickerstaff, amid the rustling of hoop-petticoats, the fluttering of fans, and the obeisance of flowing perukes: but what here for the present we see is the critic and philosopher Steele, more wise and not less agreeable; who, in an age that faction brutalized and profligacy debased, undertook the censorship of manners, and stamped at once upon the work he invented a genius as original as delightful. Here we have ourselves the means of judging if it was gossip, and compliments, and pasquinades, in the midst of which Addison found his friend; or whether already he had not struck out the thought by which both must be famous for ever, of enlivening morality with wit and tempering wit with morality?

But another fact is not less manifest in the examples given, and with it perhaps something of excuse for the half contemptuous tone that has done him such injustice. There is nothing so peculiar to his manner as the art of getting wisdom out of trifles. Without gravely translating his humorous announcement,* that, when any part of his paper appeared dull, it was to be noted that there was a design in it, we may say with perfect truth that he had a design in everything. But a laugh never yet looked so wise as a frown; and, unless you are at pains to look a little beneath it, the wisdom may now and then escape you. The humorous old gentleman who is always prying into his neighbours' concerns, when he is not gossiping of his own; to whom the young beau is made responsible for wearing red-heeled shoes, and the young belle for showing herself too long at her glass; who turns the same easy artillery of wit against the rattling dice-box and the roaring pulpit; who has early notice of most of the love-affairs in town, can tell you of half the domestic quarrels, and knows more of a widow with a handsome jointure than her own lawyer or next of kin; whose tastes take a range as

wide as his experience, to whom Plutarch is not less familiar than a pretty fellow, and who has for his clients not only the scholars of the Grecian, but the poets at Will's, the men of fashion at White's, and the quidnuncs of the St. James's,—this old humourist, one would say, is about the last man to pass for a Socrates. And yet there was something more than whim in his ambition to have it said of his lucubrations, that, whereas Socrates had brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men, he had himself aimed to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses. For it is his actual and marked peculiarity that neither more nor less than this may be generally detected in Steele. One of the sincerest of men, he was the most natural of writers; and, living in the thick of the world, he could not write but with a vivid and ever present sense of it. The *humanitas humanissima* is never absent from him. If he takes up a book, it is not for a bookish purpose; he is always thinking of the life around him. Never yet, we think, has he had the due and distinctive praise for this, which in some sort separates him from every humourist and satirist of his time. Wit more piercing and keen, a reflective spirit of wider scope, a style more correct and pure, even humour more consummate than his own, will be found, in the way of comment upon life, among his friends and fellow-labourers; but for that which vividly brings actual Life before us, which touches the heart as with a present experience, which sympathizes to the very core of all that moves the joy or sorrow of his fellows, and which still, even as then, can make the follies of men ridiculous and their vices hateful without branding ridicule or hate upon the men themselves,—we must turn to Steele. In his little pictures of the world, that open new and unexpected views of it; in his wonderfully pathetic little stories, that fill our eyes with tears; in those trivial details by which he would make life easier and happier, in those accidents the most common and familiar out of which he draws secrets of humanity; what most, after all, impresses us, is a something independent of authorship. We like him the more for being nearer and more like ourselves, not for being higher or standing apart; and it is still the *man* whom his writings make pleasant to us, more than the author, the wit, the partizan, or the fine gentleman.

And a great reason for this we take to be, that he founded his theory and views of life rather on the realities that men should bravely practise, than on the pretences to which for the most part they shamefully submit. To be a man of breeding was with him to be a man of feeling; to be a fine gentleman, in his own phrase,

was

was to be a generous and brave man ; he had a proper contempt for the good manners that did not also imply the good morals ; and it was the exalting and purifying influence of love for Lady Betty Modish, that made his Colonel Ranter cease to swear at the waiters.* Be his theme, therefore, small or great, he brings it still within rules and laws which we find have not lost their interest for ourselves ; and to which in truth we are in all respects still as amenable as if the red-heeled shoe, the hooped petticoat, or the flowing periuke, were yet potent and predominant in our century. As an instance which at once will explain our meaning, let us take what he says of vulgarity. It is also in one of these early Tatlers.† There is, perhaps, no word so misused, none certainly of which the misuse is so mischievous ; and not unfairly, by the opinions held of it, we may take the measure of a code of ethics and philosophy.

Steele's view of the matter is, then, that it is to him a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what he means by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and his sentiments in that condition. For, as he puts it, if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest workman, is not such a workman, who within his power is good to his friends and cheerful in his occupation, in all ways much superior to him who lives but to serve himself ? He then quotes the comparison, from Epictetus, of human life to a stage play ; in which the philosopher tells us it is not for us to consider, among the actors, who is prince or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best. In other words, the circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our conduct in that circumstance. This alone can be our solid distinction ; and from it Steele proceeds to draw certain rules of breeding and behaviour. A wise man, he says, should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world ; for if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of those above, or of the subordination of those below, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. With a noble spirit he adds, that he who thinks no man his superior but for virtue, and none his inferior but for vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place ; but will be ready as frequently to emulate men in rank below him, as to avoid and pity those above. Not that there was anything of the democrat or leveller in Steele. He knew too well that the dis-

* *Tatler*, No. 10.

† *Tatler*, No. 69.

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tinctions of life, if taken at their true worth, would never fail to support themselves ; and it was his knowledge of the quite irrepressible influence of wealth and station that urged him to such repeated enforcement of the social charities and duties to which he held them bound. It was no easy part, in his opinion, that the man of rank and wealth had to play. It was no easy thing, in friendly intercourse, to check the desire to assume *some* superiority on the ground of position or fortune. It is not every man, he said with an exquisite felicity of phrase, that can entertain with the air of a guest, and do good offices with the mien of one that receives them.

And as Steele thus held, in the great commerce of the world, that a man must be valued apart from his circumstances, in like manner he also held, that, in his relations with it, he must regulate what he would appear to be by nothing other than actually becoming it. He must not hope to pass for anything more than he is worth ; he must take care of his own wisdom and his own virtue, without minding too much what others think ; and in what he knows he has, can be his only safe pledge at any time for its acknowledgment by others. It will be a useful hint in all cases, Steele says, for a man to ask himself whether he really *is* what he has a mind to *be thought*, for if he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety ;* nor is there, in this mode of reasoning, anything too little or too great not to yield as its result to his philosophy the value of reality beyond appearance.

Neither philosophy nor good writing, however, can Mr. Macaulay bring himself to recognise in Steele. All he admits is, that his style was easy and not incorrect ; and though his wit and humour were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an *air of vivacity* which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. ‘ His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavour, are yet a pleasant *small drink*, if not kept too long, or carried too far.’ It is sufficiently clear, at least, that they have survived too long for Mr. Macaulay. Vinegar is not more sour than the pleasant small drink, kept now too long by nearly a century and a half, is become to him.

We must accept it, we suppose, as among the chances and vicissitudes to which old reputations are subject. Steele was famed as a wit before Pope came upon the town, and in those days a young poet who could say he had dined with him was not without claims to consideration. In the succeeding age this opinion went on gathering strength, and it was enough for a man

to have merely written a single paper in one of the works he conducted to be thought entitled to unquestioned celebrity. ‘For example,’ said Murphy to Johnson,* ‘there is Mr. Ince, who used to frequent Tom’s Coffee-house; he has obtained considerable fame merely from having written a paper in the *Spectator*.’ ‘But,’ added Johnson, ‘you must consider how highly Steele speaks of Mr. Ince.’ The dull Doctor Hurd followed, and brayed him down loudly enough; but afterwards came a reaction, the laborious and industrious Nichols produced careful editions of his writings, and he resumed his admitted rank as a humourist of the first order, the most pathetic of story-tellers, the kindest of wits and critics, and, of all the fathers of the English Essay, the most natural and the most inventive. Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, no inconsiderable authorities, even placed him above his friend, on an eminence where we cannot and need not follow them. What now has beset him in the other extreme we see, and that more than two hundred Tatlers, nearly two hundred and fifty Spectators, and some eighty Guardians, to say nothing of Englishmen, Lovers, Readers, Theatres, Town Talks, Plebeians, Chit Chats, and what not, have failed to win from Mr. Macaulay as much kindly recognition, as the good Samuel Johnson was ready to reward Mr. Ince with for one Spectator.

But we cannot unresistingly surrender the fame of Steele even to Mr. Macaulay’s well-merited fame. To a reputation which time has made classical there belongs what no new reputation can have till it shall in turn become old; and in the attempt to reverse, by a few contemptuous sentences, a verdict of nearly two centuries, it is the assailant who is most in peril. The disadvantage doubtless is great in having to meet a general attack by detailed assertion of the claims denied, but already we have not shrunk from that detail; and still, before entering on such a sketch of Steele’s personal career as may best perhaps fix those claims, and ascertain his real place among the men of his time, more of the same kind awaits us. But we will not be tempted into comparisons which would have given pain to his own generous nature. There was no measure to Steele’s affection for Addison. Even Fielding’s wit could not exaggerate the eagerness with which on all occasions he depreciated his own writings to exaggerate those of his friend. He declared in the last Tatler that all its finest strokes of wit and humour were his. He avowed himself, in the last Spectator, more proud of his long-continued friendship than he should be of the fame of being thought even the author of his writings. ‘I fared like a dis-

* Boswell’s Life, 10th April, 1776.

tressed prince,' he said again, speaking of him in the preface to the *Tatler's* last volume, ' who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' That Addison had changed the design of the paper he never said; but he never tired of saying that his genius had elevated and enriched it. Again and again, at various times, he reasserts this with all the hearty warmth of his unselfish and unmisgiving nature. 'I rejoiced in being excelled,' he exclaims, remarking on Tickell's not very generous doubts; 'and made those little talents, whatever they are, which I have, give way, and be subservient to the superior qualities of a friend whom I loved.' Such a feeling we are bound to respect, we think, out of respect to him who entertained it; even while we see that he suffers no disadvantage from such a noble modesty.

We take therefore a specific statement made by Mr. Macaulay, not necessarily involving a comparison, though made to justify the contempt which would sacrifice one reputation to the other; and we shall meet it by some additional references to *Tatlers* written by Steele, so made as also to include some means of judgment upon them. After stating that at the close of 1709 the work was more popular than any periodical paper had ever been, and that Addison's connexion with it was generally known, Mr. Macaulay adds that it was not however known that almost everything good in it was his; and that his fifty or sixty numbers were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them were more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share. In mere extent, ye may pause to remark, the participation was not so large; for, of the sixty numbers printed by Tickell, not much fewer than twenty were joint compositions, and Steele bore his full and equal part in those humorous proceedings before the Court of Honour, where even Bishop Hurd is fain to admit that 'Sir Richard hath acquitted himself better than usual.' But to dwell further upon this would involve what we wish to avoid. What is absolutely good, or absolutely bad, is not matter of relation or comparison; and if, upon the examples of Steele's *Tatlers* which now we are about to add to those already named, any question can be raised of their wit, feeling, or truth—their invention, their observation of life and of the shades of character—their humour, or the high moral tendency of their satire, nay, even of their sweetness, facility, and grace of style—the verdict will pass which determines, not this or that degree of inferiority to his friend, but the issue specifically raised by Mr. Macaulay, of whether or not, independently of such considerations, his title as an English

humourist is to be conceded any longer. The statue has been flung down from its pedestal, but its features remain yet undefaced, and upon an honest and impartial judgment of them must rest its claim to be restored.

Our first example shall be a domestic picture, drawn by Steele in two *Tatlers* of within a few weeks' date of each other (Nos. 95 and 114), which to our thinking includes in itself almost every quality enumerated, and that in no indifferent degree. It is a common-life interior, of a truth and exactness which Wilkie or Leslie might have painted, and of that kind of pathos and purity which Goldsmith or Dickens might have written. In connexion with it, too, it is to be remembered that at this time no such thing as the English novel existed. There was as yet nothing livelier, in that direction, than the interminable *Grand Cyrus* of Madame de Scuderi, or the long-winded *Cassandra* and *Pharamond* of the lord of La Calprenede, which Steele so heartily laughed at in his *Tender Husband*.

The little story conveyed in the two papers is of the simplest possible description. Mr. Bickerstaff visits an old married friend, who had been his schoolfellow and his college companion, in whose house he always feels as in a second home, and where, as soon as the family come to town for the winter, he is expected to dinner as a matter of course. How pretty is the opening scene! 'I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think that it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance.' Then follows pleasant raillery of Mr. Bickerstaff from all the circle, upon numberless little stories that had been told of him in the country; the hints they have heard of his marriage with a young lady there; the hope they express that he will yet give the preference to our eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary, now sixteen; and the father's laughing disbeliefs, founded on Mr. B.'s love affairs of old, and the verses he wrote on Teraminta. But after dinner the friends are alone, and then fears for his wife's health break from the husband, which the other tries to turn aside; and so arise genial memories of the past, Mr. Bickerstaff talking over all his friend's courtship again, how they first saw her at the playhouse, and it was himself who followed her from the playhouse to ascertain her name, and who carried his friend's first love-

love-letter to her, and who carried it back to him unopened, and how foolishly wretched he then was to think her angry in earnest. But the pleasant memory of sorrow that was unreal, and had passed away, cannot abate the abiding and still recurring fear. ‘That fading in her countenance,’ he says, ‘is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever.’ But handsomer than ever to him is the pale face; and nothing in all the boisterous passions of their youth, he tells his friend, can compare in depth and intensity with the love he feels in manhood. The poor bachelor thinks, as the other speaks, that now *he* shall never know it. ‘Her face,’ continues the husband more calmly, ‘is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests.’ With which thought the tide of his sorrow comes again upon him, and he describes his sinking heart as he hears the children play in the next room, and thinks what the poor things shall do when *she* is gone. Whereupon she re-enters; and he brightens again at her cheerful face; and she knows what he has been talking of, and rallies him, and means to have Mr. Bickerstaff for her second husband unless this first will take greater care of himself, and finally gets Mr. Bickerstaff to promise to take her again to the playhouse, in memory of his having followed her one night *from* the playhouse.

The children then reappear to complete a domestic interior which, at a time when wit had no higher employment than to laugh at the affections and moralities of home, could have arisen only to a fancy as pure as the heart that prompted it was loving and true. The noisiest among them is Mr. Bickerstaff’s godson, Dick, in whose conversation, however, though his drum is a little in the way, this nice gradation of incredulity appears, that, having got into the lives and adventures of Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age, he shakes his head at the improbability of Æsop’s Fables. But the mother becomes a little jealous of the godson carrying off too much attention; and she will have her friend admire little Mrs. Betty’s accomplishments, which accordingly are described; and so the conversation goes on till late, when Mr. Bickerstaff leaves the cordial fireside, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor, and goes home in a pensive mood to his maid, his dog, and his cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to him.

But the little story is only half told. Having for its design to show that the pleasures of married life are too little regarded, that thousands have them and do not enjoy them, and that it is

therefore a kind and good office to acquaint such people with their own happiness, he with it connects the solemn warning drawn from its fleeting tenure, and the limited duration of all enjoyment on earth.

Two months have elapsed, it is the last day of the year, and Mr. Bickerstaff is walking about his room very cheerfully, when a coach stops at his door, a lad of fifteen alights, and he perceives the eldest son of his schoolfellow. The pleasant thought has occurred to him that the father was just such a stripling at the time of their first knowledge of each other, when the boy enters, takes his hand, and bursts into tears. His thought at the moment is with his friend, and with sudden concern he inquires for him. The reply, ‘My mother ——,’ and the tears that choke further utterance, tell Mr. Bickerstaff all. His friend’s worst forebodings have come suddenly true. He hurries to the house; meets the celebrated divine, Dr. Smallridge, just quitting it; and, by the suppressed grief of the mourners as he enters, knows what hope and consolation that sacred teaching has left. But the husband, at sight of him, cannot but turn away his face and weep again; and the little family of children renew the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter, in tears, is busied in attendance upon her mother; others are kneeling about the bedside; ‘and what troubled me most was to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did.’ In the room there is only one person unmoved; and as he approaches the bed she says in a low broken voice, ‘This is kindly done. Take care of your friend—do not go from him!’ She has taken leave of them all, and the end is come. ‘My heart was torn in pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife, even at that time, concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far commanded himself, gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside.’ The few calm grave sentences that follow this description are known to have been written by Addison. It would seem as though Steele felt himself unable to proceed, and his friend had taken the pen from his trembling hand.

Need we indicate other stories, told yet more briefly, more in the manner of direct relations, and all of them pathetic in the extreme? *Inkle and Yarico*, which has filled with tears so many eyes, and the story of *Alexander Selkirk*, which suggested De Foe’s wonderful

wonderful romance, belong to Steele's writings in the *Spectator*; but in the *Tatler* we have some half-dozen tales, quite unpretendingly told, but with a reality and intensity of pathos affecting to a degree that the equally brief narrations of any other writer have never, in our judgment, equalled. Of the Dream in especial (No. 117) the contrivance is so inimitable, and the moral so impressive, that within the same compass we know of nothing at all approaching to its effect. A lover and his mistress are toying and trifling together in a summer evening on Dover Cliff; she snatches a copy of verses from his hand and runs before him; he is eagerly following, when he beholds on a sudden the ground sink under her, and she is dashed down the height. 'I said to myself, it is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me! *when I awaked*, equally transported and astonished to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.' This has been given to Addison, but is certainly Steele's.

From these we may pass to his Clubs, all filled with character; and out of the many such societies that owed their life to his untiring invention, and that live still by his wit, we may select the Trumpet (No. 132) for brief allusion. Its members are smokers and old story-tellers, rather easy than shining companions, promoting the thoughts tranquilly bedward, and not the less comfortable to Mr. Bickerstaff because he finds himself the leading wit among them. There is old Sir Jeffrey Notch, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart, by no means to the general dissatisfaction; there is Major Matchlock, who served in the last civil wars, and every night tells them of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices, for which he is in great esteem; there is honest old Dick Reptile, who says little himself, but laughs at all the jokes; and there is the old Bencher of the Temple, next to Mr. Bickerstaff the wit of the company, who has by heart ten couplets of Hudibras, which he regularly applies before leaving the club of an evening, and who, if any modern wit or town frolic be mentioned, shakes his head at the dulness of the present age and tells a story of Jack Ogle. As for Mr. Bickerstaff himself, he is esteemed among them because they see he is something respected by others; but though they concede to him a great deal of learning, they credit him with small knowledge of the world, 'insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philosopher; and Sir Jeffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"'

But

But perhaps the most consuminately drawn of all his characters is introduced in the essay, No. 127, in which he discourses of, and illustrates in its humbler varieties, that ‘affection of the mind called pride’ which appears in such a multitude of disguises, every one feeling it in himself, yet wondering to see it in his neighbours. Pursuing it to its detection under the semblance of quite contrary habits and dispositions, he introduces, as the most subtle example of it he had ever known, a person for whom he had a great respect, as being an old courtier and a friend of his in his youth. And then we have a portrait of that kind which, though produced by a few apparently careless touches, never fades, never ceases to charm, and is a study for all succeeding times and painters. ‘The man,’ says Steele, ‘has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the Trumpet; but by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men and persons of power, he is always promising to do good offices and to introduce every man he converses with into the world. He will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, and hints to him that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection; but, however, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with. This he practises with a grave tone and air; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face and tell me “he should be always ready to encourage me.” In a word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious.’ If there is better observation or writing than this in either *Tatler* or *Spectator*, we should be very glad to become acquainted with it.

Another distemper of the mind is treated of in No. 227, where he condemns the *nil admirari* as the shallowest of doctrines; points out the great mistake the Devil makes in Milton when he can find nothing to please him even in Paradise; and looks upon a man as afflicted with disease, when he cannot discern anything which another is master of that is agreeable. With this we may connect the very perfect description, in No. 184, of that social nuisance, a professed wag; which never in its life beheld a beautiful object, but sees always, what it does see, in the most low and inconsiderable light it can be placed in. A yet earlier essay, bearing somewhat upon the same matter, is in No. 92; where, contrary to the common notion, Steele declares his belief that the love of praise dwells most in great and heroic spirits; and that it is those who best deserve it who have generally the most exquisite relish of it. Let us add from an essay on impudence

dence in No. 168, as one of many admirable thoughts conceived in the same noble spirit, that he notes it as a mean want of fortitude in a good man not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one.

For our next examples shall we turn to the innumerable little sketches of individual character by which these and other truths are so abundantly and pleasantly enforced, are vivified, and put into action? No unattainable impossible virtues, no abstract speculative vices, occupy the page of Steele. As promptly as his heart or knowledge suggests, his imagination creates; his fancies crowd in bodily form into life; everything with him becomes actual, and to all his airy nothings he has given lasting habitation and a name.

Shall we take a lesson against over-easiness in temper from the crafty old cit in No. 176, who, speaking of a well-natured young fellow set up with a good stock in Lombard-street, 'I will,' says he, 'lay no more money in his hands, for he never denied me anything'? Or introduce Tom Spindle from No. 47, who takes to his bed on hearing that the French tyrant won't sign the treaty of peace, he having just written a most excellent poem on that subject? Or, from the proof in No. 173 that by the vanity of silly fathers half the only time for education is lost, make acquaintance with the Shire-lane pastrycook who has an objection to take his son from his learning, but is resolved, as soon as he has a little smattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a soap-boiler? Or illustrate, from No. 159, the discredit which the morals of the stage then strove to cast upon marriage, and the separate beds, the silent tables, and the solitary homes, which it was the sole ambition of your men of wit and pleasure to contribute to, by the country squire who set up for a man of the town, and went home 'in the gaiety of his heart' to beat his wife? Or profit by the lecture read in No. 210 to the very fine and very censorious lady of quality, who is for ever railing at the vices of the age, meaning only the single vice she is not guilty of herself; and whose cruelty to a poor girl, who, whatever imperfections may rest on her, is, in her present behaviour, modest, sensible, pious, and discreet, is indignantly rebuked by Mr. Bickerstaff? Or pursue the same subject in No. 217, and of the same too numerous class, who, because no one can call them one ugly name, call all mankind all the rest, humbly conceive with Mr. Bickerstaff that such ladies have a false notion of a modest woman, and dare to say that the side-boxes would supply better than many who pass upon the world and themselves for modest, and whose husbands know every pain in life with them except jealousy? Or take a different lesson from

Jenny

Jenny Distaff's conversation with her brother Isaac in No. 104, when, being asked the help of his magic to make her always beautiful to her husband, he shows her how an inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, may outlive all the charms of the prettiest face, and make the decays of it invisible? Or, in No. 151, observe the unexpected sources of pride in the two sisters, one of whom holds up her head higher than ordinary from having on a pair of striped garters: or, in No. 127, the fantastic forms of it in the cobbler of Ludgate-hill, who, being naturally a lover of respect, and considering that his circumstances are such that no man living will give it him, reverses the laws of idolatry which require the man to worship the image, and contrives an inferior to himself in the wooden figure of a beau, which, hat in one hand and in posture of profound respect, holds out obsequiously in the other what is needful to its master's occasions? Or see reason, from what is told us in No. 112 of the mischief done in the world from a want of occupation for idle hours, to think an able statesman out of business like a huge whale that will endeavour to overturn the ship, unless he has an empty cask to play with; and to wish with Mr. Bickerstaff, for the good of the nation, that many famous politicians could but take pleasure in feeding ducks? Or turn finally to that ponderous politician but small philosopher, in No. 171, who, with a very awful brow and a countenance full of weight, pronounces it a great misfortune 'that men of letters seldom look into the bottom of things.'

That men of letters could always look to Steele for their heartiest champion it would not have been needful to add, but for a proof of it in No. 101, too characteristic not to be mentioned. As on a former occasion we saw Addison, when the grief of his friend seemed to break his utterance, with a calm composure taking up his theme simply to moderate its pain; so, in this paper, to which also both contribute, and of which the exquisite opening humour closes abruptly in generous indignation, we may see each, according to his different nature, moved by an intolerable wrong. Of the maltreatment of authors, in regard to copyright, both are speaking, and high above the irresistible laugh which Addison would raise against a law that makes only rogues and pirates prosperous, rings out the clear and manly claim of Steele to be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and to lament that a liberal education should be the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable, and that the only man who cannot get protection from his country should be he that best deserves it.

Nor less characteristic of that generous nature which reserved its sympathies for no single class, but could enter familiarly into all

all conditions, and to which nothing could be foreign that concerned humanity, is that paper, No. 87, which in the present crisis of our history should not be the least interesting to us of all the Tatlers. Those, too, were days of war and foreign siege ; and while a chorus of continual praise was going up to Marlborough and Eugene, Steele bethought him to single out, as not less worthy of celebration, the courage and feeling of the private soldier. He sets before us, therefore, as dropped by his servant in dressing him, a supposed letter from one Serjeant Hall to Serjeant Cabe, ‘in the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards, at the Red Lettice in the Butcher Row, near Temple Bar,’ by which he would show us the picture of what he calls the very bravest sort of men, ‘*a man of great courage and small hopes,*’ and would exemplify the dignity of human nature in all states of life. The letter itself is what we have lately seen, in a hundred forms, from the heroes of Alma and Inkermann ; it is just such an honest masterpiece as any of those that have made hearts throb and eyes glisten lately ; and in it spoke a personal experience, as well as a kind heart and a just philosophy. Steele knew very well, as he says, this part of mankind, for in the army he had himself mixed with them. Nor will it be inappropriate that we should pass to the sketch of his actual career after allusion to another paper in which his actual experience is written, and where the charm of his natural style is carried to exquisite perfection.

It is a paper of sadness and self-examination.* Conscious of having been giving up too much time to pleasure, he desires to correct the present by recollections of the past, to cast back his thoughts on those who had been dear and agreeable to him, to ponder step by step on the life that was gone, and revive old places of grief in his memory. But we can only take, from this charming and most touching retrospect, his earliest recollection, and his earliest grief. ‘The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age ; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa ; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caughted me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood

* *Tatler*, No. 181.

of tears, “Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.” She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since.’ And so, strengthened by love, if weakened by pity, began the life of Richard Steele.

His family on the father’s side were English, but he had an Irish mother; and in Dublin, where his father held the office of secretary to the first Duke of Ormond, he was born in 1675. The Duke was one of the governors of Charterhouse, and there Richard Steele was placed, as soon as he could be entered after his father’s death. He remained till he was seventeen; and from his ready scholarship of after years, as well as the kind expressions long interchanged between him and its old head-master, Dr. Ellis, he may be assumed to have passed fairly through the school. Of his positive acquisitions only one is known, but it is by far the most important. Not the glory of his having carried off every prize and exhibition attainable, if such had been his, would have interested us half so much as the fact that here began his friendship with Joseph Addison.

The son of the Dean of Lichfield was three years older than Steele, who was a lad of only twelve, when, at the age of fifteen, Addison went up to Oxford. Three years at that age are the measure of submission or authority, and Steele never lost through life the habit of *looking up* at his friend. He went himself to Oxford in 1692, at the head of that year’s post-masters for Merton; but his intercourse with the scholar of Magdalene had not ceased in the interval. Pleasant traces are left for us which connect the little fatherless lad with visitings to Addison’s father, who loved him. Like one of his own children he loved me, exclaimed Steele, towards the close of his life. Those children, too, apart from his famous schoolfellow, he thanks for their affection to him; and among the possessions of his youth retained until death was a letter in the handwriting of the good old Dean, giving ‘his blessing on the friendship between his son and me.’ The little black-eyed dusky-faced lad had made himself popular at the Lichfield deanery; and he brought away from it, we will not doubt, that first ineffaceable impression which remained alike through the weakness and the strength of his future years, that religion

religion was a part of goodness, and that cheerfulness should be inseparable from piety.

Entered of Merton in 1692, his college career is soon told. Having passed three years in a study of which he showed afterwards good use, and in a companionship which confirmed not the least memorable of friendships, he left Oxford with the love of 'the whole society,'* but without a degree, after writing a comedy which was perhaps as strong a recommendation to the one as a disqualification for the other. He burnt that comedy, however, on a friend telling him it was not worth keeping. Quick, inventive, and ardent; easy and sweet in temper, social and communicative in tastes; with eager impulses and warm affections, but yet forming his opinions for himself, and giving them shape and efficacy without regard to consequences; the Dick Steele of Merton was the same Mr. Steele of Hampton and Bloomsbury to whose maturer philosophy many charming illustrations have attracted us in the foregoing pages. Having desired his friend's advice about his comedy, he had too much sincerity and too little pride not at once to act upon it; but he was also too impatient not to ask himself afterwards, if he was to fail as a wit and a writer, in what other direction lay the chances of success? Already a hot politician, and entering with all his heart into the struggle of which the greatest champion now sat on the English throne, might he not at any rate, on his hero's behalf, throw a sword if not a pen into the scale? He would be a soldier. He would, as he says, plant himself behind King William the Third against Lewis the Fourteenth. But here he was met by determined opposition; and a rich relative of, his mother, who had named him heir to a large estate in Wexford, threatened to disinherit him if he took that course. He took it, and was disinherited; giving the express reason, many years later, that, when he so cocked his hat, put on a broad sword, jack-boots, and shoulder-belt, and mounted a war-horse, under the unhappy Duke of Ormond's command, *he was not acquainted with his own parts*, and did not know, what he had since discovered, that he could handle a pen more effectively than a sword.† What do we see in all this but an earlier form of the philosophy of the *Tatler*, that you must *be* the thing you would seem to be, and in some form manage to *do* what you think it right should be done?

Baffled in his hope to obtain a commission, Steele entered the army as a private in the Horse Guards, preferring, as he characteristically expresses it, the state of his mind to that of his fortune. Soon, however, the qualities which made him the

* *Biographia Britannica*, vi. 3823.

† *The Theatre*, No. xi.
delight

delight of his comrades, obtained him a cornetcy in the regiment; and not long after, through the interest of its colonel, Lord Cutts, to whom he had acted as private secretary, he got a company in Lord Lucas's fusiliers, and became *Captain Steele*. Then began the experiences and temptations he has himself described. He found it, he says, a way of life exposed to much irregularity, and, being thoroughly convinced of many things, of which he often repented and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, a little book called the *Christian Hero*.* Nevertheless, this little book is not exactly what the good Dr. Drake, and many before him and since, appear to have thought it. You would suppose, from what is said of it, that it was 'a valuable little manual' of religious exercises for use in 'the intervals snatched from the orgies of voluptuousness.' But it is by no means this, nor anything else that would amount to such sheer fooling and face-making. Steele had too humble and pious a faith in religion to expose it to ridicule from the unscrupulous companions he lived with. How large and longing is the mind of man, compared with the shortness of his life and the frailty of his desires, he knew; and that his own thoughts were better than his practice, it was no discredit to him also to know. But it was not to set up the one either as a cloak or a contrast to the other that he wrote the *Christian Hero*. It was not a book of either texts or prayers. There was nothing in it that a man conscious of all infirmities might not write; but there was also that in it which must have made its writer more conscious of his powers than he had been till then, and which influenced his future perhaps more than any one has supposed.

At the outset of it he tells you that men of business, whatever they may think, have not nearly so much to do with the government of the world as men of wit; but that the men of wit in that age had made a grave mistake in disregarding religion and decency. He attributes it to classical associations, that, being scholars, they are so much more apt to resort to Heathen than to Christian examples; and to correct this error he proposes to show, by a series of instances, how inadequate to all the great needs of life is the Heathen, and how sufficient the Christian morality. Anticipating and answering Gibbon, he looks upon it as the special design of Providence that the time when the world received the best news it ever heard was also that when the warriors and philosophers whose virtues are most pompously arrayed in story should have been performing, or just have finished, their parts. He then introduces, with elaborate por-

traiture of their greatness, Cato, the younger Brutus, and other characters of antiquity ; that he may also display them, in their moments of highest necessity, deprived of their courage, and deserted by their gods. By way of contrast, he next exhibits, ‘ from a certain neglected Book, which is called, and from its excellence above all other books deservedly called, The Scripture,’ handling it with no theological pretension, but as the common inheritance vouchsafed to us all, what the Christian system is. He finds in the Sermon on the Mount ‘ the whole heart of man discovered by him that made it, and all our secret impulses to ill, and false appearances of good, exposed and detected ;’ he shows through what storms of want and misery it was able to bear unscathed the early martyrs and apostles ; and, in demonstration of the world’s present inattention to its teaching, he tells them that, after all they can say of a man, let them but conclude that he is rich, and they have made him friends, nor have they utterly overthrown him till they have said he is poor. In other words, a sole consideration to prosperity has taken, in their imaginations, the place of Christianity ; and what is there that is not lost, pursues kind-hearted Steele, in that which is thus displaced ? ‘ For Christianity has that in it which makes men pity, not scorn, the wicked ; and, by a beautiful kind of ignorance of themselves, think those wretches their equals.’ It aggravates all the benefits and good offices of life by making them seem fraternal, and its generosity is an enlarged self-love. The Christian so feels the wants of the miserable, that it sweetens the pain of the obliged ; he gives with an air that has neither oppression nor superiority in it, ‘ and is always a benefactor with the mien of a receiver.’

In an expression already quoted from the *Tatler* we have seen a paraphrase of these last few words, but indeed Mr. Bickerstaff’s practical and gentle philosophy, not less than his language, is anticipated by Captain Steele. The spirit of both is the same. The leading purpose in both is a hearty sympathy with humanity ; a belief, as both express it, that ‘ it is not possible for a human heart to be averse to anything that is human ;’ a desire to link the highest associations to the commonest things ; a faith in the compatibility of mirth with virtue ; the wish to smooth life’s road by the least acts of benevolence as well as by the greatest ; and the lesson so to keep our understandings balanced, that things shall appear to us ‘ great or little as they are in nature, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident and fortune.’ The thoughts and expressions, as may be seen in these quoted, are frequently the same ; each has the antithetical turns and verbal contrasts, ‘ the proud submission, the dignified obedience,’ which is a peculiarity of Steele’s manner ;

in both we have the author aiming far less to be author than companion ; and there is even a passage in this *Christian Hero* which brings rustling about us the hoops and petticoats of Mr. Bickerstaff's Chloes and Clarissas. He talks of the coarseness and folly, the alternate rapture and contempt, with which women are treated by the wits ; he desires to see the love they inspire taken out of that false disguise, and put in its own gay and becoming dress of innocence ; and he tells us that ' in their tender frame there is native simplicity, groundless fear, and little unaccountable contradictions, upon which there might be built expostulations to divert a good and intelligent young woman, as well as the fulsome raptures, guilty impressions, senseless deifications, and pretended deaths, that are every day offered her.' Captain Steele dedicates his little book to Lord Cutts, dates it from the Tower Guard, and winds it up with a parallel between the French and the English king, not unbecoming a Christian soldier. But surely, as we thus read it on to its close, the cocked hat, the shoulder-belt, the jack-boots disappear ; and we have before us, in gown and slippers, the Editor of the *Tatler*. Exit the soldier, and enter the wit.

The publication of the *Christian Hero*, in 1701, is certainly the point of transition. He says himself that after it he was not thought so good a companion, and that he found it necessary to enliven his character by another kind of writing. The truth is that he had discovered at last what he best could do ; and where in future he was to mount guard was not at the Tower, or under command of my Lord Cutts, but at the St. James's coffee-house, or Will's, in waiting on Mr. Congreve. The author of the *Old Bachelor* and *Love for Love* now sat in the chair just vacated by Dryden ; and appears to have shown unusual kindness to his new and promising recruit. In a letter of this date he talks of Dick Steele with an agreeable air of cordiality ; and such was then Mr. Congreve's distinction, that his notice was no trifling feather in the cap of an ex-captain of Fusileers. ' I hope I may have leave to indulge my vanity,' says Steele, ' by telling all the world that Mr. Congreve is my friend.' The *Muse's Mercury* not only told the world the same thing, but published verses of the new Whig wit, and threw out hints of a forthcoming comedy.

The *Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, Steele's first dramatic production, was played at Drury Lane in 1702. Very sprightly and pleasant throughout, it was full of telling hits at lawyers and undertakers, and, with a great many laughable incidents, and no laugh raised at the expense of virtue or decency, it had one character (the widow on whom the artifice of her husband's supposed

posed death is played off) which is a masterpiece of comedy. Guardsmen and Fusileers mustered strong on the first night; in the prologue, ‘a fellow soldier’ made appeal to their soldierly sympathies; Cibber, Wilks, Norris, and Mrs. Oldfield were in the cast; and the success was complete. One can imagine the enjoyment of the scene where the undertaker reviews his regiment of mourners, and singles out for indignant remonstrance one provokingly hale, well-looking mute. ‘ You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man’s service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful. *And the more I give you, I think the gladder you are!*’ But this was a touch that should have had for its audience a company of Addisons rather than of gay Fusileers and Guardsmen. Sydney Smith, indeed, who delighted in it, used to think it Addison’s; but certainly Steele’s first comedy had no insertion from that masterly hand. When it was written he was in Italy, when it was acted he was in Geneva, and he did not return to England, after an absence of more than four years, till towards the close of the following autumn.

He found his friend not only established among the wits, but enrolled in that most select body of their number who drank Whig toasts at the Kit-Kat, with the prudent Mr. Tonson at one end of the table and the proud Duke of Somerset at the other. For the comedy had brought him repute in high Whig quarters, and even the notice of the King. He was justly proud of this. It was much to say, from experience, that nothing could make the town so fond of a man as a successful play; but more to have it to remember that ‘his name to be provided for, was in the last table-book ever worn by the glorious and immortal William the Third.’* Yes, the last. Between the acting of his comedy and the arrival of his friend, their great sovereign had ceased to be mortal. Somewhat sad were Whig prospects, therefore, when Addison again grasped Steele by the hand; but the Kit-Kat opened its doors eagerly to the newcomer, the first place at Will’s and the St. James’s was conceded to him, and the *Noctes Cœnæque Deorum* began. Many have described and glorified them; and Steele coupled them in later years with a yet rarer felicity, when he had to tell of ‘nights spent with him apart from all the world,’ in the freedom and intimacy of their old school days of Charter-House, and their College walks by the banks of the Cherwell. There is no such thing as real conversation, Addison used to say, but between two

persons; and after nights so passed, Steele could only think of his friend as combining in himself all the wit and nature of Terence and Catullus, heightened with a humour more exquisite and delightful than either possessed, or than was ever the property of any other man.

Of course Captain Steele (for so, according to Mr. Dennis, he continued to be called at the theatres) had by this time begun another comedy, and from his friend he received for it not a few of what he generously said afterwards were its most applauded strokes. Nor is it difficult, we think, to trace Addison's hand in the *Tender Husband*. There is a country squire and justice of the quorum in it, perhaps the very first the stage had in those days brought from his native fields for any purpose more innocent than to have horns clapped on his head, and in the scenes with him and his lumpish nephew, there is a heightened humour we are disposed to give to Addison. But Steele's rich invention, and careless graces, are also very manifest throughout; and in the dialogues of the romance-stricken niece and her lover, from which Sheridan borrowed, and in that of the niece and her bumpkin of a cousin, to which even Goldsmith was somewhat indebted, we have pure and genuine comedy. The mistake of the piece, as of its predecessor, is the occasional disposition to reform morals rather than to paint manners; for the rich vein which the *Tatler* worked to such inimitable uses, yielded but scantily to the working of the stage. But the *Tender Husband*, admirably acted by Wilks, Norris, and Estcourt, and above all by Mrs. Oldfield in that love-lorn Parthenissa, Biddy Tipkin, well deserved its success. Before its production there had arrived the glorious news of Blenheim, and Steele flung in some Whiggish and patriotic touches. Addison wrote the prologue, and to Addison the piece was dedicated: the author taking that means of declaring publicly to the world that he looked upon this intimacy as the most valuable enjoyment of his life, and hoping also to make the Town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of his comedy by acknowledging, that this had so far raised his own opinion of it as to make him think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship. To Addison he addressed at the same time a more private wish, which lay very near his heart. 'I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might sometime or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of The Monument, in memory of our friendship.* Such a work, under a livelier title, not planned with that view by either friend, was

* *The Spectator*, No. 555.

soon to perpetuate, and inseparably to connect, the names of both.

Meanwhile, after two or three years of adversity and depression, the Whig cause had again brightened. The great foreign policy of William coerced, as with a spell, the purposes of his successors, and with the victory of Blenheim Whig principles obtained again the mastery. In that interval of gloomy and variable weather many changes had become also perceptible in the places of resort which the wits made famous. The coffee-house had ceased to be any longer such neutral ground as it had formerly been. Men are more jealous of their opinions when their opinions are less prosperous, more eager themselves to champion them, and less tolerant of others who oppose them. Literature itself took insensibly a stronger tone, and a higher position, in those stormy and threatening days. It was the only direct communication between the men who governed the State, and the people from whom, if the Act of Settlement was to have any authority, they received their sole commission to govern it. Halifax, Somers, Sunderland, Cowper, indeed all the leading Whig lords, knew this thoroughly, and if they had acted on it less partially, would have kept their ground better than they did. When Mr. Mackey, in his *Memoirs of his Secret Services*, says of Halifax that he was a great encourager of learning and learned men, Swift grimly writes in the margin that ‘his encouragements were only good words and dinners.’ But *that* at any rate was something. At such a time as the present it was much. When Blenheim made a ‘new’ Whig of the Tory Lord Treasurer, a good word from Halifax got Addison a commissionership of two hundred a year from him; and while the restoration of the old Whigs was yet doubtful, the dinners of Halifax at least kept their partizans together, and Prior himself was made not less steady than even Ambrose Philips or Steele.

But, as we have said, prospects in that direction were brightening at last. Events were accomplishing, of themselves, what the actors in them had not the power to prevent; and, through whatever remaining obstacle or hindrance, for the present the plain result had become too imminent for longer delay by any possible combination of clergy and country gentlemen. What was done with that hope only hastened the catastrophe. Oddly enough, however, it happened just at this time that the only consolation of which the circumstances were capable, was suggested by a member of the one disheartened class to a member of the other. It was at the St. James’s coffeehouse, now the great Whig resort, but into which there had stumbled one day, when all the leading wits were present, a ‘gentleman

in boots just come out of the country.' Already also, on that day, a clergyman of remarkable appearance had been observed in the room. Of stalwart figure, with great sternness and not much refinement of face, but with the most wonderful eyes looking out from under black and heavy brows, he had been walking half an hour or so incessantly to and fro across the floor without speaking to anybody; when at last, on the entrance of the booted squire, up went this walking priest to him, and asked this question aloud: 'Pray, Sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?' The country gentleman was of course unprepared for anything in the way of allegory, and stammered out an answer which did little credit to him as an agriculturist. 'Yes, Sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time.' To which the querist rejoined, 'That is more than I can say. I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well'—took up his hat, and without another word to anybody walked out of the room.

That was the first introduction of Steele and Addison to the Reverend Jonathan Swift. Not long after, however, they knew in him not only 'the mad parson,' but the writer of one of the most effective of Whig pamphlets, the author of the most masterly prose satire published since Rabelais, the foremost intellect, and one of the first wits of the day. Nor was he, to them, the least delightful of associates. When Addison, shortly after this time, gave him his book of travels, he wrote on its fly-leaf that it was given to the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age. Happily none of them yet knew what his master-passion was, of what little value he counted friendships or alliances that might thwart it, with what secret purpose he sought the power to be derived from literary distinction, to what uses he would have turned his influence over those Whig wits at the St. James's coffee-house, and what a dark and dreary past he was there himself to redeem. 'As yet they saw him only in his amiable aspect; somewhat perhaps condescending to their mirth, but sharing in it nevertheless, and, when he pleased, making it run over with abundance. Indeed he cared so little for what was matter of real moment to them, that he was able often to pass for a goodnatured man in points where they failed to show good nature. 'I have great credit with him,' he wrote of an indifferent verse-writer to Ambrose Philips, when a foreign employment had for a time carried off that staunch Whig poet, 'because I can listen when he reads, which neither you, nor the Addisons, nor Steeles ever can.' It is the same letter in which

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he tells Ambrose that the ‘triumvirate’ of Addison, Steele, and himself, come together as seldom as the sun, moon, and earth; though he often sees each of them, and each of them him and each other; but, when he is of their number, justice is done to Ambrose as he would desire.

No doubt, when the triumvirate were thus together, Swift could do justice also, in his dry way, to the pretty little opera of *Rosamund*, which Mr. Addison had permitted to be represented, and which, though it brought him no repute, added another member to the circle who surrounded him—the ‘senate,’ as Pope afterwards called them—in the person of that young Mr. Tickell of Oxford who addressed to him a poem in admiration of it. One may imagine, too, that while Swift bore with much equanimity Mr. Addison’s failure on that occasion, he might be even disposed to make merry at a certain contemporaneous failure of the other member of the triumvirate, who, having proposed to give a dramatic form to Jeremy Collier’s *Short View*, and to introduce upon the stage itself that slashing divine’s uncompromising strictures of it, produced his *Lying Lover*, and had the honour to inform the House of Commons some years later, that he alone, of all English dramatists, had written a comedy which was damned for its piety. This surprising incident closed for the present Steele’s dramatic career; and when the *Muse’s Mercury* next introduced his name to its readers, it was to say that, as for comedies, there was no great expectation of anything of that kind since Mr. Farquhar’s death, for ‘the two gentlemen who would probably always succeed in the comic vein, Mr. Congreve and Captain Steele, have affairs of much greater importance at present to take up their time and thoughts.’

Soon after his pious failure, in truth, he had received from the gift^{*} of Harley what he calls the lowest office in the state, that of Gazetteer, and with it the post of Gentleman-Usher in the household of Prince George. It was not long before Harley’s own resignation he had to thank him for this service; and it was at the very time when the old Whigs were to all appearance again firmly established, and Addison was Under-Secretary of State, that heavings of no distant change became again perceptible. Writers themselves were beginning to sway from side to side as preferments fell thick. There was Rowe coming over from the Tories, and there was Prior going over from the Whigs,* and there was the ‘mad parson’ of the St. James’s coffee-

* In the *Hanmer Correspondence* published not many years ago we have a significant

coffee-house talking his *Tract on Civil Discords* to alarm the Tories, or his *Tale of the Tub* to alarm the Whigs, according as either side for the time inclined. And in the midst of these portents, as we have said, Mr. Harley quitted office, and the Whig phalanx little dreamed what he went to plan and meditate in his compelled retirement.

But in other than political ways the current of life was moving on with Steele, and matters of private as well as public concern had to do with his secession from the theatre. Some little time before this he had received a moderate fortune in West India property with his first wife, the sister of a planter in Barbadoes ; and he had been left a widower not many months after the marriage. Just before Harley left the ministry, he married again ; and, of every letter or note he addressed to his second wife during the twelve years of their union, that lady proved herself so curiously thrifty, whether for her own comfort in often reading his words or for his plague in often repeating them, that the public curiosity was gratified at the commencement of the century by the publication of upwards of 400 such compositions ; and thus the most private thoughts, the most familiar and unguarded expressions, weaknesses which the best men pass their lives in concealing, self-reproaches that only arise to the most generous natures, everything, in short, that Richard Steele uttered in the confidence of an intimacy the 'most sacred, and which repeatedly he 'had begged 'might be shown to no one living,' became the property of all the world. It will be seen, as we proceed, how he stands a test such as never was applied, within our knowledge, to any other man on earth.

'Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing,' and Steele's does not seem to have been prolonged beyond a month. But his letters are such masterpieces of ardour and respect, of tender passion and honest feeling, of good sense and earnestness as well as of playful sweetness, that the lady may fairly be forgiven for having so soon surrendered. Instead of saying he shall die for her, he professes he shall be glad to lead his life with her ; and on those terms she accepts, to use the phrase she afterwards applied to him, 'as agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England.' Once accepted, his letters are in-

ficant letter from Prior to Hanmer, dated in 1707, and referring to another accession the Whigs had lately had, in the person of Mr. Edmund Smith, who dedicated his play to Lord Halifax. '*Paedra* is a prostitute, and Smith's dedication is nonsense. People do me a great deal of honour. They say when you and I had lookt over this piece for six months, the man could write verse ; but when we had forsaken him, and he went over to St— and Addison, he could not write prose : you see, Sir, how dangerous it is to be well with you ; a man is no longer father of his own writings, if they are good.'

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cessant. He writes to her every hour, as he thinks of her every moment, of the day. He cannot read his books, he cannot see his friends, for thinking of her. While Addison and he are together at Chelsea, he steals a moment, while his friend is in the next room, to tell the charmer of his soul that he is only and passionately hers. In town he seems to have shared Addison's lodgings at this time; not many weeks afterwards, he tells her 'Mr. Addison does not remove till to-morrow, and therefore I cannot think of moving my goods out of his lodgings;' thus early she seems to have contracted that habit of calling Addison her 'rival,' which he often charges on her in subsequent years; and who will doubt that the Under-Secretary, rigid moralist as he was, formed part of that 'very good company,' who, not many days before the marriage, drank Mrs. Mary Scurlock's health (such was her name: she was the daughter and sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq., of the county of Carmarthen) by the title of *the woman Dick Steele loves best*, to an extent it would hardly be decorous now to mention? The last few days before the wedding are the least tolerable of all. If he calls at a friend's house, he must borrow the means of writing to her. If he is at a coffeehouse, the waiter is despatched to her. If a minister at his office asks him what news from Lisbon, he answers she is exquisitely handsome. If Mr. Elliott desires at the St. James's to know when he has been last at Hampton Court, he replies it will be Tuesday come se'ennight. For the happy day was fixed at last; and on 'Tuesday come se'ennight,' the 9th of September 1707, the adorable Molly Scurlock became Mrs. Richard Steele.

It does not fall within our purpose to dwell in much detail upon so large a subject as this lady's merits and defects, but some circumstances attended the marriage of a nature to make some of its early results less surprising. In her fortune of 400*l.* a-year her mother had a life-interest, and she does not seem to have regarded favourably any of the plans the newly-married couple proposed. On the other hand, Steele had certainly over-estimated his own income; and a failure in his Barbadoes estate made matters worse in this respect. Eager, meanwhile, to show all distinction to one he loved so tenderly, and believing, as he wrote to her mother, that the desire of his friends in power to serve him more than warranted the expectations he had formed, his establishment was larger than prudence should have dictated. Mrs. Steele had a town-house in Bury-street, St. James's; and within six weeks of the marriage, her 'husband had bought her a pretty little house at Hampton Court which he furnished handsomely, and pleasantly called, by way of contrast to *the Palace* by the side of which it stood, *the Hovel*. In the neighbourhood lived

lived Lord Halifax, between whom and Steele as well as Addison there was such frequent intercourse at the time, that this probably led to Steele's first unwise outlay, which Addison helped to make up by a loan of a thousand pounds. In something less than a year (the 20th August, 1708) the whole of this loan was repaid ; but soon after the same sort of thing re-appears in the correspondence ; and not till some eight or nine years later does it entirely disappear, after a manner to be related hereafter, and very needlessly mis-related hitherto. Thus established at Hampton Court, Mrs. Steele drives her chariot and pair; upon occasion, even four horses. She has a little saddle-horse of her own, which costs her husband five shillings a week for his keep, when in town. She has also Richard the footman, and Watts the gardener, and Will the boy, and her 'own' women, and a boy who can speak Welsh when she goes down to Carmarthen. But, also, it must be confessed, she seems to have had a frequent and alarming recurrence of small needs and troubles which it is not easy to account for. If it be safe to take strictly the notes she so carefully preserved, she was somewhat in the position pleasantly described by Madame Sévigné, in her remark to the Countess Calonne and Madame Mazarine when they visited her on their way through Arles : 'My dears, you are like the heroines of romances ; jewels in abundance, but scarce a shift to your backs !'

In the fifth month after their marriage Steele writes to her from the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar (Ben Jonson's house), to tell her he cannot be home to dinner, but that he has partly succeeded in his business, and that he incloses two guineas as earnest of more, languishes for her welfare, and will never be a moment careless again. Next month he is getting Jacob Tonson to discount a bill for him, and he desires that the man who has his shoemaker's bill should be told he means to call on him as he goes home. Three months later he finds it necessary to sleep away from home for a day or two, and orders the printer's boy to be sent to him, with his night-gown, slippers, and clean linen, at the tavern where he is. But in a few days all seems prosperous again : she calls for him in her coach at Lord Sunderland's office, with his best periwig and new shoes in the coach-box, and they have a cheerful drive together. Not many days later, just as he is going to dine with Lord Halifax, he has to inclose her a guinea for her pocket. She has driven in her chariot-and-four to Hampton Court on the Tuesday, and on the Thursday he sends her a small quantity of tea she was much in want of. On the day when he had paid back Addison his first thousand pounds, he incloses for her immediate uses a guinea and a half. The day before he and 'her favourite' Mr. Addison are going to meet

some

some great men of the State, he sends her a quarter of a pound of black tea, and the same quantity of green. The day before he goes into his last attendance at Court upon Prince George, he conveys to her a sum so small, that he can only excuse it by saying he has kept but half as much in his own pocket. And a few days after Mr. Addison has taken him in a coach-and-four to dine with his sister and her husband, he tells his dearest Prue that he has despatched to her seven pennyworth of walnuts, at five a penny, the packet containing which he opens with much gravity before it goes, to inform her that since the invoice six walnuts have been abstracted.

In that humorous touch, not less than in the change from his ‘dearest Molly’ to his ‘dearest Prue,’ by which latter name he always in future called her, we get glimpses of the character of Mrs. Richard Steele. That she had unusual graces both of mind and person, so to have fascinated a man like her husband, may well be assumed; but here we may also see something of the defects and demerits that accompanied them. She seems to have been thrifty and prudent of everything that told against him (as in keeping every scrap of his letters), but by no means remarkably so in other respects. Clearly also, she gave herself the most capricious and prudish airs; and quite astonishing is the success with which she appears to have exacted of him, not only an amount of personal devotion unusual in an age much the reverse of chivalrous, but accounts the most minute of all he might be doing in her absence. He thinks it hard, he says in one letter, that because she is handsome she will not behave herself with the obedience that people of worse features do, but that he must be continually giving her an account of every trifle and minute of his time; yet he does it nevertheless. In subjoining some illustrations on this point from their first year of marriage, let us not fail to observe how characteristically the world has treated such a record. If Mr. Steele’s general intercourse with his wife had been in keeping with the customary habits of the age, he would have had no need to make excuses or apologies of any kind; yet these very excuses, the exception that should prove the rule, are in his case taken as a rule to prove against him the exception.

He meets a schoolfellow from India, and has to write to the dearest being on earth to pardon him if she does not see him till eleven o’clock. He has to dine at the gentleman-usher’s table at Court, and he sends his dear ruler a messenger to bring him back her orders. He cannot possibly come home to dinner, and he writes to tell his dear dear wife that he cannot. He ‘lay last night at Mr. Addison’s,’ and has to tell the dear creature the how and the why, and all about the papers they were preparing for

for the press. A friend stops him as he is going home, and carries him off to Will's, whereon he sends a messenger, at eleven at night, to tell her it is a Welsh acquaintance of hers, and they are only drinking her health, and he will be with her 'within a pint of wine.' If, on another occasion, he has any fear of the time of his exact return, he sends a special despatch to tell her to go to bed. When any interesting news reaches him for his *Gazette*, he sends it off at once to her. From the midst of his proofs at the office he is continually writing to her. When, at the close of a day of hard work, he has gone to dine with Addison at Sandy End, he snatches a little time from eating, while the others are busy at it at the table, to tell her he is 'yours, yours, ever, ever.' He sends her a letter for no other purpose than to tell his dear, dear Prue, that he is sincerely her fond husband. He has a touch of the gout, and exasperates it by coming down stairs to celebrate her first birthday since their wedding; but it is his comfort, he tells her mother, as he hobbles about on his crutches, to see his dear little wife dancing at the other end of the room.

When Lord Sunderland orders him to attend at council, he sends a special note to warn Prue of the uncertainty of his release. When, in May 1708, Mr. Addison is chosen member for Lostwithiel, and he is obliged, with some persons concerned, to go to him immediately, he has to write to acquaint her with that fact. He will write from the Secretary's office at seven to tell her he hopes to be richer next day; and again he will write, at half-past ten the same night, to assure her he is then going very soberly to bed, and that she shall be the last thing in his thoughts as he does so, as well as the first next morning. Next morning he tells her she was not, he is sure, so soon awake as he was for her, desiring upon her the blessing of God. He writes to her as many letters in one day as there are posts, or stage-coaches, to Hampton Court; and then gets Jervas the painter to fling another letter for her over their garden-wall, as he passes there at night. He lets her visit his *Gazette* office; nay, is glad of visits at such a place, he tells her, from so agreeable a person as herself; and when her gay dress comes fluttering in, and with it 'the beautifulest object his eyes can rest upon,' he forgets all his troubles. And if charming words could enrich what they accompanied, of priceless value must have been the guineas, the five guineas, the two guineas, the ten shillings, they commended to her. He has none of Sir Bashful Constant's scruples in confessing that he is in love with his wife. His life is bound up with her; he values nothing truly but as she is its partaker; he is but what she makes him; with the strictest

strictest fidelity and love, with the utmost kindness and duty, with every dictate of his affections, with every pulse of his heart, he is her passionate adorer, her enamoured husband. To which the measure of *her* return, in words at least, may perhaps be taken from the fact that he has more than once to ask her to ‘write him word’ that she shall really be overjoyed when they meet.

The tone of her letters is, indeed, often a matter of complaint with him, and more often a theme for loving banter and pleasant raillery. What does her dissatisfaction amount to, he asks her on one occasion, but that she has a husband who loves her better than his life, and who has a great deal of troublesome business out of the pain of which he removes the dearest thing alive? Her manner of writing, he says to her on some similar provocation, might to another look like neglect and want of love; but he will not understand it so, for he takes it only to be the uneasiness of a doating fondness which cannot bear his absence without disdain. She may think what she pleases, again he tells her, but she knows she has the best husband in the world. On a particular letter filled with her caprices reaching him, he says of course he must take his portion as it runs without re-pining, for he considers that good nature, added to the beautiful form God has given her, would make a happiness too great for human life. But, be it lightly or gravely expressed, the feeling in which all these little strifes and contentions close, on his part, is still that there are not words to express the tenderness he has for her; that *love* is too harsh a word; that if she knew how his heart aches when she speaks an unkind word to him, and springs with joy when she smiles upon him, he is sure she would be more eager to make him happy like a good wife, than to torment him like a peevish beauty.

Nevertheless there are differences, more rare, which the peevish beauty *will* push into positive quarrels, and from these his kind heart suffers much. The first we trace some eight months after the marriage (we limit all our present illustrations, we should remark, to the first year and a half of their wedded life), when we find him trying to court her into good humour after it, and protesting that two or three more such differences will despatch him quite. On another occasion he takes a higher tone. She has saucily told him that their little dispute has been far from a trouble to her, to which he gravely replies, that to him it has been the greatest affliction imaginable. Yet he will have her understand, that, though he loves her better than the light of his eyes, or the life-blood in his heart, he will not have his time or his will, on which her interests as well as his depend, under any direction but his own. Upon this a great explosion appears to have followed; and almost the only fragment

fragment we possess of her writing is a confession of error consequent upon it, which so far is curiously characteristic of what we believe her nature to have been, that while, in language which may somewhat explain the secret of her fascination over him, it gives even touching expression to her love and her contrition, it yet also contrives, in the very act of penitence, to plant another thorn. She begs his pardon if she has offended him, and she prays God to forgive him for adding to the sorrow of a heavy heart, which is above all sorrow but for his sake. This he is content to put aside by a very fervent assurance that there is not that thing on earth, except his honour, and that dignity which every man who lives in the world must preserve to himself, which he is not ready to sacrifice to her will and inclination; and then he pleasantly closes by telling her that he had been dining the day before with Lord Halifax, when they had drank to the ‘ beauties in the garden.’ The beauties in the garden were Prue and an old schoolfellow then on a visit to her.

And of the wits who so drank to her at Lord Halifax’s, Swift was doubtless one. For this was the time when what he afterwards sneeringly called that nobleman’s ‘ good words and good dinners’ were most abundant, and when Anthony Henley put together, as the very type of unexceptionable Whig company, ‘ Mr. Swift, Lord Halifax, Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and the *Gazetteer*. ’ Never was Swift so intimate as now with Steele and Addison. We have him dining with Steele at the George, when Addison entertains; with Addison at the Fountain, when Steele entertains; and with both at the St. James’s, when Wortley Montague is the host. And no wonder the run upon him was great at the time, for he had lately started that wonderful joke against Partridge in which the rest of the wits joined so eagerly, and which not only kept the town in fits of laughter for a great many months, but was turned to a memorable use by Steele. In ridicule of that notorious almanac-maker, and all similar impostors, Swift devised sundry Predictions after their own manner for the year 1708, the very first of which announced nothing less than the death of Partridge himself, which event, after extremely cautious consultation with the star of his nativity, he fixed for the 29th of March, about eleven at night; and he was casting about for a whimsical name to give to the assumed astrologer who was to publish this joke, when his eye caught a sign over a locksmith’s house with *Isaac Bickerstaff* underneath. ‘ Out accordingly came Mr. Bickerstaff’s predictions, followed very speedily by an account of the ‘ accomplishment of the first of them upon the 29th instant.’ What he most counted upon of course was, that Partridge should be such a fool

a fool as to take the matter up gravely ; and he was not disappointed. In a furious pamphlet the old astrologer declared he was perfectly well, and they were knaves that reported it otherwise. Whereupon Mr. Bickerstaff retorted with a vindication more diverting than either of its predecessors ; Rowe, Steele, Addison, and Prior contributed to the entertainment in divers amusing ways ; Congreve, affecting to come to the rescue, described under Partridge's name the distresses and reproaches 'Squire Bickerstaff had exposed him to, insomuch that he could not leave his doors without somebody twitting him for sneaking about without paying his funeral expenses ; and all this, heightened in comicality by its contrast with the downright rage of Partridge himself, who was continually advertising himself pot dead, and by the fact that the Company of Stationers did actually proceed as if in earnest he were, so contributed to make Mr. Bickerstaff talked about far and wide, that Steele afterwards said no more than the truth when he gave Swift the merit of having rendered that name famous through all parts of Europe, and raised it by his inimitable spirit and humour to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

Not yet for a few months, however, was *that* prediction to be falsified, and the name of Bickerstaff, even from Steele himself, to receive additional glory. The close of 1708 was a time of sore distress with him, aggravated by his wife's approaching confinement. An execution for rent was put into Bury Street, which unassisted he could not satisfy ; and it has been surmised that Addison was the friend whom he describes as denying him assistance. This, however, is not likely. Though he tells his wife, two days afterwards, that she is to be of good cheer, for he has found friendship among the lowest when disappointed by the highest, he far too eagerly connects with 'her rival' Addison, in a letter of less than a week's later date, a suggestion which is at once to bring back happiness to them all, to point with any probability the former reproach against him. Just at this time, on Wharton becoming Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Addison received the appointment of Secretary, and his instant suggestion was that Steele should put in his claim for the Under-Secretaryship which this would vacate. Through letters extending over some five or six weeks, it is obvious that the hope continues to sustain Steele, and that the friends are working together to that end. It is not extinguished even so late as Addison's farewell supper, 'where he treats' before his departure ; and Steele helps him in doing the honours to his friends. But he is doomed to experience what Addison himself proved during the reverses of some twelve months later, that 'the most likely way to get a place

place is to appear not to want it ;' * and three weeks later he writes to a friend that his hopes for the Under-Secretaryship are at an end, but he believes ' something additional ' is to be given to him. After a few weeks more, his daughter Elizabeth is born, and, according to a memorandum in the writing of Prue, ' her godmothers were my mother and Mrs. Vaughan, her godfathers Mr. Wortley Montague and Mr. Addison.'

Not many weeks after the Irish Secretary's departure occurred that incident, which, little as he was conscious of it at the time, concerned him far more than all the state dignities or worldly advantages his great friends could give and take away. On Tuesday the 12th of April, 1709, Steele published, as the first of the *Lucubrations* of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, the first number of the *Tatler*; which he continued to issue uninterruptedly, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until Tuesday the 2nd of January, 1710-11. It does not appear that any one was in his secret, unless perhaps Swift; who was still lingering in London, with whom he was in constant communication (all Swift's letters and packets being addressed to him at his office, for the friend's privilege of so getting them free of postage), and whom he most probably consulted before using Mr. Bickerstaff's name. Addison, whose later connexion with it became so memorable, was certainly not consulted at first, and did not even recognise his friend's hand till some numbers had appeared. The first four were given to the newsmen for distribution gratis, and afterwards the price charged was a penny. The early and large demand from the country does not seem to have been expected; for it was not till after the 26th number that a threehalfpenny edition was regularly published with a blank half-sheet for transmission by post. Steele himself appears modestly to have thought, if Spence reports him accurately, that the combination with its more original matter of its little articles of news, to which of course his official position imparted unusual authority, first gave it the wings that carried it so far; but after what we have shown of its other attractions at the very outset, this explanation will hardly be required. The causes too, as well as the extent, of its popularity, have been pointed out by a then living authority quite unexceptionable.

Gay was a young man just entering on the town, and, already with strong Tory leanings, he wrote to a friend in the country, shortly after the appearance of the last number, that its sudden

* This expression is in one of Addison's letters, hitherto unpublished, of which a collection has been submitted to us, for the purposes of this paper, by the courtesy of Mr. Bohn, in whose 'complete edition of Addison's works, prepared for his 'Standard Library,' they are designed to appear.

cessation was bewailed as some general calamity, and that by it the coffee-houses had lost more customers than they could hope to retain by all their other newspapers put together. And who, continues Gay, remembering the thousand follies it had either banished or given check to, how much it had contributed to virtue and religion, how many it had rendered happy by merely showing it was their own fault if they were not so, and to what extent it had impressed upon the indifferent the graces and advantages of letters, who shall wonder that Mr. Bickerstaff, apart from his standing with the wits, at the morning tea-tables and evening assemblies should of all guests have become the most welcome? that the very merchants on 'Change should have relished and caressed him? and that, not less than the ladies at Court, were the bankers in Lombard Street now verily persuaded 'that Captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England?'

One bitter drop there was, nevertheless, in the cup thus overflowing. Even the Tories, says Gay, 'in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them.' There is much virtue in an *almost*. Here it means that Steele would certainly have been forgiven his first unaccountable imprudence, if he had not gone on committing a vast many more.

The *Tatler* had not been half a year in existence when uneasy symptoms of weakness broke out among the Ministry. In the autumn Addison returned to London, and the first result of the conference of the friends was a letter from Steele to Swift, who remained in Ireland. It enclosed a letter from Lord Halifax. It told Swift that no man could have said more in praise of another than Addison had said last Wednesday in praise of him at Lord Halifax's dinner-table. It assured him that among powerful men no opportunity was now omitted to upbraid the Ministry for his stay in Ireland, and there was but one opinion among the company that day, which included Lord Edward Russell, Lord Essex, Mr. Maynwaring, Mr. Addison, and himself. Finally, it wonders that Swift does not oftener write to him, reminds him of the town's eagerness to listen to the real Mr. Bickerstaff, and tells him how his substitute longs to usher him and his into the world—'not that there can be anything added by me to your fame,' says the good-hearted writer, 'but to walk bare-headed before you.' In this letter may be read the anxiety of the Whigs, conceived too late, as so many of their good purposes have been, to secure the services of Jonathan Swift. The reply was a first-rate *Tatler*, but nothing satisfactory in regard to the Whigs.

Soon

Soon after broke out the Sacheverell trial, and with it the opportunity Harley had planned and waited for. He saw the Whig game was up, and that he had only to present himself and claim the spoil. Steele saw it too, and made vain attempts in the *Tatler* to turn the popular current. The promise made him before Addison's first departure for Dublin was now redeemed; and a Commissionership of Stamps testified tardily enough the Whig sense of the services he was rendering, and the risks he was running, in their behalf. From all sides poured in upon him, at the same time, warnings which he bravely disregarded. From Ireland, under the name of Aminadab, he was prudently counselled to consider what a day might bring forth, and to 'think of that as he took tobacco;' nor could he, in accordance with such advice, have taken many whiffs, when Swift followed his letter. By the time he arrived in London, at the close of August, 1710, the Whig overthrow was complete; Harley and Saint John were in power; his friend Prior, who had gone over to them and was expelled from the Kit Kat, was abusing his old associate Steele in a new paper called the *Examiner*; and the first piece of interesting news he had to write to Stella was, that Steele would certainly lose his place of Gazetteer. This was after an evening (the 10th September) passed in company with him and Addison. They met again at the dinner-table of Lord Halifax on the 1st of October, when Swift refused to pledge with them the resurrection, unless they would add the reformation, of the Whigs; but he omitted to mention that on that very day he had been busy lampooning the ex Whig Premier. Three days after he was dining with Harley, having cast his fortunes finally against his old friends; and before the same month had closed the *Gazette* had been taken from Steele.

Yet Swift affects to feel some surprise that, on going to Addison a few days later to talk over Steele's prospects, and offer his good services with Harley, Addison should have 'talked as if he suspected me,' and refused to fall in with anything proposed. More strangely still, he complains to Stella the next day that he has never had an invitation to Steele's house since he came over from Ireland, and that during this visit he has not even seen his wife, 'by whom he is governed most abominably. So what care I for his wit?' he adds; 'for he is the worst company in the world till he has a bottle of wine in his head.' Nevertheless he shows still a strange hankering after both the friends, and not so much indifference as might be supposed to the worst of company: for the next social glimpse we have of him is at our old acquaintance Elkott's, of the St. James's, where the coffee-man has a christening, at which as Vicar of Laracor he officiates; and

and where 'the rogue' had a most noble supper, and Steele and himself sat among some scurvy people over a bowl of punch till very late indeed. But, in truth, one has not much difficulty, through any apparent discordancy of statement, in discovering exactly enough in what position recent events had now placed the two friends towards him. On their side, without further faith in his political profession, was still the same respect for his genius, and still the same desire to have help from his wit; and on his, underlying a real desire to be of service where he could, too much of a fussy display of his eagerness to serve, and far too exuberant and exulting a sense of that sudden and unwonted favour at Whitehall which seemed half to have turned the great brain that had condescendingly waited for it so long. At his intercession Harley was to see Steele, but the ex-Gazetteer did not even keep the appointment which was to save him his Commissionership. He probably knew better than Swift that Harley had no present intention to remove him. The new Lord Treasurer certainly surprised his antagonist Steele less than his friend Jonathan, by showing no more resentment than was implied in the request that the latter should not give any more help to the *Tatler*. 'They hate to think that I should help him,' he wrote to Stella, 'and so I frankly told them I would do it no more.'

Already Steele had taken the determination, however, which made this resolve of the least possible importance to him. His loss of the *Gazette* entailed a change in the conduct of his paper, which had convinced him of the expediency of commencing it on a new plan. The town was startled by the announcement, therefore, that the *Tatler* of the 2nd January, 1710-11, was to be the last; and Swift informs us that Addison, whom he met that night at supper, was as much surprised at the announcement as himself, and quite as little prepared for it. But this may only express the limit of the confidence now reposed in himself. There can be little doubt that the friends acted together in what already was in agitation to replace the *Tatler*. Nor is there any ground to suppose that Addison was ignorant, or Swift informed, of an interview which Steele had with Harley in the interval before the new design was matured. The Lord Treasurer's weakness was certainly not a contempt or disregard for letters, and, though the object of the meeting was to settle a kind of armed neutrality, he overpassed it so far as to intimate the wish not simply to retain Steele in the Commissionership, but to give him something more valuable.* This

* 'When I had the honour of a short conversation with you, you were pleased not only to signify to me that I should remain in this office, but to add that, if I would

This was civilly declined, but the courtesy was not forgotten ; and the better feeling it promoted for a time, with the understood abstinence from present hostility involved in it, obtained all the more zealous help from Addison to his friend's new scheme. On Thursday the 1st March, 1710-11, appeared the first number of the *Spectator*, with an announcement that it was to be continued daily. Much wonder was raised by so bold a promise, and little hope entertained that it could ever be redeemed. The result showed, nevertheless, with what well-grounded confidence the friends had embarked in an enterprise which men of less resource thought extravagant and impossible. From day to day, without a single intermission, the *Spectator* was continued through 555 numbers, up to the 6th December, 1712. It began with a regular design, which, with unflagging spirit, was kept up to its close. 'It certainly is very pretty,' wrote Swift to Stella, after some dozen numbers had appeared, and, in answer to her question, had to tell her that it was written by Steele with Addison's help. 'Mr. Steele seems to have gathered new life,' he added, 'and to have a new fund of wit.'

So indeed it might have seemed. Never had he shown greater freshness and invention than in his first sketches of the characters that were to give life to the new design : nor can any higher thing be said of his conception of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, than that it deserved the noble elaboration of Addison ; or of his humorous touches to the short-faced gentleman,* than that even Addison's invention was enriched by them. It is not our purpose here to compare or criticise what each, according to his genius, contributed. It is enough to say that to the last both nobly bore their part, and that whatever we have seen in the *Tatler* of Steele's wit, pathos, and philosophy, reappeared with new graces in the *Spectator*. There was the same inexpressible charm in the matter, the same inexhaustible variety in the form ; and upon all the keen exposure of vice or the pleasant laugh at folly, as prominent in the lifelike little story as in the criticism of an actor or a play, making attractive the gravest themes to the unthinking, and recommending the

would name to you one of more value, which would be more commodious to me, you would favour me in it. . . . I thank your Lordship for the regard and distinction which you have at sundry times showed me.' So Steele wrote to Harley (then Lord Oxford) on resigning his Commissionership a little more than two years after the date in the text, when the *Spectator* had been brought to a close, and his tacit compact with Addison was at an end.

* We can give only one out of many masterly strokes ; but in the whole range of Addison's wit, is there anything more perfect than Steele's making the *Spectator* remember that he was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason than his profound taciturnity ?

lightest

lightest fancies to the most grave, there was still the old and ineffaceable impress of goodnature and humanity—the soul of a sincere man shining out through it all. Let any one read that uninterrupted series of twenty-two *Spectators*, which Steele daily contributed from the 6th to the 31st of August, 1711, and doubt his title to a full share in the glory and fame of the enterprise. Try his claim to participate in its wit and character by such papers as the short-faced gentleman's experiences (No. 4); as the seven he inserted in the series of Sir Roger de Coverley; as those numerous sketches of Clubs which his touch filled with such various life; and as the essays we have named below.* Let him be measured, too, in graver themes, by such papers as those on Living to our own Satisfaction (No. 27), on Female Education (No. 66), on the Death of a Friend (No. 133), on the Fear of Death (No. 152), on Youth and Age (No. 153), on the Flogging at Public Schools (No. 157), on Raffaele's Cartoons (No. 226), and, above all, on the death of the comedian Estcourt (No. 468), the last one of his most characteristic, wise, and beautiful pieces of writing; and so long as these and many others survive, there will be no need to strike him apart, or judge him aloof, from his friend.

Nothing in England had ever equalled the success of the *Spectator*. It sold, in numbers and volumes, to an extent almost fabulous in those days, and, when Bolingbroke's stamp carried Grub-street by storm, was the solitary survivor of that famous siege. Doubling its price, it yet fairly held its ground, and at its close was not only paying Government 29*l.* a week on account of the halfpenny stamp upon the numbers sold, but had a circulation in volumes of nearly ten thousand. Altogether it must often have circulated, before the stamp, thirty thousand, which might be multiplied by six to give a corresponding popularity in our day. Nevertheless Steele had been for some time uneasy and restless. Thus far, with reasonable fidelity, the armistice on his side had been kept, but from day to day, at what he believed to be the thickening of a plot against public liberty, he found it more and more difficult to observe; and not seldom

* On Powell's Puppet-Show (No. 14), On Ordinary People (No. 17), On Envious People (No. 19), On Over-Consciousness and Affectation (No. 38), On Coffee-house Politicians (No. 49), On Court Mournings (No. 64), On the Fine Gentlemen of the Stage (No. 65), On Coarse Speaking (No. 75), On the Impudence of Jack Truepenny (No. 82), On the Footmen of the House of Peers (No. 88), On the Portable Quality of Good Humour (No. 100), On Servants' Letters (No. 137), On the Man of Wit and Pleasure? (No. 151), On the Virtues of Self-denial (No. 206 and No. 248), On Generous Men (No. 346), On Witty Companions (No. 358), On the Comic Actors (No. 370), On Jack Sippet (No. 448), and On various Forms of Anger (No. 438), with its whimsical contrasts of imper-turbability and wrath.

latterly, perhaps in spite of himself, his thoughts took the direction of politics. ‘He has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators,’ wrote Swift to Stella, ‘and I believe he will very soon lose his employment.’ That was to Steele the last and least thing at present. What he wanted was a certain freedom for himself which hardly consisted with the plan of the *Spectator*, and he now resolved to substitute an entirely new set of characters. He closed it in December, 1712, and announced a new daily paper, called the *Guardian*, for the following March.

Into this new paper, to which Addison (engaged in preparing *Cato* for the stage) did not for a considerable time contribute, he carried the services of the young poet whose surprising genius was now the talk of the town. Steele had recognised at once Pope’s surpassing merit, and in his friendly critic Pope welcomed a congenial friend. He submitted verses to him, altered them to his pleasure, wrote a poem at his request, and protested himself more eager to be call’d his little friend, Dick Distich, than to be complimented with the title of a great genius or an eminent hand. He was so recreated, in short, as he afterwards wrote to Addison, with ‘the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit which Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him,’ that he did not immediately foresee the consequence of engaging with so ardent a politician. Accordingly, just as Swift broke out into open quarrel with his old associate, we find Pope confessing that many honest Jacobites were taking it very ill of him that he continued to write with Steele.

The dispute with Swift need not detain us. It is enough if we use it to show Steele’s spirit as a gentleman, who could not retort an injustice, or fight wrong with wrong. When, after a very few months, he stood before the House of Commons to justify himself from libels which had exhausted the language of scurrility in heaping insult upon him and his, the only personal remark he made was to quote a handsome tribute he had formerly offered to their writer, with this manly addition: ‘The gentleman I here intended was Dr. Swift. This kind of man I thought him at that time: we have not met of late, but I hope he deserves this character still.’ And why was he thus tender of Swift? He avowed the reason in the last paper of the *Englishman*, where he says that he knew his sensibility of reproach to be such that he would be unable to bear life itself under half the ill language he had given others. Swift himself had formerly described to him those early days when he possessed that sensitive fear of libel to an extraordinary degree, and this had not been forgotten by his generous adversary.

But what really was at issue in their quarrel ought to be stated,

stated, since it forms the point of departure taken by Steele, not simply from those who differed but from many who agreed with him in politics. ‘Principles are out of the case,’ said Swift, ‘we dispute wholly about persons.’ ‘No,’ rejoined Steele, ‘the dispute is not about persons and parties, but things and causes.’ Such had been the daring conduct of the men in power, and such their insolent success, that Steele, at a time when few had the courage to speak, did not scruple to declare what he believed to be their ultimate design. ‘Nothing,’ he wrote to his wife some few months after the present date, ‘nothing but Divine Providence can prevent a Civil War within a few years.’ Swift laughed, and said Steele’s head had been turned by the success of his papers, and he thought himself mightily more important than he really was. This may have been so; but whatever imaginary value he gave himself he was at least ready to risk, for the supposed duty he thought incumbent on him. Nor was it little for him, in his position at that time, to surrender literature for politics; to resign his Commissionership of Stamps; and to enter the House of Commons. He did not require Pope to point him out lamentingly to Congreve, as a great instance of the fate of all who are so carried away, with the risk of being not only punished by the other party but of suffering from their own. Even from the warning of Addison, that his zeal for the public might be ruinous to himself, he had turned silently aside. Not a day now passed that the most violent scurrilities were not directed against his pen and person, in which one of Swift’s ‘under-writers’, Wagstaff, made himself conspicuous; and Colley Cibber laughs at the way in which these scribes were labouring to transfer to his friend Addison the credit of all his *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. Nevertheless he went steadily on. ‘It is not for me,’ he remarked with much dignity, ‘to say how I write or speak, but it is for me to say I do both honestly; and when I threw away some fame for letters and politeness, to serve the nobler ends of justice and government, I did not do it with a design to be as negligent of what should be said of me with relation to my integrity. No, wit and humour are the dress and ornament of the mind; but honesty and truth are the soul itself.’ We may, or may not, think Steele discreet in the choice he made; but of his sincerity and disinterestedness there ought to be no doubt whatever.

When at last, upon the publication of his *Crisis*, which was but the sequel to those papers in the *Guardian* that led to his election for Stockbridge, the motion was made to expel him for having ‘maliciously insinuated that the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover is in danger under her Majesty’s administration,’ the Whigs rallied to his support with what strength

they could. Walpole and Stanhope took their place on either side of him as he waited at the bar, and Addison prompted him throughout his spirited and temperate defence. But the most interesting occurrence of that day was the speech of Lord Finch. This young nobleman, afterwards famous as a minister and orator, owed gratitude to Steele for having repelled in the *Guardian* a libel on his sister, and he rose to make his maiden speech in defence of her defender. But bashfulness overcame him, and after a few confused sentences he sat down, crying out as he did so, ‘It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him!’ Upon this such cheering rang through the house, that suddenly the young lord took heart, rose again, and made the first of a long series of telling and able speeches. But of course it did not save Steele, who was expelled by a majority of nearly a hundred in a house of four hundred members.

It was a short-lived triumph, we need hardly say. Soon came the blow which struck down that tyrant majority, dispersed its treason into air, consigned Oxford to the Tower, and drove Bolingbroke into exile. Eagerly Steele wrote to his wife from the St. James’s coffeehouse, on the 31st July, 1714, that the Queen was dead. It was a mistake, but she died next day. Three days later he writes from the Thatched House, St. James’s, that he has been loaded with compliments by the Regents, and assured of something immediately. Yet it was but little he obtained. He received a place in the household (surveyorship of the royal stables); was placed in the commission of peace for Middlesex; and, on subsequently going up with an address from that county, was knighted. A little before he became Sir Richard, however, the member for Truro resigned the supervision of the Theatre Royal (then a government office, entitling to a share in the patent, and worth seven or eight hundred a year), and the players so earnestly petitioned for Steele as his successor, that he was named to the office. ‘His spirits took such a lively turn upon it,’ says Cibber, ‘that, had we been all his own sons, no unexpected act of filial duty could have more endeared us to him.’ Whatever the coldness elsewhere might be, here, at any rate, was warmth enough. Benefits past were not benefits forgot with those lively goodnatured men. They remembered, as Cibber tells us, when a criticism in the *Tatler* used to fill their theatre at a time when nothing else could; and they knew that not a comedian among them* but owed something to Sir Richard Steele,

* The most humble, as well as the highest, obtained his good word, and it would be difficult to give a better instance, in a few lines, at once of his kindness and his genius

Steele, whose good nature on one occasion even consented that Doggett should announce the *Tatler* as intending to be bodily present at his benefit, and permitted him to dress at himself a fictitious Isaac Bickerstaff for amusement of the crowded house.

Less mindful of the past than the players, Steele certainly found the politicians. But, in showing that the course he took in the prosperous days of Whiggism differed in no respect from that which he had taken in its adverse days, some excuse may perhaps arise for the dispensers of patronage and office. He entered Parliament for Boroughbridge, the Duke of Newcastle having given him his interest there; and for some time, and with some success as a speaker, he took part in the debates. He wittily described the House at this time as consisting very much of silent people oppressed by the choice of a great deal to say, and of eloquent people ignorant that what they said was nothing to the purpose; and as it was, he tells us, his own ambition to speak only what he thought, so it was his weakness to think such a course might have its use. He attacked every attempt to give power to the Church independent of the State, and created much offence by declaring that, if Rome pretended to be infallible and England to be always in the right, he saw little difference between the two. In his prosperity Harley had no assailant more bitter, and in his adversity no more generous opponent, than Steele. As he had fought the Schism Bill under the Tories, under the Whigs he pleaded for toleration to the Roman Catholics. ‘I suppose this,’ he wrote to his wife, ‘gave a handle to the fame of my being a Tory; but you may perhaps by this time have heard that I am turned Presbyterian, for the same day, in a meeting of a hundred Parliament-men, I laboured as much for the Protestant Dissenters.’ No man was so bitter against the Jacobites as long as any chance of their success remained, but none so often or so successfully interceded for mercy when the day had gone against them. The mischief of the South Sea Scheme was by Steele more than any man exposed, but for such of the directors as had themselves been its dupes no man spoke so charitably. Walpole had befriended him most on the question of his expulsion, and he admired him more than any other

genius as a critic of players, than what he says of a small actor of Betterton’s time: ‘Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself: one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the conscience of the guilty princess. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air as represented that he was an actor; and with such an inferior manner, as only acting an actor, that the others on the stage were made to appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive.’

politician;

politician; yet he alone in the House spoke against Walpole's proposition about the Debt, 'because he did not think the way of doing it just.' Addison was the man he to the last admired the most, and, notwithstanding any recurring coolness or difference, loved the most on earth; but, on the question of Lord Sunderland's Peerage Bill, he joined Walpole against Addison, and with tongue and pen so actively promoted its defeat that we may even yet, on that score, hold ourselves his debtors.

To this rapid sketch of Steele's career as a politician it might seem superfluous to add his complaint against those who neglected him, or that, when the Duke of Newcastle had been so mean as to punish his opposition to the Peerage Bill by depriving him of his Drury Lane appointment (to which, we may interpose, he was restored as soon as Walpole returned to office), he should thus have written to Lady Steele: 'I am talking to my wife, and therefore may speak my heart, and the vanity of it. I know—and you are witness—that I have served the Royal Family with an unreservedness due only to Heaven; and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) not possessed of twenty shillings from the favour of the Court.' But neither should we attempt to conceal that a man of a different temperament and more self-control would hardly at this time, after all the opportunities his own genius had opened to him, have needed the exercise or complained of the absence of such 'favour.'

It is not our desire to extenuate the failings of Sir Richard Steele, nor have we sought to omit them from this picture of his career. It was unhappily of the very essence of his character that any present social impression took, so far, the place of all previous moral resolutions; and that, bitterly as he had often felt the 'shot of accident and the dart of chance,' he still thought them carelessly to be brushed aside by the smiling face and heedless hand. No man's projects for fortune had so often failed, yet none were so often renewed. The very art of his genius told against him in his life; and that he could so readily disentangle his thoughts from what most gave them pain and uneasiness, and direct his sensibility at will to flow into many channels, had certainly not a tendency to favour the balance at his banker's. But such a man is no example of improvidence for others. Its ordinary warnings come within quite another class of cases; and, even in stating what is least to be commended in Steele, there is no need to omit what in his case will justify some exceptional consideration of it. At least we have the example of a bishop to quote for as much good nature as we can spare.

Doctor Hoadly, the Bishop of Bangor, was a steady friend of Steele's, and consented ultimately to act as executor and guardian

to

to his children. He accompanied him and Addison one day to a Whig celebration of King William's anniversary, and became rather grave to see the lengths to which the festivity threatened to arrive. In the midst of his doubts, in came a humble but facetious Whig on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand; drank it off to the immortal memory; and then, still in his kneeling posture, managed to shuffle out. 'Do laugh,' whispered Steele to the bishop, next to whom he sat; '*it's humanity to laugh.*' For which humane episcopal exertion, carried to a yet higher tolerance in his own case at a later period of the evening, Steele sent him next morning this pleasant couplet,

' Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.'

In another humorous anecdote of this date, Hoadly was also an actor with Steele. They went together on a visit to Blenheim, and sat next each other at a private play got up for the amusement of the great Duke, now lapsing into his last illness, when, as they both observed how well a love-scene was acted by the Duke's aide-de-camp, Captain Fishe, 'I doubt this fish is flesh, my Lord,' whispered Steele. On going away they had to pass through an army of laced coats and ruffles in the hall, and, as the Bishop was preparing the usual fees, 'I have not enough,' cried his companion, and, much to the episcopal discomposure, proceeded to address the footmen, told them he had been much struck by the good taste with which he had seen them applauding in the right place up stairs, and invited them all gratis to Drury-lane theatre, to whatever play they might like to bespeak.

At this date it was, too, that young Savage, for whom Wilks had produced a comedy at Drury Lane, was kindly noticed and greatly assisted by Steele, though all the stories of him he afterwards told to Johnson only showed how sorely he needed assistance himself. He surprised him one day by carrying him in his coach to a tavern, and dictating a pamphlet to him, which he was sent out into Grub-street to sell; when he found that Sir Richard had only retired for the day to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to pay his reckoning. Johnson also believed, on the same authority, that at one of Steele's great dinner parties he had dressed up in expensive liveries, and turned to use as additional footmen, certain bailiffs whose attendance, though unavoidable, might not else have seemed so creditable. It was from Savage, too, Johnson heard the story of the bond put in execution against his friend by Addison, which Steele mentioned, he said, with tears in his eyes. Not so, however, did Steele tell it to another

another friend, Benjamin Victor, who, before Savage's relation was made public, had told it again to Garrick. To Victor, Steele said that certainly his bond on some expensive furniture had been put in force, but that, from the letter he received with the surplus arising from the sale, he knew that Addison only intended a friendly warning against a manner of living altogether too costly, and that, taking it as he believed it to be meant, he met him afterwards with the same gaiety of temper he had always shown.

This story is not incredible, we think ; and to invent, as Mr. Macaulay has done, another story in place of one so well authenticated, involves at least some waste of ingenuity. One may fairly imagine such an incident following not long after the accession of King George, when, in his new house in York Buildings, Steele gave an extravagant entertainment to some couple of hundred friends, and amused his guests with a series of dramatic recitations, which (one of his many projects) he had some thought of trying on an extended plan, with a view to the more regular supply of trained actors for the stage. For though Addison assisted at this entertainment, and even wrote an epilogue* for the occasion, making pleasant mirth of the foibles of his friend—

‘ The Sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
To watch the public weal, though not his own ’ &c.

—nay, though we can hardly doubt that he showed no reluctance himself to partake of the Burgundy and Champagne, Addison may yet have thought it no unfriendly act to check the danger of any frequent repetition of indulgences in that direction. And, even apart from the nights they now so frequently passed together at Button's new coffee-house, we have abundant evidence that the friendly relations, though certainly not all the old intimacy, continued. On the day following that on which Addison became Secretary of State, Steele dined with him, and on the next day he wrote to his wife that he was named one of the Commissioners for Forfeited Estates in Scotland.

The duties of this office took him much from home in his latter years ; and before we close with the brief mention those years may claim from us, we will give a parting glance at what his home had now become. For the greater part of the time since he moved from Bury Street, he has lived in Bloomsbury Square.

* Doctor Drake attributed this Epilogue to Steele himself, and has been followed by subsequent writers; but it was certainly written by Addison, as the lines themselves bear internal proof. It was first printed, and with Addison's name, in the eighth volume of that now rare book, Nichols's *Select Collection of Poems*.

His wife has borne him four children, two boys and two girls, of whom the eldest boy, Richard, Lord Halifax's godson, died in childhood, and the second, Eugene, a few years before his father. His girls survived him, and the eldest became Lady Trevor. The old sudden alternations of sunshine and storm have continued between himself and Prue; there have been great wants and great enjoyments, much peevishness and much tenderness, quarrels and reconciliations numberless; but very manifestly also, on the whole, the children have brought them nearer to each other. He is no longer his dearest Prue's alone, but, as he occasionally signs himself, 'Your—Betty—Dick—Eugene—Molly's affectionate Richard Steele.' At his own request, his wife's small fortune has been settled on these children; and one of her letters to him, upon the result of this arrangement with her mother, appears to have begun with the expression of her thankfulness that the children would at least have to say hereafter of their father that he kept his integrity. He gives her incessant reports of them when she happens to be absent. He tells her how Moll, who is the noisiest little creature in the world, and as active as a boy, has bid him let her know she fell down just now, and did not hurt herself; how Madam Betty is the gravest of matrons in her airs and civilities; how Eugene is a most beautiful and lusty child; and how Dick is becoming a great scholar, for whenever his father's *Virgil* is shown him he makes shrewd remarks upon the pictures. In that same letter he calls her 'poor, dear, angry, pleased, pretty, witty, silly, *everything* Prue'; and he has never failed, through all these years, to send her the tenderest words on the most trivial occasions. He writes to her on his way to the Kit-Kat, in waiting on my Lord Wharton or the Duke of Newcastle. He coaxes her to dress well for the dinner to which he has invited the Mayor of Stockbridge, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Addison. He writes to her when he has the honour of being received at dinner by Lord Somers; and he writes from among the 'dancing, singing, hooping, hallooing, and drinking' of one of his elections for Boroughbridge. He sends a special despatch for no other purpose than to tell her she has nothing to do but be a darling. He sends her as many as a dozen letters in the course of his journey to Edinburgh; and when, on his return, illness keeps them apart, one in London, the other at Hampton Court, her happening to call him *Good Dick* puts him in so much rapture, that he tells her he could almost forget his miserable gout and lameness, and walk down to her. Not long after this her illness terminated fatally. She died on the morrow of the Christmas Day of 1718.

Of his own subsequent life, the leading public incidents were his controversy with Addison on the Peerage Bill, where we hold him

him to have had much the advantage of his adversary in both his reasoning and conclusions ; and the production of his comedy of the *Conscious Lovers*, the most carefully written and the most successful, though in our opinion, with much respect for that of Parson Adams, not the best of his comedies. Of the projects that also occupied him in these years, especially that of his fish-pool invention, we have nothing to say, but that Addison, who certainly did *not* sneer at him in the ‘little Dicky’ of the second *Old Whig*, ought to have spared him, not less, the sneer in that pamphlet at his ‘stagnated pool.’ Steele did not retort with anything more personal than an admiring quotation from *Cato* ; and his *Plebeian* forms in this respect no contrast to the uniform tone in which he spoke of his friend. But his children were his greatest solicitude, as well as chief delight, in these latter years, and, amid failing health and growing infirmities, he is never tired of superintending their lessons, or of writing them gay and entertaining letters, as from friend or playfellow. After three years’ retirement in Wales, attended by his two little daughters, he died there at the age of fifty-three.

He had survived much, but neither his cheerful temper nor his kind philosophy. He would be carried out in a summer’s evening, where the country lads and lasses were at their rural sports, and with his pencil give an order on his agent for a new gown to the best dancer. That was the last thing seen of Richard Steele. And the youths and maidens who so saw him in his invalid-chair, enfeebled and dying, saw him still as the wits and fine ladies and gentlemen had seen him in his gaiety and youth, when he sat in the chair of Mr. Bickerstaff, creating pleasure for himself by the communication of pleasure to others, and in proportion to the happiness he distributed increasing his own.

ART. VIII.—1. *Speech of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle on the Resignation of Ministers, delivered in the House of Lords on Thursday, February 1, 1855.* London, 1855.

2. *Narrative of My Missions to Constantinople and St. Petersburg in the Years 1829 and 1830.* By Baron Müffling. Translated by David Jardine, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1855.
3. *Recueil de Documents relatifs à la Russie pour la plupart Secrets et Inédits, utiles à consulter dans la Crise Actuelle.* Paris, 1854.

WHEN our last number appeared Lord Aberdeen was still Prime Minister, and the Duke of Newcastle Minister of War. Events, each of which in calmer periods would have been a topic

a topic of discussion for months together, have followed one another in rapid succession, and been forgotten in a week. Nevertheless the effects remain, and many of the transactions throw too much light upon the state of parties, upon the characters of public men, upon the causes of past failures, and upon our future prospects, to be passed over in silence.

Parliament met on the 23rd of January, and the same evening Mr. Roebuck gave notice that he should move for a select committee ‘to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it had been to minister to the wants of that army.’ To defend the Government, of which he was the leader in the House of Commons, was felt by Lord John Russell to be impossible, and he immediately resigned. The confidence of the public was deeply shaken before ; and when one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet turned king’s evidence, and bore testimony to its guilt, its dissolution was inevitable. The effect of his secession was greatly increased by the alarming language he held on the 26th, when, giving his explanation of the motives for his conduct, he confessed ‘that with all the official knowledge he possessed there was something inexplicable to him in the state of our army.’ This was to announce that the Government itself was ignorant and helpless—that at a moment of great disaster and apparent peril it had lost its command of the situation, and could neither divine the cause nor provide a cure.

The disclosures which were made by the late President of the Council confirmed the general impression which prevailed, that Lord Aberdeen had been sadly apathetic in devising the measures necessary for the effective prosecution of the war, and that the Duke of Newcastle was unequal to his post. On the 17th of November Lord John Russell had commenced a correspondence with the Premier, in which he represented that the head of the Government must be the moving spirit of the machine, or the Minister of War be strong enough by himself to control every department connected with the military operations. ‘Neither,’ he said, ‘is the case under the present arrangement.’ Apparently despairing to find a remedy in the increased exertions of Lord Aberdeen, he proposed to secure the necessary vigour and authority by substituting Lord Palmerston for the Duke of Newcastle. Lord Aberdeen denied the inefficiency of the Duke, and declined to accede to the proposal.

The Premier, equally with all other good citizens, must have desired the signal and speedy success of our arms. But every word he spoke showed that he was dreaming more of peace than of gathering up strength to strike the blow which was to secure

secure it. Lord John Russell justly alluded to him as a Minister whose ‘persuasions and disposition’ were against his hastening on with eagerness the preparations for war. As a man he may deserve the panegyries pronounced upon him by his friends; as a war minister all the disclosures which have been made have only contributed to justify the censure which has been passed upon him by his opponents. His forbearance first, and his inaction afterwards, were the result of an amiable disposition, but there can be no doubt that they have been productive of great calamities, and it was a serious error that he should continue nominally to conduct affairs for which his nature rendered him entirely unfit.

When the office of Secretary of State for War was separated from that of the Colonies, the Duke of Newcastle placed himself in the hands of his colleagues, and offered to retire altogether or to retain whichever of the two they thought fittest. He was left to select the one he preferred; and Lord John Russell confessed that he showed a ‘commendable ambition’ in his choice. The public from the outset was of a different opinion, and all parties were unanimous in condemning the arrangement; but if his colleagues, who had the largest opportunities of judging, allowed him to be qualified for the post, it was no presumption in him that he did not believe himself incompetent. There was then a confident expectation that the Russians, who had not been able to stand against the Turks, would speedily yield to the bayonets of France and England. The Ministers, whose knowledge of the inadequacy of our numbers and the deficiencies of the equipments ought to have made them less sanguine, looked equally with the public, as Lord John Russell acknowledged, for a triumphant issue from the expedition, and the Duke of Newcastle may be supposed, in common with others, to have underrated the difficulties of the task he had undertaken. These are circumstances which extenuate his original acceptance of the post. When events taught Lord John Russell the mistake which had been committed, and he urged the propriety of placing Lord Palmerston at the head of the War Department, the Duke again begged Lord Aberdeen to waive personal considerations, and do what he felt would be best for the public service. Lord Aberdeen consulted his colleagues, and they unanimously decided, in opposition to the opinion of Lord John Russell, that the Duke should remain where he was. Once more he was fairly entitled to set the commendation of his fellow-Ministers against the censure of the public, and hold fast to the helm.

A transition can never be made from a long peace to an extensive war with perfect regularity; but to assert, as some have done,

done, that none of the colleagues of the Duke of Newcastle would have had better success, is either to maintain that no one in the Cabinet was more able and experienced than himself, or else that ability and experience would not have been of the least avail. A little more foresight, a greater tact in the choice of agents, a more authoritative name, a stronger will, an additional quickness in detecting defects and redressing what was wrong—these qualities alone would have saved us from some of the disasters which ensued; and it is no depreciation of the talents of the Duke of Newcastle to affirm that the essential characteristics had not received their fullest development in him. Of his zeal and industry there can no longer be a question; and we cannot resist the satisfaction of quoting, from his speech on the resignation of Ministers, the eloquent and touching passage in which he asserted his devotion to the public service.

'But, my Lords, other charges have been made which, I confess, I have felt, and continue to feel deeply. I have been charged with indolence and indifference. My Lords, as regards indolence, the public have had every hour, every minute of my time. To not one hour of amusement or recreation have I presumed to think I was entitled. The other charge of indifference is one which is still more painful to me. Indifference, my Lords, to what? Indifference to the honour of my country, to the success and to the safety of the army? My Lords, I have myself, like many who listen to me, too dear hostages for my interest in the welfare of the military and naval services of the country to allow of such a sentiment. I have two sons engaged in those professions, and that alone, I think, would be sufficient; but, my Lords, as a Minister—as a man—I should be unworthy to stand in any assembly if the charge of indifference under such circumstances could fairly be brought against me. Many a sleepless night have I passed in thinking over the ills which the public believe and say that I could have cured, and which, God knows, I would have cured if it had been in my power. Indolence and indifference are not charges which can be brought against me; and I trust that my countrymen may before long be satisfied—whatever they may think of my capacity—that there is no ground for fixing that unjust stigma upon me.'

These manly and earnest words could not fail to carry conviction to every mind, and raise the Duke of Newcastle in the general esteem.

The part which Lord John Russell played in these transactions, and the circumstances under which he resigned, appeared at first to justify the charge of treachery to his colleagues; but we are bound to say that he has completely vindicated the integrity of his motives. He withdrew, however, at a moment when to desert was to defeat the Government, and when he had neither allowed it

to surmise that his dissatisfaction had come to a head, or urged upon it anew the adoption of his remedies. His conduct took the Ministry by surprise ; and in doing justice to his individual opinions, he had altogether forgotten what was due to his associates, who had ample reason to feel themselves aggrieved. The action was right, but the time and the manner were wrong. He ought to have anticipated the attacks which everybody knew would be made when Parliament met ; and he ought, as he has himself acknowledged, to have come to an explanation with his colleagues before he abandoned them. But want of foresight, and the hasty yielding to impulses, are not treachery and deceit. There is no statesman from whom we have more frequently differed than Lord John Russell, and there is none, we fear, whom we are more likely to have reason to oppose hereafter, but honour, the heritage of the vast majority of English gentlemen, is happily of no party.

Though the secession of Lord John Russell had decided the fate of the Government in advance, no one expected that it would be in a minority of 157 in a house consisting of 453 members. Some merely desired an inquiry, some only intended by their vote to express their anxiety for a change in the ministry, but the larger part, as appeared in the issue, wished to effect the double object. The true Opposition, the large and compact body of Conservatives, could not rely on the continued support of the different sections of the Liberal party, who had joined them for the occasion, and without these recruits they were still a minority. When Lord Derby was invited by the Queen to construct an administration, he therefore endeavoured to form a junction with some of the members of the defeated Cabinet. The bulk of the Conservatives did not approve of the offers made by their leader to Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert—offers which were inconsistent with the declarations of Lord Derby's lieutenants in the House of Commons during the debate which took place on Mr. Roebuck's motion. They protested that their censure was not, like that of the public, directed against Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, but against the entire Ministry. To offer to-day to share the government with men in whom yesterday they declared they had no sort of confidence, was a direct contradiction. But there was a more practical objection. The alliance was not proposed from a coincidence of views on domestic policy. The conduct of the war was the ground of the union, the sole excuse for compounding a motley government of Conservatives and Whigs. 'There is one indispensable element of a coalition,' said Sir E. B. Lytton, in his admirable speech, incomparably the best which

which was delivered during the debate, ‘and that is that its members should coalesce.’ Upon this principle it was to the men who embodied the warlike spirit of the country, and whose names would have been a pledge for the vigorous prosecution of the contest, to whom Lord Derby should have had recourse, instead of which he selected to accompany Lord Palmerston the most suspected elements of the old administration. Mr. Sidney Herbert was the person who, next to Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, was the most responsible for the past failures, and Mr. Gladstone, in the course of a long speech on the night when the Government was defeated, did not let fall a syllable on the policy of the war. Both acknowledged Lord Aberdeen as their political leader, and there was no appearance that they were more active and ardent than their chief. Lord Derby detailed his negotiations, and the motives which influenced him, with the utmost frankness, and with his unfailing eloquence, but he said nothing to justify this attempt to graft upon the Conservative stem the least sturdy branches of the rejected Government. He wisely retired from the field when he found that the only ministry he could form must depend for its existence upon the forbearance of opponents. Nothing is more ruinous to the interests of a party than place without power. Principles are frittered away in the inevitable compromises to maintain an existence, frequent defeats bring discredit on both men and measures, and the Government is shortly compelled to resign with its character damaged and its influence curtailed.

The immediate followers of Lord John Russell had voted in the majority, which was assigned as the reason why he was next invited to form an administration. When he had passed through the form, and it could be nothing more, the turn of Lord Palmerston arrived. The Government of Lord Aberdeen was defeated on the 29th of January, and it was not till the 16th of February that his successor presented himself before the House of Commons with his renovated ministry. There were minor changes, but the only material differences between the new administration and the old were that Lord John Russell had retired from the Cabinet to become Ambassador-Extraordinary to Vienna, that Lord Panmure was Minister of War in place of the Duke of Newcastle, and that instead of Home-Secretary Lord Palmerston was Premier in the place of Lord Aberdeen. Thus the anomaly was presented of a government defeated by an immense majority brought back nearly in its integrity amid the acclamations of the larger part of the nation within a few days after it had been joyfully dismissed. The altered tone was produced by the simple exchange of Lord Palmerston for Lord Aberdeen,—the one the symbol

symbol in the eyes of the public of a high and resolute policy, as the other was the reverse.

It was understood that the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel did not willingly remain in the reinstated Cabinet. One obvious reason for their reluctance was the appearance it might give that they joined in the censure of their leader Lord Aberdeen, and their associate the Duke of Newcastle, if they continued in a ministry which derived its popularity from being purged of these obnoxious colleagues. Lord Aberdeen himself interposed, and it is believed that it was owing to his solicitations that Mr. Gladstone consented to retain his office. ‘I am but a grain,’ said one of the Dukes of Savoy, ‘in the balance of European power, nevertheless I can make the scale incline to whichever side I adopt.’ It is a similar equality in the strength of parties, coupled with the great ability of one or two of its members, which has conferred importance upon the small section of men of whose principles nothing is known except that they are not Conservatives, Radicals, nor Whigs. They seceded from their party on the question of free trade, and since this was settled they have remained distinct, without having put forth a single distinctive doctrine. Their orator in the House of Commons deals in an eloquent amplitude of phrasology. Yet with all this copiousness of speech there is no one whose opinions are less known to the world. A party without an intelligible policy, and whose tendencies are secret, can never obtain adherents or confidence. No follower could tell whether he would be conducted towards Lord Derby or Mr. Bright. Hardly had the ministry of Lord Palmerston been formed, when this section of the Cabinet furnished a specimen of its uncertain course. On the 16th of February the Premier made his ministerial statement, and on the 21st the remnant of the Aberdeen party resigned. The reason they offered for this step was, that the House of Commons insisted upon appointing the Committee of Inquiry which it had already voted by a majority of 157. When they consented to take office, the ministerial crisis had been so prolonged that the country, in consequence of the exigencies of the moment, were not only impatient but alarmed, and foreign nations pointed to our perplexities as an argument against constitutional government itself. That Mr. Gladstone and his coadjutors should have come back to power upon the mere presumption, that the House of Commons had changed its mind, and that they should resolve, when they found it had not, to throw everything back into confusion, was, we must think, an unwarrantable step.

It is admitted that the coalition ministry of Lord Aberdeen, like

like all the coalitions which preceded it, was a complete failure. It was formed on the 21st of December, 1852, and lasted a little more than two years. A single memorable transaction has marked its period of power, and it fell to pieces from its inability to deal with this solitary question. There was a want of vigour in every stage—in the preliminary negotiations, in the preparations for war, in the war itself. Where energy and timidity have to agree upon a course of foreign policy, the natural result is one of those half-measures which is just enough to provoke, and not sufficient to restrain. The very talents of some of the Cabinet were a source of weakness, for they were strong men pulling different ways. They have now and then in public vaunted the unity of their counsels and their mutual esteem, but it was always when they were announcing that their divergence had become too great to permit them to move any longer in the same orbit. It was, indeed, according to the ordinary working of human nature that subordination should be wanting: for could it be supposed that the Premier and his adherents would act in obedience to Lord John Russell, or that Lord John Russell, with a party which in numbers and traditional celebrity was immensely superior, would consent to be merged in the followers of Lord Aberdeen? The original disposal of the offices showed upon what a vicious principle the Cabinet was formed. If a man was particularly conversant with foreign affairs, he was appointed to manage the home department; if he was intimately versed in colonial government, he was set to look after the woods and forests; if he was noted for elaborate theories on Church and State, he was made the guardian of the public purse. That all definite opinions might be neutralised, and prevented from coming into conflict with the opinions of anybody else, the man and his proper subject were kept apart, and the qualification for an office was to be a stranger to its functions.

Before the repaired Cabinet of Lord Palmerston was well warm in its place, confidence began to be succeeded by misgiving. If by the retirement of the Aberdeen party he lost one or two powerful debaters, it was a great advantage that he could now compose a cabinet of homogeneous materials. It was said to be an opportunity for constructing at last a strong Government which would deserve, as regards the management of the war, the confidence of the public. When the list of the new appointments appeared, the general cry was that the opportunity had been lost; but, with the exception of Mr. Layard, who was offered a post in which his talents would have been rendered inoperative, we are not aware that any available Whig ability was set aside. There was a dearth of men of commanding talents, and those who were

chosen were probably as good as those who were omitted. Weak, however, the Ministry is, if it is judged by the majority of the names which compose it; and though no one could predict what may be its tenure of office—for some of the feeblest and least promising administrations have manifested unexpected vitality—its hold upon Parliament appears to be precarious. The Aberdeen party has proffered its help, but experience shows that neutral support soon degenerates into hostility. If Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert could not come to an agreement with Lord Palmerston when they sat in the same Cabinet, and had all the helps to union which arise from friendly discussion, what chance is there that the dissentients will continue to approve of measures upon which they have not been consulted, and their objections to which can only be heard and answered in hostile debates? Such assistance as theirs usually fails at the moment when it is most required. The disappointed aspirants for place will, in like manner, swell the ranks of the opposition upon the first critical occasion, and the Whig party, stripped of these subsidiary aids, is a minority of the House.

It is in no unfriendly spirit that we dwell upon these obvious dangers. They ought rather to be considered a stimulus to exertion, for there is one, and only one, method of averting them—to perfect the machinery by which war is carried on, and to give all the movement to the wheels of which they are capable. It is not a hollow profession on the part of those who, like ourselves, differ from the Ministry on questions of domestic policy, to say that they will uphold the men who can uphold the naval and military power of the country. The war concerns us as we are Englishmen, and not as we are Conservatives and Whigs. It has frequently happened that persons who are not gifted with oratorical talents have proved themselves more adroit and indefatigable in the business of their office than others who imposed by their debating and declamatory skill; and it would be premature to conclude that the Government will show itself incapable because it is not rich in brilliant spokesmen. Sense and industry go a long way in the management of affairs. The country at present looks on with suspense, awaiting the materials for judgment.

The appointment of the Committee of Inquiry, though supported by most of the Conservatives in the House of Commons and loudly demanded by the press, appears, we must confess, to us to be a dangerous precedent, and to some extent an inroad on the royal prerogative. Former investigations did not take place till the expeditions were at an end, and when there was no danger that

that a harassing *inquest* would interfere with the operations, and distract the attention of the Government and the commanders from their immediate duties. There was no ally whose proceedings were so bound up with our own that there was a constant probability that he would be implicated by the evidence, and offended by revelations which he had no opportunity to rebut. The officers and agents whose conduct might be impugned were not three thousand miles away, unable for weeks, perhaps for months, to answer the charges brought against them, and exposed in the interim to attacks founded upon *ex parte* statements which would be quoted as proved. They were not left at the seat of war to bear an oppressive responsibility, to risk their lives daily in the service of their country, and to endure the hardships of a terrible campaign, while a Committee of the Commons of England was accumulating facts injurious to their character behind their backs. In ordinary cases the supposed delinquents can instruct their representatives on the Committee, who, aided by this information, subject the witnesses to what is equivalent to a cross-examination. Here, if the defence is ever heard, or being heard is ever heeded, owing to the interval which has elapsed, there can be nothing beyond naked counter-statements. The advantage which is to be derived from the confirmatory testimony elicited from adverse or forgetful persons is entirely lost.* But we will not continue to argue upon a cause

* In a speech which Lord Brougham delivered on the 23rd of March in the House of Lords on 'Criminal Law Procedure' we find a passage of which it is impossible to misunderstand the application:—'I have dwelt, my Lords, on the defects of the Grand Jury, the great want of regular practice, the entire want of responsibility, the necessary uncertainty in which the community must always be left as to the persons by whom the verdict is given. But one fault can never be laid to the charge of this institution; all that passes, how irregular soever, how hardly bearing upon persons touching whom the witnesses have deposed, all is confined to the secret place of inquiry, and unless the witnesses choose to tell what passed nothing can reach the public ear. This is a redeeming virtue which affords some compensation for the evils that must ever attend a secret inquisition. If indeed the Grand Jury were to receive whatever depositions any persons chose to make before it; if it were to welcome all manner of vituperation against not only the party accused but every one else towards whom a prejudice was entertained, or a spiteful feeling was cherished; if parties absent could be assailed behind their backs, and those who were no parties at all to the proceeding were denounced under colour of charging those who were; and if all that passed were minutely chronicled and fully published to the world—then we might truly affirm that the inquisitorial office was scandalously perverted and abused; that the tribunal so performing its functions, had become not merely useless, but pernicious, and far from claiming as it now does our respect, might look to be speedily abated as a monstrous and an intolerable nuisance.' It would be difficult to overrate the importance of the whole of the matters treated in this speech, or of the resolutions with which it concluded. It is to be hoped that the commission for which Lord Brougham has asked will issue without delay, that the criminal may no longer be able to elude the laws, and that the innocent may not continue to suffer the penalties of guilt.

which has been decided. The question was discussed with particular ability by Mr. Lowe, as well as by Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone; and though the House listened coldly to the reasoning of the first, when delivering opinions which were opposed to the temper of the moment, his speech appears to us to have been one of the most forcible of the night. Nor has the result altered our opinion of the validity of his arguments. If all the evils which were anticipated do not ensue, we owe the advantage to the opponents of the Committee. They pointed out the dangers with such evident truth that the investigation was entered upon with a spirit of caution very different from what would have prevailed if their warning voices had not been raised.

The objections to the Committee, serious as we consider them, are less momentous than the preservation of the army, and with it the honour and interests of the country. The question is, whether the emergency was such that there was no hope of redress except the House of Commons took the business into its own hands. Lord Palmerston put the case with perfect fairness: 'If the House of Commons now forego this Committee, the Government will be your Committee, and we will leave you to judge, by the results of our efforts and labours, whether you will be satisfied with the inquiries and improvements we make, or whether you will afterwards choose to institute a somewhat more formal and Parliamentary investigation of your own.' Those who believed that there was no reliance to be placed in this promise were bound to look out for another and more trustworthy agency; but for ourselves we think that there was good ground for believing that the Executive, stimulated by the demands of the country, would not be insensible to the responsibility which devolved upon it. The issue we suspect will justify the validity of the plea for delay. If the Committee does less harm than was anticipated, there is the strongest probability that it will also effect less good. It is not every instance of mismanagement it discloses that proves its necessity. Very many of the facts were previously notorious, and a part, at least, of the abuses were either corrected already, or were in process of correction through the measures of the Government. All that can be set down to the credit of the Committee is the amount of benefit which will result exclusively from its labours, and which would have been lost if it had not been appointed at all, or if the investigation had been deferred till the expedition was at an end.

The means which the Ministry adopted to cure the evils at the seat of war, though scarcely adequate to the greatness of the emergency, we fain would hope may be attended with useful results. The application was required above all to be prompt. While committees

mittees were investigating and deliberating, our armaments were dwindling away like the snowflake, and our soldiers were suffering or perishing. A commander so firm and so intelligent as General Simpson arriving fresh in the Crimea, with the complaints and demands of the Parliament and people of England still sounding in his ears, may be expected to break through any mischievous routine, and reduce the staff, which has been put under his authority, to the most efficient working-order of which it is capable. Sir John M'Neill, though not in vigorous health, is a man of distinguished ability. His office is not to manage the commissariat, but one which demands less bodily capability —to inquire into its management. His quick intelligence will, we doubt not, soon discriminate where the mischief rests, and suggest the appropriate remedy. It has been alleged against these and other persons in situations of command, that they are no longer young. But intellectual is of more importance than physical vigour; and at the outbreak of a war which follows upon a long peace, it can, for the most part, be only the elderly whose qualifications have been tried. The progress of the contest may bring genius to the surface. At the outset it is undistinguishable from the surrounding mass of mediocrity; and if there is a course which would be more hazardous, more insane, than another, it would be to put young men into situations of supreme authority in the chance of their turning out brilliant generals. The experience and prudence of age are some compensation for the loss of pliancy of limb; and if we cannot have all advantages combined, we prefer men who have grown grey in the service, and whose characteristics are proved, to rash experiments with their juniors, who might be entirely wanting in the discretion which is the better part of command.

Though much of the misery has arisen from mismanagement, it must not be forgotten that some part of it is inseparable from a state of war. Where there are camps there will be epidemics; where a campaign has to be conducted there will be privation and fatigue. To languish sometimes in inaction, and sometimes to be overwhelmed by the severity of the toil, is rather the rule than the exception. Military history is full not only of moving accidents, but of thousands perishing, with the sod for their bed, benumbed by cold, burnt up with fever, emaciated by hunger, exhausted by exertion, dying with sluggish indifference, as careless of life as they were impotent to prolong it. Of the evils which are remediable, some at least have never been remedied in any previous war. They were regarded as incidental to a lot of which the leading characteristics were hardship and danger; and no one expected that a moving population, equal to that of the larger

larger cities, could carry in its train the comforts which were accumulated in the stationary centres of civilization. But these men suffered in silence and obscurity. There were no reporters to paint the picture of woe, and to rouse the feelings of mankind by narratives penned while the horrors were fresh or still subsisting. The losses before Sebastopol are not unparalleled.* Again and again they have been equalled and even surpassed. But a strong light has been thrown upon the scene, and we are apt to believe it unprecedented because we see it distinctly for the first time. An immense service has been rendered by the press in dragging the entire system into day, and bringing it under the influence of public opinion. Humanity and policy here go hand-in-hand ; for it is cheaper to keep the soldier we have made than to form a new one. Every life we preserve in a campaign is so much addition to our predominance in the field, and is a unit of power in the day of battle. The

* A celebrated event in the military annals of England—the taking of the Havanna in 1762—is an instance of this. The circumstances of the siege bore in many respects so singular a resemblance to what has occurred in the Crimea that we quote the narrative which is given by Lord Mahon in his *History of England*:—The whole force amounted to nineteen ships of the line, eighteen smaller ships of war, and one hundred and fifty transports with ten thousand soldiers on board. They made good their landing near the Havanna without opposition, but on approaching the city found themselves beset with the most formidable obstacles. First among these might be reckoned the climate, which, at the summer season, to which this enterprise had been delayed, and with the needful exposure of active service, is dangerous, nay deadly, to an European frame. The city itself, though, like most other sea-points in Cuba, destitute of natural strength, had been fortified with the utmost skill, cost, and care, as the great mart and centre of the Spanish American trade. Within the harbour lay twelve ships of the line; within the ramparts a garrison which, including the country militia, was not inferior in force to the besiegers. Besides the strong works flanked with bastions which defended the main body of the place, the narrow entrance of the harbour was secured by two forts deemed well-nigh impregnable, the forts of Puntal and of Moro. It was against the Moro that the English first directed their attack. They began on the 12th of June to construct their batteries, but so thin was the soil, and so hard the rock beneath, that they advanced but very slowly. The seamen, however, cordially co-operated with the soldiers; by their joint exertions the batteries were at length completed, and the cannon dragged with prodigious labour over a long extent of rugged shore. Several of the men at work dropped down dead with heat, thirst, and fatigue. At length the artillery of the besiegers began to play upon the fort, and some vigorous salvoes of the besieged were steadily repulsed. One morning three ships of the English fleet stationed themselves as close as they could to the Moro, and attempted by their fire to dismount its guns, but they were compelled to withdraw, after slight effect upon the enemy, and great damage to themselves. * * * The capitulation was not signed until the morning of the 13th of August. It came in good time,—the English had already lost about one thousand one hundred men from sickness or the sword, and I find it asserted that at the time of the surrender no more than two thousand five hundred remained capable of real service.' (*Mahon's History of England*, 3rd edition, vol. iv. p. 265.) But the losses incurred in this expedition were unusually great. 'In the last war,' wrote Dr. Johnson in 1771, 'the Havanna was taken, at what expense is too well remembered. May my country be never cursed with such another conquest!'

profession

profession will be more popular in proportion as it is more considered, and the recruiting-serjeant will find it easier to fill up the vacancies in the regiments, and he will have a better choice of men.

There is perhaps no nation which has a loftier notion of its prowess than the English. Our fleets were expected to crumble forts impregnable to ships into dust, our soldiers were expected to march in military state from conquest to conquest. But on the other hand no nation is more forward to cry out against failure, or more ready to exaggerate its own disgrace. Something of this temper has been manifested at present, and our humiliation has been spoken of in far stronger terms than is supported by a view of the entire campaign. The army was sent too late to the Crimea, the force was insufficient for so gigantic an enterprise, the land transport service was neglected or mismanaged, and other errors, some inevitable, some venial, and some inexcusable, were committed. But never was the military supremacy of France and England more completely vindicated. Their courage and endurance have been wonderful. In the field they have been invincible; and when our sons and our grandsons are to be animated by an appeal to the deeds of their forefathers, the chivalrous devotion of the cavalry at Balaklava, and of the infantry at Inkermann, will not be forgotten. Valour is the military life of a nation, and while this remains our *prestige* is not destroyed by defects in mechanical arrangements, which a few skilful clerks could set to rights, and which will be rectified, if the Ministers are at all worthy of their posts, before the year is out.

If we are humiliated, what language can describe the case of the enemy! The army in Russia has been the unceasing object of attention to the Czar; it has been constantly exercised in war, and all the machinery by which war is carried on had been perfected by use and was ready for action. Yet not only has this army been routed in every engagement, but it has suffered more from privations than ourselves. Should another Baron Moltke ever describe the Russian campaign of 1854 and 1855, it will be a repetition of the ravages of 1828 and 1829. Whatever have been our shortcomings, we stand upon a higher pedestal than the Colossus who lately over-awed the world. It is not that we think lightly of mismanagement which was great in itself and lamentable in its consequences, but it seems to us that the conclusions which are to be drawn from it have been sometimes overstated.

The potentate who raised these compositions has been suddenly taken away in the midst of them, the victim of the disasters and the cares he had brought upon himself, and which proved too much for even his strong frame and iron will. He died amid the shipwreck

shipwreck of his hopes, when the whole policy of his reign had been defeated, and when he had entered upon negotiations which, whether he was sincere in them or not, must have been a terrible blow to his domineering and insulting pride. The last wound, as well as the first, inflicted by this war on that ambitious spirit, came from the ‘sick man’ whose weakness he expected to fall an easy prey to his own strength, and he sank beneath the stroke. We are too liable perhaps at this moment to interpret his entire life by the final action which produced the war. His equity and moderation were for many years the constant theme of praise, and it may possibly be found, when the transactions of the whole of his reign are considered, that the former eulogies and the present abuse are both excessive. But of one point there can be no question, and it throws a suspicion upon all his acts—that his treatment of Turkey, which was marked by the grossest injustice and deceit, was itself perpetrated under the mask of that moderation and generosity he has always affected to wear. At the beginning of his reign he laid the foundation of the policy which he has attempted to carry to its consistent conclusion at the close. The narrative of Baron Müffling of his mission to Constantinople in 1829, whither he went as the nominal envoy of Prussia to persuade the Sultan to accept the treaty of Adrianople, has been lately translated by Mr. Jardine, and throws no little light on the conduct and character of all the parties concerned, and which may be advantageously studied now when Russia is once more resorting to the stealthy resources of her diplomacy in the pending negotiations for peace.

The conflict of the Czar with Turkey in 1828 was of his own seeking. His true motive for interposing at that instant has been related by Baron Moltke,* and is an instructive example of the subtlety and wickedness of Russian policy. The Emperor saw clearly that the vigorous innovations of Sultan Mahmoud were calculated to restore energy to the Mahometan government, and he mercilessly resolved to paralyse the ‘sick man’ before he could recover his health and strength. It is Baron Moltke’s opinion that if Mahmoud could have secured ten years of peace after his destruction of the Janissaries, for the reorganisation of his soldiers, Turkey would have become a really formidable power. ‘All this was prevented by Russia, which nipped the Sultan’s military reforms in the bud ; and since that time the Porte has never been able to form an army but what it has immediately been destroyed in fresh wars against the Arnauts,

the Egyptians, and the Kurds.' There is no art in which Russia is better versed than that of stirring up agents to fight her battles and do her work : witness the Greek insurrection of last year.

The King of Prussia is a reluctant witness that the Czar forced on the contest of 1828. Though the mere tool of Russia, 'he had always,' says Baron Müffling, 'entertained the opinion, which he once expressed to me, that the Emperor might and ought to have avoided the war with the Porte.' Yet, while insisting upon the hostilities, he professed to consider them an unhappy necessity imposed upon him by the Sultan, and he published a manifesto to Europe in which he solemnly protested that he would appropriate no territory, and would only demand the reimbursement of the expenses of the war. During the second campaign he sent, when on a visit to Berlin, for the French Ambassador, and told him that 'he was resolved to undertake a third, fourth, or fifth, or even more campaigns,' to attain his demands, but reiterated that in any case he should abide by his promise and retain none of his conquests. 'The voluntary imposition of this obligation upon himself would,' he said, 'be a guarantee to those powers which were already in alliance with him, as well as to the whole of Europe, for his future course.' He expressed his regret that the English Ambassador should be absent, for it had been his wish to make to him a similar statement. The powers whose opposition he feared, if not lulled into security, were at least seduced into inaction by these deceptive protestations so ostentatiously repeated. They answered his end. He was allowed on the faith of them to pursue unmolested his attack upon Turkey till he had the Sultan at his mercy. Then such was the continued belief in his honour that Sir Robert Gordon, speaking in behalf of France and Prussia as well as of England, told the Turkish minister, as Baron Müffling reports, that 'the Emperor of Russia had favourably impressed all the European powers by the moderation of his demands, and had acquired their full confidence ; and therefore that the ambassadors saw no other course open to the Porte but to acquiesce in the general opinion of Europe.' When the cajolery was complete the Czar obtained, in lieu of a portion of the pecuniary indemnity, the cession of advantages which were in contradiction to the words of his pledge, and a glaring violation of its spirit. But it is so important to understand at the present moment the mode in which Russia has carried on her designs against Turkey, that we will borrow from the now celebrated despatch which Lord Aberdeen addressed at the time to Lord Heytesbury the continuation of the narrative :—

—'His Imperial Majesty renounced all projects of conquest and ambition. He promised that no amount of indemnity should be exacted which

which could affect the political existence of the Turkish empire, and he declared that this policy was not the result of romantic notions of generosity, or of the vain desire of glory, but that it originated in the true interests of the Russian empire, in which interests, well understood, and *in his own solemn promises, would be found the best pledges of his moderation*. . . . Does the Treaty of Adrianople place the Porte in a situation corresponding with the expectations raised by these assurances? . . . The territorial acquisitions of Russia are small, it must be admitted, in extent, although most important in their character. *They are commanding positions, far more valuable than the possession of barren provinces and depopulated towns, and better calculated to rivet the fetters by which the Sultan is bound.* The cession of the Asiatic fortresses, with their neighbouring districts, not only secures to Russia the uninterrupted occupation of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, but places her in a situation so commanding as to control at pleasure the destiny of Asia Minor. Prominently advanced into the centre of Armenia, in the midst of a Christian population, Russia holds the keys both of the Persian and the Turkish provinces; and whether she may be disposed to extend her conquests to the East or the West, to Teheran or to Constantinople, no serious obstacle can arrest her progress. In Europe, the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia are rendered virtually independent of the Porte. A tribute is indeed to be paid to the Sultan, which he has no means of enforcing except by the permission and even the assistance of Russia herself; and a prince, elected for life, is to demand investiture, which cannot be withheld. *The Mussulman inhabitants are to be forcibly expelled from the territory.* The ancient right of pre-emption is abolished, and the supplies indispensable for Constantinople, for the Turkish arsenals, and for the fortresses, are entirely cut off. The most important fortresses on the Danube are to be razed, and the frontier left exposed and unprotected against incursions which at any future time may be attempted. It is sufficient to observe of the stipulations respecting the islands of the Danube, that their effect must be to place the control of the navigation and commerce of that river exclusively in the hands of Russia. . . . His Majesty's government are persuaded that it will be impossible for his Imperial Majesty to reflect upon the terms of Article VII. of the Treaty of Adrianople, without perceiving at once that *they must be utterly subversive of the independence of the Ottoman power.** The

* The war which terminated by the treaty of Adrianople, and which the Czar had pledged his most solemn word should draw after it no more objectionable result than the repayment of his expenses, is termed by Sir John M'Neill 'the most disastrous in its consequences of any in which Turkey had yet been engaged.' It may be worth while to subjoin his summary of the advantages extorted by Russia. It will render more plain the remonstrance which we have extracted from the despatch of Lord Aberdeen. 'By this treaty the Emperor Nicholas acquired Anapa and Poty, with a considerable extent of coast on the Black Sea, a portion of the Pashalic of Akhilska, with the two fortresses of Akhileka and Akhilkillak, and the virtual possession of the islands formed by the mouths of the Danube; stipulated for the destruction of the Turkish fortress of Georgiova, and the abandonment by Turkey of the right bank of St. George's branch of the Danube to

The statesman who saw thus clearly ‘that the independence of the Ottoman power was utterly subverted’ contented himself with this simple remonstrance; and as he had not attempted to interfere with the operation ‘of riveting the fetters by which the Sultan was bound,’ so neither did he attempt to break them when they were riveted. The case against Russia does not rest upon the interpretation put upon her acts by her deluded and discontented allies. Count Nesselrode, in February, 1830, addressed to the Grand Duke Constantine, at Warsaw, a remarkable despatch, which it is almost needless to add was never intended to see the light, in which he proclaims, with a loud note of triumph, the results of his treacherous policy; and describes in language stronger, if possible, than that of Lord Aberdeen, the servitude to which the Sultan was reduced by the conditions of peace.

‘This war, conducted to a happy end in spite of the active hostility of Austria and the under-hand opposition of Great Britain, has left Russia in a situation too imposing and too exalted to make it necessary to develop the advantages. On the one hand, the unanimous voice of Europe has rendered justice to the moderation of the Emperor; on the other, the provisions of the treaty of Adrianople have consolidated the preponderance of Russia in the East. . . . Nothing prevented our armies from marching on Constantinople and overthrowing the Turkish empire. No power would have opposed, no immediate danger would have menaced us, if we had given the final blow to the Ottoman monarchy in Europe. But, in the opinion of the Emperor, this monarchy, *reduced to exist only under the protection of Russia, and henceforward to listen only to her desires*, suited better our political and commercial interests than any new combination, which would have forced us either to extend our dominions by conquests, or to substitute for the Ottoman empire states which would have shortly rivalled us in power, civilization, industry, and riches. . . . As the Turkish government *can only be useful to us by its deference to us*, we demand of it the religious observation of its engagements, *and the prompt realisation of all our wishes.*’

to the distance of several miles from the river; attempted a virtual separation of Moldavia and Wallachia from Turkey by sanitary regulations intended to connect them with Russia; stipulated that the Porte should confirm the internal regulations for the government of these provinces which Russia had established while she occupied them; removed, partly by force and partly by the influence of the priesthood, many thousand families of Armenians from the Turkish provinces in Asia to his own territories, as he had already moved nearly an equal number from Persia, leaving whole districts depopulated, and sacrificing, by the fatigues and privations of the compulsory march, the aged and infirm, the weak and the helpless. He established for his own subjects in Turkey an exemption from all responsibility to the national authorities, and burdened the Porte with an immense debt, under the name of indemnity for the expenses of the war and for commercial losses; and finally retained Moldavia, Wallachia, and Silistria, in pledge for the payment of a sum which Turkey could not hope in many years to liquidate.’—*The Past and Present Position of Russia in the East*, 3rd edition, p. 87.

Was

Was this what the Emperor meant in the manifesto he addressed to Europe in order to keep it from opposing the march of his armies and from aiding the Turks? Was this the interpretation he supposed it to put upon his 'solemn promises' that he would require nothing more than the repayment of his expenses? Was it 'moderation' to emasculate reviving Turkey, to reduce her to become a dependency of his empire, a puppet in his hands, an instrument to execute his sovereign will; and did he imagine for an instant that it would have been thought 'moderation' by the other powers? Would he have dared to allow them to penetrate his design, or believe that they would have connived at it, if he had previously proclaimed those views to the world which are contained in the secret despatch of Count Nesselrode to Constantine? The treaty of Adrianople must undoubtedly be numbered among the worst examples of deliberate treachery which were ever practised by falsehood upon the good faith of mankind; and though the Emperor Nicholas may have been honourable in many of his dealings, he had forfeited all right to be believed again.

The pretence of Count Nesselrode that the Czar could, if he had pleased, have seized Constantinople was entirely false. There is a limit even to the audacities of fraud; and if, after disarming the hostility of Europe, and getting free course for his legions, by the solemn pledge not to appropriate any territory, he had established himself in the capital of the Turkish empire, he would have brought upon himself the chastisement as well as the indignation of Europe. Baron Müffling states that he suspected at the time, what he afterwards discovered to be a fact, that, in the event of Constantinople being occupied by the troops of the Czar, England had promised that her fleet should pass the Dardanelles, and declare on the side of the Porte, unless the enemy 'performed certain conditions, or gave security for their performance.' This circumstance could not have been unknown to the Emperor Nicholas. Nor was this all. The Russian army, we are now aware from the narrative of Baron Moltke, 'arrived before Adrianople in so weak a state that it could effect nothing further by force of arms.' It was no more capable of assaulting the capital than of flying through the air. It is added by Baron Müffling, what is well known to every military man, that the country round Constantinople is a kind of waste; that the city can only be provisioned from the Asiatic side; that the Sultan and troops would have crossed the Bosphorus after their defeat; that the enemy would have had no means of following; that the ordinary transit of supplies would have been prevented by the retreating soldiers; and that the Black Sea fleet of the

Czar

Czar could not have aided in victualling his army, because no ships could have passed to the capital so long as the fortresses on the opposite shore were in the hands of the Turks. He concluded therefore that the place was not tenable without a campaign in Asia, even if there had been no other powers to come to the rescue when the aggression reached a point which was menacing to themselves in overthrowing the Porte.

The latter difficulty subsisted always. The appearance of the Russians at Constantinople would have been the signal for Europe to arm and thrust back the intruders. Thus the Czar, despairing otherwise of success, at last endeavoured to obtain the assistance of England in return for a share of the spoil. There are indications that this project had long dwelt in his mind before he plainly proposed, at the beginning of 1853, to the English Ambassador at St. Petersburgh, that we should take Candia and Egypt, and that he, if he conceived that the crisis demanded it, should be 'the depositary,' though not the 'proprietor,' of Constantinople. There was to be no written document. The whole was to be a silent, secret understanding of what was to be done in the event of the Mahometan government being incapable, as he contended was already the case, of preserving its dominions from anarchy. The bond he desired to give for the faithful performance of the contract was 'the word of a gentleman.' It was his favourite phrase. What the word of this gentleman was worth when solemnly plighted to the whole of Europe the treaty of Adrianople declared; and if upon that occasion there was such a wide difference between the promise and the performance, it may easily be surmised whether the 'depositary' of Constantinople would not have been speedily transmuted into its 'proprietor.'

When England refused to have any share in the iniquitous transaction of making arrangements underhand for partitioning the territories of a friendly power, other means were to be tried of hastening on the catastrophe. The Czar, in his conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, more than once alluded to an insurrection among the Christians as a sufficient ground for despoiling the Sultan of his dominions,—an insurrection which he has shown he could foment at will, and which, if England had agreed to the terms, would not have delayed to break forth. He now had recourse to the scheme of enlarging the privileges of the Greek Church, and his own power as its protector; and had the embassy of Prince Menschicoff succeeded, it would, coupled with the other influences and appliances of the Czar, have left him the virtual, and possibly before long the actual, sovereign of the Turkish Empire.

No rational person can consider these transactions without perceiving the peculiar dangers with which the world is unceasingly threatened by Russia. Her ambition is enormous, and so is her power to enforce it. It is patient, vigilant, ever on the alert, never abandoning a scheme, and always on the watch for an opportunity to execute it. Unlike other nations, there is, perhaps, not a day in her history, since the time of Peter the Great, when she has not been carrying on machinations for the increase of her territory. The risks to the world are immensely aggravated by the insidious nature of her operations, by her perfidious departure from her pledges when they have answered their end, by the covert craft with which she works her way, by the perpetual artifice with which she seeks concessions which appear comparatively harmless, in the design of turning them to an account entirely different from that which was contemplated by the other parties to the transaction. Her thirst of aggression will not be extinguished by being mortified. The tangled web which is broken to-day she will weave again to-morrow if we allow her to keep the corner to which to attach her threads. The warning of the past is indeed lost upon us if we do not take ample securities against a policy which has never wavered, and to which half the Russian dominions bear witness.

It must now be considered certain that the death of the Emperor Nicholas will produce no alteration in the policy of Russia; and assuredly it ought not to be permitted to affect the conditions of peace. If the character of the present Czar had been as pacific as it was represented, Europe must have some more permanent security than the passing temper of the reigning despot, which may alter with years, and is at best dependent on his life. But the language of Alexander II. since he ascended the throne has, on the contrary, been emphatically warlike; and even in his address to the diplomatic corps he declared 'that he remained faithful to all the sentiments of his father.' In reality, the desire to get possession of Constantinople is a national passion; and what Alexander I. wrote to Lord Castlereagh in 1822, and which was quoted by Sir Hamilton Seymour in one of his conversations with the Emperor Nicholas, is never to be forgotten,—that he was the only Russian who resisted the views of his subjects upon Turkey, and that his popularity had seriously suffered in consequence. A glance at the map is sufficient to show that while ambition exists Russia must yearn to be established on the banks of the Bosphorus. The same reason which makes Europe combine to keep her back is to her an irresistible motive to press forward.

Mr. Bright depicted, in eloquent language, the horrors which would

would ensue if we persevered in our assault upon Sebastopol; but the inference that to pause in our career would be, to the extent of our losses in the remainder of the war, a clear gain to humanity, was utterly fallacious, unless, indeed, the Czar is more ready to make concessions than Mr. Bright to ask them.* If the work was left, as he would leave it, it would soon need to be begun again. All that has been done towards exhausting Russia, and bringing her to terms, would have been thrown away, and to spare our own blood we should shed in profusion the blood of our children.

The error of 1829 is not, we trust, to be repeated. The Russians, after a sacrifice of at least 60,000 soldiers in two disastrous campaigns, had not then at Adrianople above 20,000 men, of whom 5000 were in hospital, and they could not have brought at the utmost more than 10,000 to the gates of the capital. If the war had been protracted for a few more weeks, Baron Moltke has shown that Diebitsch 'must have been hurled from the summit of victory and success to the lowest depths of ruin and destruction.' He prevailed by assuming a bold attitude and uttering haughty menaces, by persuading the blind diplomatists at Constantinople that he had 60,000 troops, and that he only awaited a refusal to enforce his will by the sword. What may be the precise resources of Russia at the present moment we cannot determine; but of this we are convinced, that she is put to the strain, that her finances are already beginning to fail, that France and England have not yet developed their full strength, and that, according to all human calculation, every month must improve the relative position of the allies, and deteriorate that of the enemy. It is preposterous to maintain that, because we have not yet actually captured Sebastopol, we are to sacrifice the objects of this war in the conditions of peace. If we believe that we have the power to extort terms which promise a durable security, we ought to base such demands as are essential to this object upon the prospective results of succeeding campaigns. We love peace so much, that we want, as far as human foresight

* 'The ground of a political war,' says Burke, 'is of all things that which the poor labourer and manufacturer are the least capable of conceiving. This sort of people know in general that they must suffer by war. It is a matter to which they are sufficiently competent, because it is a matter of feeling. The causes of a war are not matters of feeling, but of reason and foresight, and often of remote considerations, and of a very great combination of circumstances, which they are utterly incapable of comprehending; and, indeed, it is not every man in the highest classes who is altogether equal to it.' This is precisely the case of Mr. Bright. Like the 'poor manufacturer and labourer,' he can comprehend the sufferings of war, but the political grounds of the contest are beyond his grasp. With all the discussion which has taken place upon the subject he has never yet been able to state the question correctly.

will permit, to guard against fresh infractions of it; and it is better, we repeat, to finish a battle half-fought than to purchase a present truce by future wars.

Never can we hope to renew the contest under such advantageous circumstances. Our profound internal tranquillity, our enormous and daily increasing wealth, the isolation of Russia, and our hearty alliance with France, are felicities which we must not always expect to be combined. Above all, the enemy, when peace is once made, will become less assailable with time. Wherever the Czar has planted his foot his first care has been to rear stupendous fortifications, that, safe in his own strongholds, he might run no risk in issuing out to commit fresh depredations on his neighbours. We have seen what preparations he was making at Bomarsund; we have experienced, to our cost, how nearly impregnable are the works he has erected at Sebastopol; we are aware that Sweaborg and Cronstadt have hitherto defied us, and that the defences raised in Poland are of the most formidable description. In a remote point like Petropaulovsk the Czar is found upon his guard, and even in the Chinese province of Manchouria he has contrived to establish a military station and arsenal at the mouth of the river Amour, which is the outlet of Siberia. Warned by present events, Russia will redouble her efforts to make all her wide frontiers more impregnable than before; and, if she now hardly presents a vulnerable heel to her foes, posterity, if we let slip the opportunity presented to us, may find her safe from retaliation.

That the Czar is in earnest in negotiating a peace upon any terms which will give a solid security to Europe we do not believe. We fear that we shall either be duped at the conference of Vienna, or that the attempt to come to an agreement will fail. With the little that is known of the details of the stipulations we can do no more than urge upon the Government the extreme impolicy of accepting one ambiguous phrase or one doubtful condition. The Treaty of Adrianople, so dishonestly obtained, was as dishonestly evaded. Russia bound herself by it to erect no fortifications on certain portions of the Danube, in order that the navigation might be free. She constructed the forts, but called them quarantine establishments. Such has been her usual treacherous course, and unless we are to have guarantees more substantial than words, it is in vain that we conquered at Inkermann to be beaten at Vienna. Once for all let us insist upon concessions which will no longer leave us at the mercy of the fraud which opens the way for force, and of the force which prepares the way for a renewal of the fraud. The allies may be hampered by the difficulty of carrying Germany

many in their train; but if they have the courage and firmness to persevere in demanding the necessary securities, who can question that they will triumph alike over the hesitations and fears of Austria and the armies and diplomacy of Russia? With the history of the Treaty of Adrianople, and of the war which preceded it, before their eyes, it would be fatuity in France and England to stop short in a work which, unless it is completed, had better never have been begun.

Throughout the whole of the Eastern question the part played by Prussia has been so deceptive and pusillanimous, that she has covered herself with contempt. The course she pursues in 1855 is nearly a repetition of her conduct in the crisis which was preparing thirty years ago. The passage of the secret despatch addressed by Pozzo di Borgo to the Emperor Alexander in 1825, which was quoted by Lord Lyndhurst in his recent speech, affords, when placed in juxtaposition with the events which are passing under our eyes, one of the closest and most striking historical parallels to be found in the annals of the world:—

'Prussia, being less jealous, and consequently more impartial, has invariably shown by her opinions that she had a just idea of the nature and importance of Eastern affairs; and if the court of Vienna had shared her views and good intentions, it is no ways doubtful that the plan of the Imperial Cabinet would have been accomplished. Supposing, therefore, that Russia should by herself alone put in practice those coercive means to which Prince Metternich has refused his consent, there is every reason to believe that the Court of Berlin would not in any way oppose us, but, on the contrary, her attitude, at once free and friendly, would infinitely thwart the movements of other States, and contribute to make them desire a conclusion which, without being disastrous for them, would be suited to the dignity and interests of the Russian empire. These considerations sufficiently indicate to what point it is necessary to admit the Prussian Cabinet into our confidence, and to convince it that the part which we destine for her will contribute effectually to the maintenance of the general relations, to its own honour, and to the increase of the happy intimacy already existing between the two sovereign courts.'

Pozzo di Borgo had not misconstrued the bias of the blind and feeble-minded king. When the train of events had terminated in the treaty of Adrianople, and Lord Aberdeen was protesting against the bad faith and broken promises of the Czar, Count Nesselrode could report to the Grand Duke Constantine that the '*useful* intimacy of Prussia was continued and increasing.' But more than this: the work of Baron Müffling reveals that the treaty of Adrianople itself was brought about mainly by the interposition of the '*useful*' ally, and plainly indicates what we had to expect if we had allowed Prussia to be an

accomplice under the name of a mediator. The Czar came to Berlin in June 1829, and the two sovereigns concerted together the plan of action. Peace, as Moltke states, was indispensable to the Emperor, both because his army was almost annihilated, and because, if he had continued his progress, he would have come into collision with England and Austria and been certainly foiled. At the instigation therefore of the Czar, Baron Müffling was sent to Constantinople, ostensibly as the plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia, in reality as the spy and tool of Nicholas, in order to induce the Sultan to give way. Mahmoud at first refused to believe that his own resources were so exhausted, or that the Russians were so strong as those about him alleged. But Baron Müffling succeeded, through his apparent neutral character, in gaining credence to his deceptive tale. The extent to which he acted on this occasion as the agent of the Czar can only be thoroughly appreciated by a perusal of his narrative. Nesselrode, or Pozzo di Borgo, could not have laboured more zealously for the unlimited triumph of the Russian policy. Some idea may be formed of the infatuation and subserviency of Prussia from a speech addressed to the Czar by Baron Müffling, who, on his return to Berlin, was immediately sent to St. Petersburg to give an account of his mission to his master's master. 'If civilization,' he said to the Emperor Nicholas, 'is eventually to overcome fanaticism, the present constitution must first be destroyed; but this result cannot proceed from Turkey herself. *It can only be produced by the subjection of the Turkish empire to a foreign power.*' 'His Majesty,' he continues, 'rejected the mere suggestion of an overthrow of the Turkish empire as a scheme equally criminal and foolish. He declared that he could not desire better neighbours.' He enlarged upon this idea, as indeed it was a matter of course with him that he should disclaim a notion so dangerous before it was ripe for execution. But the Prussian envoy, who could not have dared to utter such views unless they had been those of his own court, proves, in giving expression to the obvious designs of the Czar, and stamping them with his approval, that King William Frederick III. was not only willing but eager to further their accomplishment. It is necessary to recall such facts as these to understand the full significance of the dying message of Nicholas to 'his dear Fritz,' that he would remember the last injunction of his father to remain true to Russia.

It had been our intention to relate in some detail the proceedings of Prussia during the present contest, and show how completely the son had obeyed the parental exhortation. This would now be a work of supererogation. The masterly exposition of

Lord

Lord Lyndhurst, in which he demonstrated, in spite of the mazy and bewildering language of a court which dares not speak in an intelligible manner, the unity of purpose which has lately directed its actions, leaves nothing to be desired. The rare power possessed by this illustrious Nestor of the Senate of disentangling the most perplexed subjects, and presenting them with a perspicuity which prevents those who only know them through his statements from suspecting their difficulty, has seldom been better employed. He showed that Prussia, after professing at the beginning to adhere to the principles of the Western powers, soon broke away from the league, and has ever since employed all her ingenuity in conformity to the example of Frederick William III. 'to thwart infinitely the movements of the other States.' Pretending to be neutral, she has been the agent, the 'useful intimate' of Russia. While thus acting against Austria, France, and England, and steadily refusing to do one single thing in aid of their cause, she has struggled hard to be permitted to share in their negotiations, that her envoy might re-enact the part of Baron Müffling in 1829. Calling herself a great power, she has at last been reduced by her foolish and tortuous course to an ignominious isolation, deprived of all influence, except that which is the necessary result of her indecision,—the ability to protract the contest. A course so grovelling, and so completely opposed to the interests of Prussia, would be quite unintelligible if it was that of the people, but, unhappily for Europe and his country, the king, who is governed partly by a court clique and partly by his personal sympathies, which are Russian instead of German, is the director of the foreign policy of the nation. His subjects, who have not sufficient constitutional freedom of action to compel him to side with the Western powers, will yet not allow him to take open part with the Czar; and to give effect to the bias of his own mind, he is forced upon those undignified and crooked courses which are, perhaps, after all, most congenial to his feeble and vacillating character.

Whatever happens, whether we are to have a speedy peace or a more extended war, the present policy of Prussia must turn to her discomfiture. If the contest continues, and Russia is deprived of a portion of her ill-gotten spoils, no consideration will be shown in the new territorial arrangements to the interests of a power which has done much to thwart, and nothing to assist us. If an early peace is the result of the negotiations at Vienna, the character she has earned for herself in the course of these transactions will continue to attach to her, and her voice will be without weight in the counsels of Europe. Nations prevail by the opinion which is formed of them, and not alone by the number

of their troops and the extent of their dominions. An appeal to arms is a last resort which can be seldom tried, and, except in combination with the other Western powers, by none less safely than by Prussia. In the events which arise for decision from year to year, her government will be treated according to what it has shown itself—a government without dignity, vigour, or plain dealing. In the meanwhile, what is infinitely more important to us than the conduct of Prussia, our relations with France continue most encouraging, and we hail with great satisfaction the visit of the Emperor Louis Napoleon to our Queen as a fresh token of the heartiness of the alliance. The English people will see in him the representative of the country over which he rules, and by the enthusiasm of the reception they will give him, he will learn the measure of the cordiality which we entertain for our illustrious neighbours.

NOTE on the Campaign in the Crimea, in No. CXCI.

We have been informed by a member of Captain Giffard's family that there is no truth in the statement which appeared in the Russian newspapers that the flags of the Tiger had been taken by the enemy. With the exception of one, which is in the possession of Mrs. Giffard, they were all burnt, together with the ship's papers, by the order of the gallant Captain himself. On the same authority we are told that the reason why the crew did not escape from the stranded vessel in the boats, was the fearful loss of life which would have ensued in consequence of the galling fire of the Russians.

In speaking of the advance of the first brigade of the Light Division at the battle of Alma, we stated that—

'more than once the men had to lie down to take shelter from the heavy fire of the Russian batteries; that they crossed the stream in disorder; that they were not allowed to form under the shelter of the opposite bank; and that the leading up the brigade before it was formed was a grave error, which entailed a severe loss upon three regiments.'

We have received from Major-General Codrington, who commanded this brigade, a letter pointing out an inaccuracy in this portion of our narrative, and it gives us great pleasure to be able to publish so excellent and authentic an account of what really occurred :—

'From the time that I received the only order, viz., to advance in line, and not stop till I had crossed the water, until the time of reaching the steep bank on the further side of the river, there was no halt, nor

nor much possibility or inclination to take shelter on ground covered by fire of all descriptions. I well remember how the sight of the opposite steep bank gave hope that its shelter from the artillery fire would be the means of re-forming a line unavoidably broken by its passing over a vineyard and walls, down banks, between felled trees, and through a river, the serpentine turns of which met the line at all distances, and the varying depth of which took one commanding-officer's horse up to his neck, whilst another passed not far off through an easy ford. Efforts, great and persevering efforts, were made by commanding and company officers to regain the two-deep formation and line; but a biting, enfilading fire from our right, along that supposed "shelter," prevented it; whilst the helmets and rifles of the enemy's skirmishers showed, and made themselves felt, by firing right down upon us in front. There was no time to be lost; it was better to advance in partial irregularity than to hesitate and be destroyed in a hole. It was done; irregularly, perhaps, but successfully. The advance went up that slope, through fire, over and into the battery, from which the Russians retreated, having withdrawn all the guns except one large howitzer, left at an embrasure, and one gun, then in the act of being moved away by horses, when it was taken, and turned round the shoulder of the battery, past our troops, by an officer of the brigade. That battery was consequently not armed by guns against any subsequently advancing troops. These were the efforts, and that was the success of the brigade: troops in the best formation could scarcely have passed the first through that fire, and up that even slope, without severe loss: the brigade might possibly have maintained the advanced position it had won, had it been in greater regularity of formation, but it might never have got to the battery at all had it waited to do so; and there can be no doubt that it gave to the regiments that were coming on so finely to support its weakness, the opportunity of steadily forming before they advanced up that same slope against the enemy's infantry and batteries beyond. I confine my observations to circumstances within my personal observation and immediate neighbourhood.'

In the description of the battle of Inkermann, it is remarked that Sir G. Cathcart 'placed himself at the head of a few companies of the 68th Regiment' to make that gallant advance which resulted in his death. It was, however, General Torrens, who, by the command of General Cathcart, led the attack with portions of the 46th and 68th Regiments. Nearly every officer was killed, wounded, or dismounted at the first onset, and it was owing, perhaps, to this havoc among their leaders that the troops, after repulsing the enemy, were tempted to press forward too far in pursuit along the fatal valley. It was then that Sir G. Cathcart followed the men into the thick of the fire, and as he passed General Torrens, who lay wounded upon the ground, he said, 'You have nobly led them, Torrens, and it is quite successful too.'

